Vol 75 #26

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June 27, 1925

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Cover by
Paul Martin

YOU CAN'T BEAT THE RACES

By JOHN T. FLYNN

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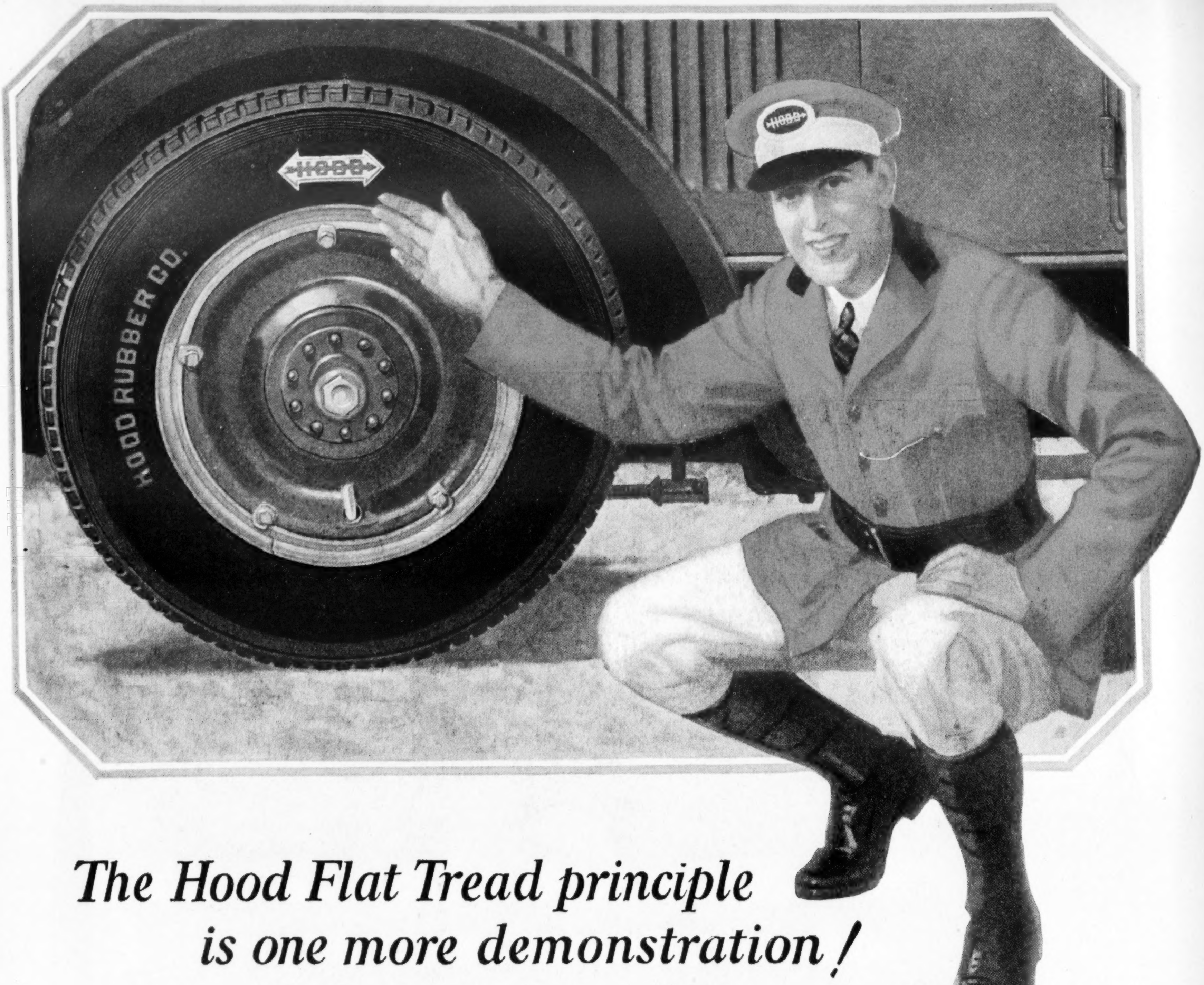

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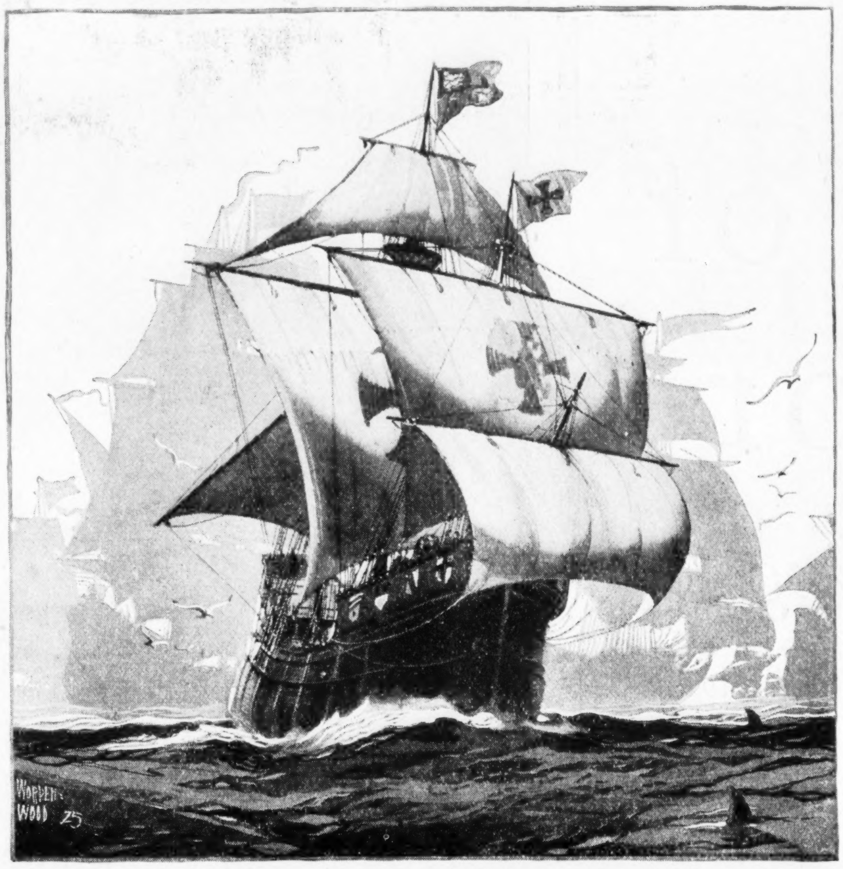
The Toll of Water

THREE little ships weighed anchor in the harbor of Palos, Spain, four hundred and thirty-three years ago and set sail upon a perilous adventure; 88 hardy, hopeful souls faced the unknown. Had Columbus and his men gone down who can say what the history of America would have been?

Imagine a fleet of 68 Santa Marias, 68 Pintos and 68 Niñas—204 ships in all—going to the bottom of the sea with every one of their crews drowned! Then you will have some idea of the number of persons who perished last year in the United States from drowning accidents. More than 6,000 drowned—and of these 6,000, more than half in the four months of June, July, August and September!



"Imagine a Fleet * * *"

Day after day, all through the summer, your newspaper tells the tragic story of death by drowning. Some one dares a beginner to swim out to the raft. He tries—and fails. Or perhaps there is a high wind and the water is too rough for safe swimming. Even the strongest swimmers have met death by taking unnecessary chances. "Go ahead, be a sport" has brought disaster to more persons than ever will be known.

Don't Be a "Sport"—Be a Sportsman

There is a vast difference between a sport and a sportsman. The sportsman is courageous and willingly hazards his life for others—but he is not a daredevil. He is brave—but without bravado. He is ready for emergencies—but does not challenge danger.

The sport, showily daring, is a poor imitation of a sportsman. The sport is the one who does stunts in the water to dazzle onlookers—who dives without knowing the depth of the water or what lies beneath its surface—who swims out beyond his depth disregarding the danger of unknown currents, undertow and cramps.

Learn to swim if you don't know how—not alone because swimming is joyous recreation and splendid exercise—but so that you can save your own life and the lives of others if called upon. Deaths by drowning occur even on park lakes where there would seem to be every likelihood of rescue. Some thoughtless person rocks the boat—and then—

Swimming is not at all a difficult accomplishment. Once learned it cannot be forgotten. It becomes almost as automatic as walking. Many of the Pacific Islanders taught their babies to swim before they taught them to walk. Good instructors may be found almost everywhere. It is of highest importance to be well taught. There are many self-taught swimmers who would be of little use in an emergency.

Your Chance to Save a Life

There is one thing that you and *everybody*, **young and old,** should know how to do—revive the apparently drowned. Often they are not dead though life seems to be extinct. Patient, persistent manipulation of the right kind would bring them back to consciousness. It is heartbreaking to think of the lives that could have been saved if some one in the crowd, standing paralyzed with horror, had but known the simple manipulations necessary to rekindle the vital spark.

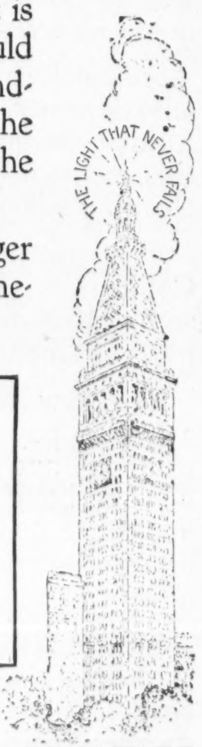
This summer, be prepared. Never court danger but be ready to meet the great hazard that sometimes lurks in water sports.

During the months of July, August and September, deaths from accidents lead all other causes—except heart disease and tuberculosis—among the 22,000,000 policyholders in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Deaths from drowning are at their height during these months.

In July 1924 the number of deaths among Metropolitan policyholders from drowning was about twice as many as from typhoid fever and diphtheria together. It is the duty of parents to have their children instructed in swimming and the art of resuscitation, so that the danger from drowning attending summer vacations may be minimized.

The Metropolitan has prepared a booklet, "Artificial Respiration" which shows by diagrams just how to restore breathing by manipulation of the apparently drowned body, as well as what to do in the case of gas suffocation or electric shock. Carbon monoxide poisoning claims an increasing number of victims each year because it is not generally known that artificial respiration, applied in time, will restore life. The information contained in this booklet is valuable and may be wanted any moment. The booklet will be mailed free. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*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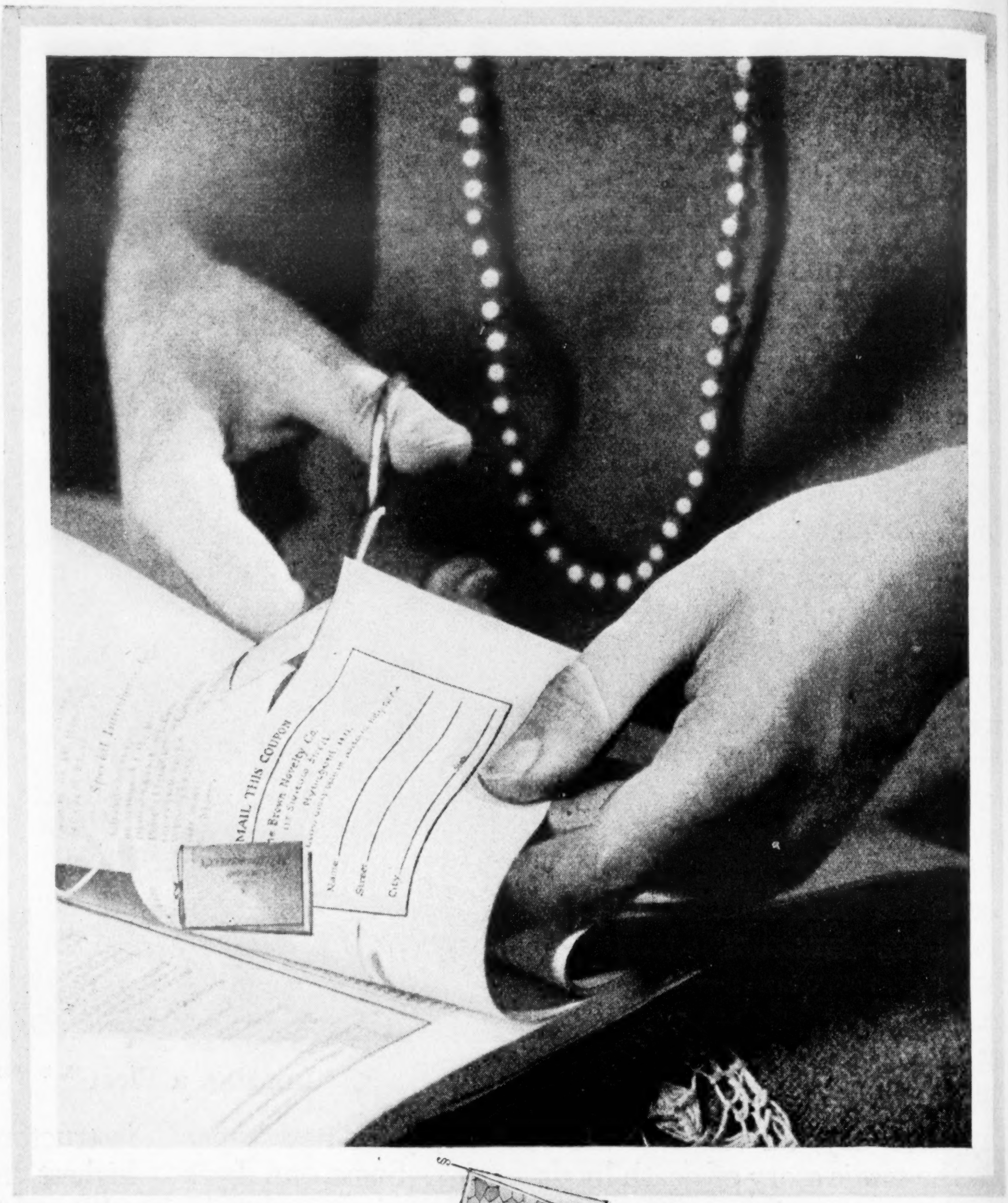

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are worth sending for

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THE newspapers and magazines that you read contain many offers of booklets. They offer booklets on cooking, books on beauty, books on clothing, books on home furnishing, books on gardening, books on baby.

Some of these books are free. For others you are asked to pay ten cents or sometimes a little more.

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The modern booklet issued by a reputable manufacturer contains the most highly technical information in the world—boiled down, simplified, and made interesting and helpful.

As much care is used in writing such a book as in writing a scientific treatise. Many experiments are conducted before this recipe is offered or that method of cleaning silverware is recommended.

The printing is usually excellent. Color is freely used. No expense is spared to secure drawing and photography that make the subject crystal clear.

The few cents you are sometimes asked to pay seldom cover the cost of printing and mailing. Nearly every book so bought is a bargain. The free books are real gifts. They contain real information on the business of living.

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Send for these books when you see them offered. Get them and read them. Almost without exception they are thoroughly worth while.

To merchants, manufacturers, and buyers of printing

Some interesting information on the production of good printing in business literature may be secured from a number of books on this subject being issued by S. D. Warren Company. One book just issued is "Selling with the Help of Direct Advertising" (Book No. 1), and is a discussion of the use of printing to help sales. You can obtain, without cost, this book and others as issued from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers or by writing to us.

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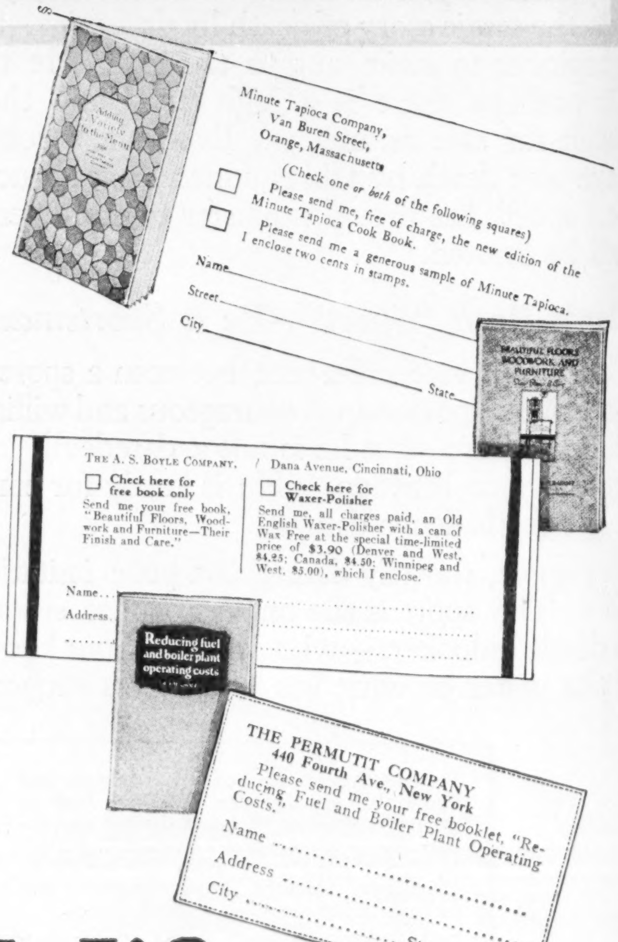
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

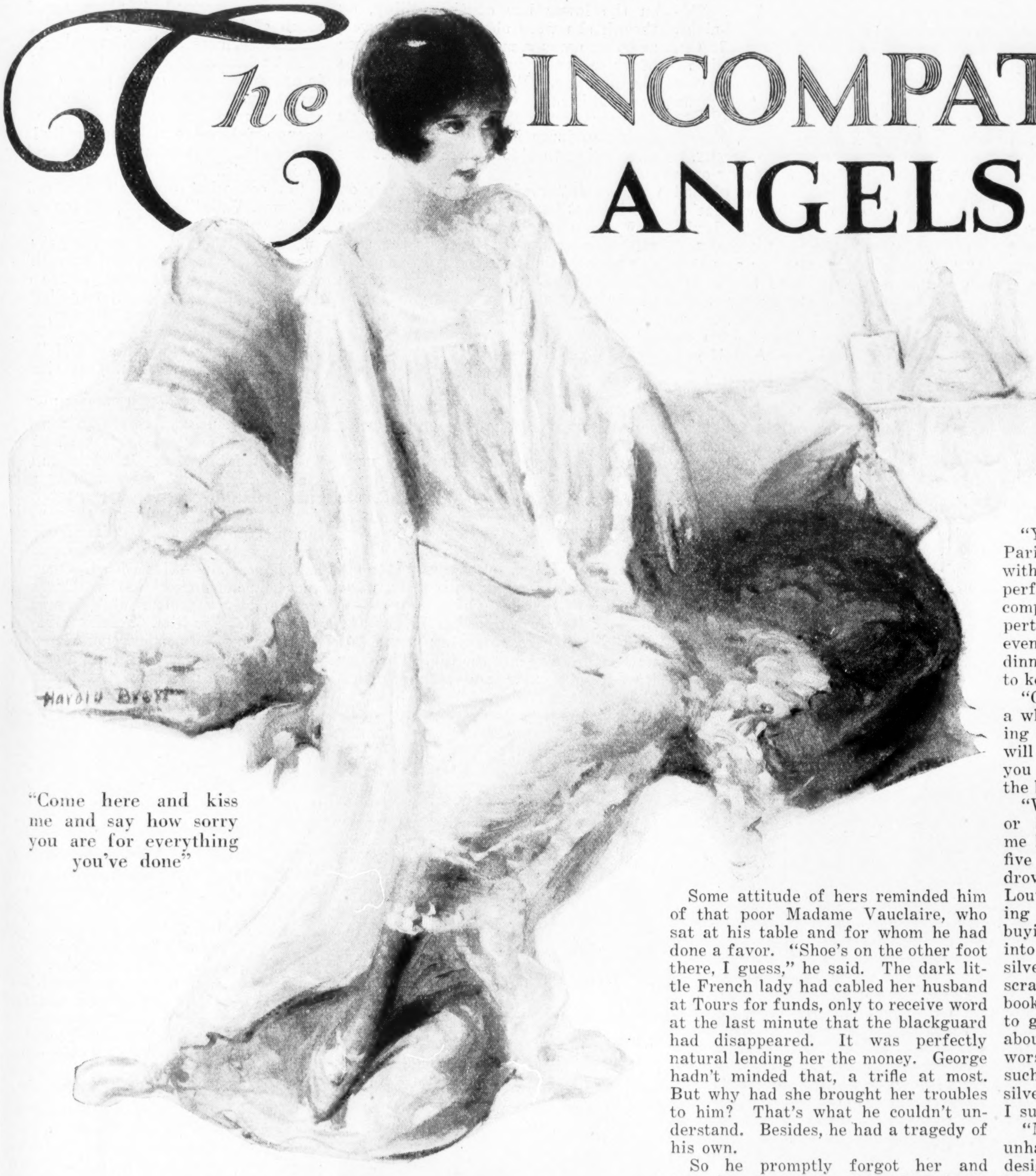
Copyright, 1925, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States and Great Britain.

Volume Seventy-five
Number Twenty-six

June 27, 1925

Price: 5 cents a copy, $2.00 a year
10 cents a copy, $4.00 a year in Canada and foreign countries

The INCOMPATIBLE ANGELS



"Come here and kiss me and say how sorry you are for everything you've done"

By STEPHEN AVERY

THROUGH a starless night the French liner Rochambeau crushed the black hills of water which rose under her sides. A fine rain, like wet wind, blew down the promenade deck, etching a faint shading into the pale glow from an occasional half-opened porthole.

A companionway door broke open, a rectangle of light struck the deck, and a young man in a cap and cloak stepped out. He was young, one could see, by the very way the door had opened, and yet the single illumined instant before the blast drove it shut again showed a face cut irregularly and in deep relief—perhaps not so young.

For a minute or two he stood there, a shadow, as though to let the turgid atmosphere of the smoking-room blow from him. Then he went slowly to the rail and stared down at the rush of white water along the vessel's side. "Good Lord," he mumbled, "at this rate we'll never get there! Certainly isn't twenty knots. Let's see, now: seven days for the letter to reach me and seven more for me to get there—and she says *inside* of two weeks."

His hands cupped the flare of a match as he lighted a cigarette and then jammed back into his pockets again, fumbling, until he jerked out something. When he moved back the light from a porthole fell upon a crumpled letter. "Yes—Dear George," he muttered, glancing at the folded sheets. "Awful dear I am—confounded pretty little beggar."

Another night deck-prowler took his attention, a slight, indistinct figure edging along the deck rail and pausing to face out into the rain and the black swirl of night.

Some attitude of hers reminded him of that poor Madame Vauclaire, who sat at his table and for whom he had done a favor. "Shoe's on the other foot there, I guess," he said. The dark little French lady had cabled her husband at Tours for funds, only to receive word at the last minute that the blackguard had disappeared. It was perfectly natural lending her the money. George hadn't minded that, a trifle at most. But why had she brought her troubles to him? That's what he couldn't understand. Besides, he had a tragedy of his own.

So he promptly forgot her and turned again to that dashed-off, backhand scrawl he was holding into the light. "Dear George," he read for the twentieth time. "Paris is surely the sweetest place to go for a decree. How did I ever consider Reno? Well, perhaps I didn't. My regret now is that the thing will soon be a *fait accompli*, as these precious people say, and I'll not have a possible excuse to remain. But of course an excuse won't be necessary after I get my decree. Will it, George? You see how much better it is?"

Stub after stub of George's cigarettes began to follow each other in little fiery parabolas over the rail. He read on:

"And especially better for you. If I were a man I wouldn't have worried with me even for two years—though my lawyer says two years is more than your share. He has black hair and eyes, very sort of villainous, and you know how I always adored villains.

"Yes, Rupert is an Englishman with Parisian icing. He comes to consult with me every day. In fact, you can be perfectly confident that my case is in competent hands, George. Truly, Rupert watches out for everything and even sends yellow roses and arranges dinners. I didn't know lawyers engaged to keep one from being bored. Did you?

"Of course you'll have to pay Rupert a whacking big fee, but since your living expenses will be so much lower, it will be more like an investment, don't you think? We're rich, anyway, after the beet-sugar deal—I mean, you are.

"Which reminds me—was that a five or a ten thousand check you sent me last month? It must have been a five because yesterday a sudden rain drove me right into one of those little Louvre shops and as I was just walking around and not even thinking of buying anything, what should I bump into but the most ravishing blue and silver dress in the world, and when I'd scrambled the insides out of my pocketbook, I found I hadn't enough money to get it. Well—you know how I am about such things. I thought how you worshiped me in blue and silver. And such a blue, George! And such a—but silver is just silver, isn't it? Anyway, I suppose I wept a little.

"Madame, who kept the shop, was unhappy about it too and said the great designer Massigny had put his lifeblood into the gown and that he had died with the request that it be sold only to, as madame said, a lady of piquant charm, a lady with gray eyes and dark hair, a lady—well, as madame said, like me, George. Aren't you a little bit ashamed that at such a moment your wife had to stand there with no money? Of course I haven't felt very well since.

"However, I was a little cheered when Davide came to take me to the Opéra Comique. But you don't even know Davide—Monsieur Davide Cassat. He is the judge who is to give me my decree. Rupert thought he ought to see me before my case came up and arranged a little tea party at Les Ambassadeurs for the three of us. French judges are fascinating. At least this one is—at first seeming to be austere, you know, in spite of his being only forty, and then you find out he isn't austere at all and that the furrows in his face were put there by a queer little smile that means he knows just what you're thinking.

"Oh, George, why aren't you forty and distinguished-looking instead of being narrow-minded and blond and sweet and pig-headed? We might not have fought like such a pair of hell-cats, and I wouldn't be alone in Paris trying to manage a decree.

"Speaking of that, it's the very thing which has interested Davide in me, or rather in my case. He says it has curious legal aspects, and he calls frequently to go over the details. Last night after the opera we were discussing what constituted cruelty, and I told him about your threatening to spank me if I so much as put henna on my hair or went to lunch with Tom Bristol. He said you must be a barbarian and was so sympathetic I had to invite him into my hotel for a bite. He ordered the darlingest little bottle of wine, and it made my teeth feel delightfully numb.

"You know, Davide says the decree would be simple if Monsieur George—they've all heard enough about you to call you George quite naturally—if my husband would be chivalrous enough to involve himself with one or more of the somewhat notorious ladies of Paris.

"But I've been thinking it over, George, and I don't believe it would be quite fair to you. Not only that, you would probably work up a sympathy for the horrid creature and decide she was a misunderstood little wild flower, pure as dew if the truth were known and much in need of a champion. You are so guileless, dear.

"Ah, well—! Spring is beginning to be here, and I can sort of feel myself getting excited about something, and I don't know yet what it is. Philippe is coming to see me to-night. Have I told you about Philippe? Oh, I haven't, but I really meant to and now I've tired myself out. You'll forgive me, won't you? I'd probably be a little sad if I had to write any more.

"Very sincerely yours,
"IOLANTHE.

"P. S. I had to tear the letter open again to tell you Davide just phoned that my decree will go through inside of two weeks. Isn't he a precious lamb!
"IOLANTHE.

"P. S. (the second.) If for any reason you should happen to be coming over, George, please bring me some Johnson's beauty spots. These French ones are too big and the stickum on their backs tastes awful. And if you do come by any remote chance, don't fail to wear your heavies. You're not pretty when you have a cold.
"IOLANTHE."

"And P. S. the third," growled the man on the deck of the Rochambeau "—if I don't wring your pretty neck and take you home by the ear, it will be only because I get there too late. You'll see how guileless I am—"

The barest murmur of a cough reminded him of the other, who had thoughts for the chill night air to cool. She was only a few paces away now, leaning heavily against the deck rail, more than ever like—but it *was* Madame Vauclaire.

What was she doing? A foot rested on the lower bar of the railing, as though she were about to climb over, and there was a momentary little blur of white as she threw a quick glance in his direction. Finally a sigh escaped her, and her foot came back to the deck. There was certainly no point in a lady's trying to jump into the sea if a man were going to stand there and let her succeed.

As a matter of fact, he had only on the instant identified her, and his first step was all the lady needed. She was all but over that rail before the sudden rush behind her ended in the safe clutch of bearlike arms, a trifle rough but quite safe and very satisfactory.

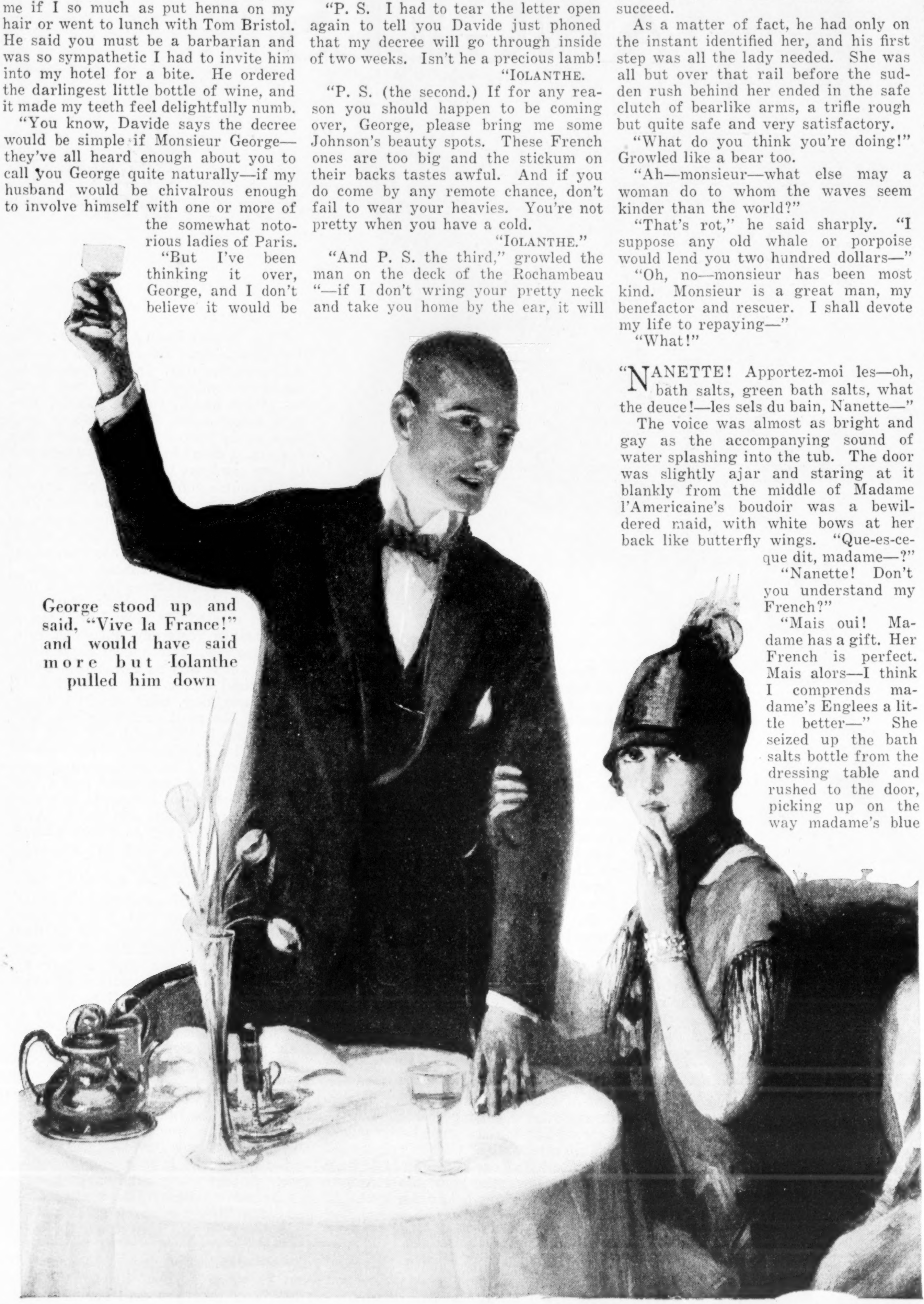
"What do you think you're doing!" Growled like a bear too.

"Ah—monsieur—what else may a woman do to whom the waves seem kinder than the world?"

"That's rot," he said sharply. "I suppose any old whale or porpoise would lend you two hundred dollars—"

"Oh, no—monsieur has been most kind. Monsieur is a great man, my benefactor and rescuer. I shall devote my life to repaying—"

"What!"


George stood up and said, "Vive la France!" and would have said more but Iolanthe pulled him down

"NANETTE! Apportez-moi les—oh, bath salts, green bath salts, what the deuce!—les sels du bain, Nanette—"

The voice was almost as bright and gay as the accompanying sound of water splashing into the tub. The door was slightly ajar and staring at it blankly from the middle of Madame l'Americaine's boudoir was a bewildered maid, with white bows at her back like butterfly wings. "Que-es-ce-que dit, madame—?"

"Nanette! Don't you understand my French?"

"Mais oui! Madame has a gift. Her French is perfect. Mais alors—I think I comprends madame's Englees a little better—" She seized up the bath salts bottle from the dressing table and rushed to the door, picking up on the way madame's blue peignoir from the Louis Seize chaise-longue where it had been flung. In fact, she was rushing furiously to the door and back for the next ten minutes. And Raoul was setting her breakfast tray, smiling.

"Raoul! Will you stop that grinning and explain why my breakfast tray is set for two. Don't you see you have set two places?"

Raoul understood little language, but much of life. He only shrugged and smiled the more and said nothing.

But Iolanthe was not to be smiled at in any such knowing way by any Raoul ever born. "See here!" she said sharply and stamped her gray-clad foot with enough violence to make up for its lack of weight. "Just what are you trying to insinuate?"

"It ees what you call une order, Madame. Voíla!" He offered the order ticket on the tips of his fingers.

But Iolanthe did not need to get any nearer to it to understand everything very completely and clearly. No one could mistake that violent, deep-digging calligraphy of George Barron, her sweet-tempered young husband. Well, that made everything different. Nothing was quite the same now that George was here.

Of course a fellow gets a thrill when her young husband comes to see her in Paris, where she is just about to be granted a decree. It might be any kind of thrill, but she certainly gets one. Iolanthe wasn't sure what kind hers was. She felt like laughing and laughing, and yet the corners of her eyes smarted a little; for no matter how impossible to live with George was and how determined to have his own way and how jealous of every smile that wasn't for him, there was nevertheless a certain combination of gentleness and force about him and a certain solidity which suggested that he could get almost anything a girl could persuade him she wanted and not make her work too hard at persuading. And George was George, that's all. No getting around that after two years; and whatever he was, he was hers and would be hers as long as—well, she had him for at least two more days.

MAYBE the decree would be delayed. She didn't care what anybody said about George, he was *sweet* standing there trying to be stern and dignified in that new gray suit which was almost as becoming to his sandy head as the ones she picked out for him.

"George, come here at once and kiss me and say how sorry you are for everything you've done—"

He kissed her, with a sort of hunger, but he said nothing at all about being sorry. What he did say was, "Have you gotten it yet?"

"Gotten what, George? Is there an epidemic? Now, don't frighten me—"

"Iolanthe! I'm not going to fool with you any longer. You know very well what I mean—have you been granted—that is, am I your husband or not, and if not, which one of these scoundrels you wrote about is?"

"Oh—that!" Iolanthe laughed very gayly. "You mean, have I gotten my decree? Why didn't you say so, George? Come, let's have breakfast and I'll tell you all about it. George, your coat smells of tobacco, and I like it. Do you know, I was just hoping you'd come. Well, if you hadn't, I don't quite know what I'd have done—"

"Now what mess have you stirred up?"

It was a pretty breakfast. Iolanthe sat with her back to the window just where, by lucky chance, the sunlight could steal around and through her hair and into George's very blue eyes.

"Not a mess at all, George. Really it's what you (*Continued on page 42*)

Is it good-by MUSSOLINI?

"HE'S more like Roosevelt than Roosevelt himself—so we Americans ought to be able to understand him." Mr. Collins covered Italy from top to bottom the past spring. He's as well equipped as anyone to tell whether Mussolini is, as some observers believe, on the way out. Here is a spectacular story, in vivid words, of a most magnetic personality: "the strongest man of modern times."

By FREDERICK L. COLLINS

I WRITE these words in the room where Mussolini enjoyed the first hours of his Roman triumph—at a moment when that triumph has achieved its greatest heights. The man who mobilized the forces of disorder on the side of order and saved the monarchy he started out to wreck has risen from a sickbed—which seemed to many the deathbed of Italy—to hurl new defiance at his ancient enemies.

He is now receiving a welcome such as no man has known since Julius Cæsar pranced down the Sacred Way with "all Gaul" bleeding at his chariot wheels. The "Viva's" and "Si, si's" of forty thousand cheering, weeping, laughing Fascisti are echoing up and down the narrow stretch of the Corso, reëchoing among the ruined monuments of the Forum, rising in a Billy Sunday jubilee chorus to the topmost tops of the Seven Hills. There is every indication, as Signor Mussolini is shouting from his balcony, that "spring is here, and the fun is just beginning!"

Yet, supposedly wise observers of European affairs are preparing to bury Mussolini, not to praise him. "He has failed," says the Manchester Guardian, "as a peaceful ruler of Italy; his health is broken; nearly all Italian statesmen of character stand aloof from his little soviet of lieutenants; he has trained no one to succeed him; the patience of the big industrialist groups which have financed Fascism is said to be running out; the Crown must needs begin to hedge a little, lest it involve itself too far in Fascism's ultimate bankruptcy." "His inability to see beyond direct action," says the New Statesman, "will bring him down in the end."

No one can say with certainty who has the right of this puzzling, paradoxial situation: the wise, head-shaking observers of London and Paris or the happy, huzzaing thousands who march under Mussolini's balcony, enthralled, perhaps enslaved, by the most magnetic personality of modern times. No one, in a country which has had seventy-three different governments in seventy years, can prophesy the longevity of any ministry.

But it should be possible now, after six years of Fascism and two and a half years of government, to balance the budget between Napoleon at Wagram and Napoleon at Waterloo: to know why the wise men of Europe are shaking their old heads and whispering "Good-by, Mussolini!"—while mighty shouts of "Long Live Mussolini!" are thundering through the Roman streets.

Graft, Treason—and Russia

WHEN I first saw the present premier of Italy he was editing a newspaper in post-war Milan. He was not yet forty. He had no cause to fight for, no enemy to fight. He was about as happy as Babe Ruth would be at a ping-pong tournament. There was nothing left for him but crossword puzzles when the giant wave of communism inundated his beloved Italy and tossed his ship of patriotism on the shifting sands of Fascism.

Before the war, Mussolini had been, as his critics charge, "an internationalist, a socialist, a direct-actionist." A great many Italians were. You and I might have been if we had lived in the Italy of those days. Imagine a country of forty million people, governed as New York was governed in the time of Boss Tweed and Boss Croker, with every government office a Veterans' Bureau and every government contract a Teapot Dome. Imagine your own children underfed, underdressed, and undereducated while alien bankers and absentee nobility gobbled all of the money and most of the land. Imagine your life in daily danger because government police did not protect, government railroads did not run, government telephones did not ring, and government mails did not arrive. Benito Mussolini, blacksmith's son, country schoolteacher, struggling newspaper editor, grew up in such a country at such a time—grew up to be anti-government, anti-capital, anti-everything.

With the war he changed. He threw off the carpet slippers of boudoir socialism. He got himself a pair of private's boots. He jumped into them with both feet. He fought gallantly. He was wounded—his friends say a hundred times; anyway, he was wounded, and incapacitated for further active service.

At home, in Milan, he fought with his pen as he had with his rifle—for his country. Not as it was—graft-ridden and treason-soaked, sending its young men to their death in paper shoes, with perfume sprinklers for guns and rice powder for ammunition—but as he wished it to be; as he resolved, in these moments of exaltation, to make it.

After the war the Russian Soviet poured money and oratory into northern Italy. It organized communes. It seized the government in hundreds of Italian towns. It declared strikes almost daily. It prostrated national life.

This was Mussolini's opportunity. He had already gathered around him a small band of ex-soldiers, ex-socialists, and near-radicals, whom he called Fascisti. (The name comes from the "fasces" or bundle of rods fastened around an ax, the official insignia of the ancient Roman lictors who attended the chief magistrates.) This heterogeneous outfit was not especially well-fitted to fight for vested interests against vestless ones. Its original program called for the abolition of the monarchy, the abolition of the senate, the abolition of the nobility and the direct sharing of profits.

But Mussolini, who drafted the first program, could draft another. He and his Fascisti became the defenders of the crown; the protectors of property; the upspringing young props of the wealthy landowners and industrialists. Inconsistency? Yes—but a glorious inconsistency that may very well have been growth!

A Rooseveltian World Tonic

ONE day in Venice, during that period, I couldn't get out of the city for twenty-four hours. Not a train was running. No one seemed to know why. I found out afterward that communist taxicab drivers were striking in Turin. So there had to be a taxicab lockout in Venice—a city without a flivver! That day I saw my first band of militant Fascisti, a group of ten or a dozen young men—wearing black shirts in imitation of the red shirts of Garibaldi and in contrast to the red flag of Lenin. They paraded all day in the Piazza of St. Mark. No one knew what they were about. I am not sure that *they* did. But something was wrong in Venice—and the Venice Fascisti decided to do something about it. The only thing they knew how to do was to put on a uniform and march. But after a while these marching Fascisti—and sometimes clubbing and shooting Fascisti—broke the hold of the red agitators. And when the communist wave receded into those dark waters which have been the grave of Russian trouble-making in every land, Mussolini's "Black Shirts," now an armed military organization of national proportions, emerged as the saviors of Italy. They were, in fact, its masters. Six months later they were marching on Rome.

The Italian king and the Italian people welcomed Mussolini as their savior. They were—and still are—grateful to him, because he freed them at one blow from Russian communism and Italian graft.

Whatever we may think of Fascism as a world force—and I think very little of it—it is impossible to go back year after year, as I have, and say with truth that its leader "has failed as a peaceful ruler of Italy": he has succeeded where no one had succeeded before. It is nonsense to say that "nearly all Italian statesmen of character" hold aloof from him, because four years of war and six years of peace have failed to produce such a notable phenomenon.

By all the laws of logic, Mussolini should long since have died. But he has no flair for logic, any more than he has for consistency. He refuses to die—politically or mortally. And at the end of two and a half years he finds himself in point of service the oldest premier in Europe. His is the only government in the non-bolshevist world which saw the last days of 1922. Who knows? I don't even after political observations in twelve European countries, but I will hazard the prediction that it is the only government in continental Europe which is reasonably sure to see the days of 1925!

The charge that Mussolini's "inability to see beyond direct action will bring him down in the end" might be true in almost any other nation in Christendom, but it is not necessarily true in Italy. The Latins are direct-action people. Romulus captured the Sabine women first and made a treaty with their husbands afterward. Italians have been working on that principle ever since. Mussolini is playing the game according to the Italian rules. It is said that he and his followers have killed people who disagree with him, but I doubt if there ever was a ruler in ancient or modern Rome who lasted two years and a half and had so clean a record!

300 Black-Shirted Censors

HE "SEQUESTRATES" a newspaper once in a while. (He landed on one the other day which belongs to the secretary general of his own party!) But, I ask you, did you ever read an Italian newspaper, when its editor, glowing with Chianti and boiling with spleen, let himself go against the forces of constituted authority? The mayor of New York would sue the editor for libel, shut off his water and gas, condemn his premises as an unsound fire risk, and have his straying relatives indicted under the Mann Act.

Mussolini simply "decrees" him into silence. "We have no evil pleasure," he states, "in exaggerating our power, but no less will we, by excessive and useless modesty, diminish it." And in the next breath, to explain just what he means, he points to "the three hundred thousand fully armed youths, resolved to anything, and almost mystically ready to obey my orders."

If the premier did not do these things by what he has persuaded the people to accept as "due process of law," his admirers would do them for him. I was sitting last September eating *zabiglione* at Biffi's in the Gallery at Milan. The peaceful citizens were walking up and down in front of the tables: mothers with babies, fellows with girls, the usual curious, happy, noonday crowd. The waiter with the long mustache was explaining once more how the *zabiglione* was made—when, suddenly, from the cathedral end of the Gallery, came a thunderous bang, as if a locomotive driven at full speed had crashed straight into a terminal. Heavy metal shutters dropped deafeningly on every side—the canny shopkeepers eager to protect their plate-glass fronts against the oncoming tornado. The roof of the Gallery echoed with the "Eja! Eja!" battle cry of the Fascisti—a crackling, whip-snapping, explosive yell that sounds for all the world like the third-base antics of Hughey Jennings. Revolvers spat! Sticks pounded the paving! Three hundred Black Shirts, shouting, singing, waving guns and heavy clubs, came charging down the Gallery. One of them knocked the salt dish off my table. Another jolted against the chair of my companion. All of them rushed headlong against the shutterless windows of an anti-Mussolini newspaper office, splintered the glass, shot up the interior, and in less time than it took me to pick up the salt, and throw it over my left shoulder, they did four thousand dollars' worth of damage.

Five minutes later they were marching gayly down the Gallery, arms raised in the Fascisti salute and voices raised in the Fascisti song:

Giovanezza, Giovanezza,
Primavera di bellezza!
(Youth, youth,
Springtime of beauty!)

The waiter, who is not a Fascista, went on with his explanation. My companion, who is a violent Fascista, pulled his chair a bit closer to the table. The storekeepers raised their shutters. Business went on as usual!

He permits, if he does not encourage, the riot in the Milan Gallery. The next day he receives the international bankers. (As I write, he is conferring with a partner of J. P. Morgan.) He pleases the nervous, excitable Italian mob because his methods are the methods of the Ku Klux Klan. He pleases the conservatives because his aims are the aims of the G. O. P.

He pleases the religious by breaking down the barriers between the Vatican and the Quirinal. He pleases the farmers by helping them to market their products; the workers by helping them to secure higher wages; the employers by enabling them to run their businesses in peace and security; the people generally by giving them police that protect, railroads that run, telephones that ring and mails that arrive.

All Things to All Men

HE IS all things to all men—and more than that. He has that rare political gift of making each class feel that at heart he is all things to them only; that the moment is always about to come when he will cast aside all others and cleave only to them.

His recent serious illness showed how successful these methods have been. The face-to-face realization of what might happen to struggling Italy—a nation younger in years than its oldest citizen and not much older in wisdom than its youngest babe—if the dictator's disciplinary power were suddenly withdrawn has solidified the forces of law and order behind the stricken premier into a phalanx of unbeatable strength.

On the day before writing this I was present when he went for his daily wrestling watch with his favorite lion cub, Italia. For an hour Mussolini was just a big, husky boy, laughing, playing, forgetting. A little quieter, perhaps, than in the old days in Milan, but free as a child from pose or self-consciousness. Five minutes later, his clothes adjusted and his hat on straight, he walked down the granite steps of the Borghese Gardens, flanked by two resplendent specimens of the Fascist guard, raised his hand in signal to the waiting chauffeur, and entered his big, black motor—every Italian inch of him the modern Cæsar.

We Americans ought to be able to understand such a man and to judge his chances of continued success, for he is more like Theodore Roosevelt than Roosevelt himself.

Roosevelt suffered from inhibitions and prohibitions which Mussolini does not know. His roots went far down into the existing order. He lived in a land where that order prevails. The political evils against which he fought were excrescences on a social life to which he belonged and in which he believed. They were malignant excrescences, but not chronic. They responded to lawful remedies—sometimes picturesque, always vigorous, but never violent.

Mussolini lives in a country where the evil growths are close to the heart. They require cutting—and cutting deep. There is seldom time to consult a legal practitioner. There are often no practitioners to consult. Mussolini's methods are, therefore, not only picturesque and vigorous, but often violent.

"Viva Mussolini!"

BUT both men accomplished the same thing: they took the progressive, radical, class-against-class spirit of their time, roused it and welded it into a political force of unsuspected power and efficiency, and diverted it to the side of law and order. Both men showed themselves honest, sincere and gorgeously inconsistent. Both men had the qualities which make for success—and survival. And if you believe, as I do, that Theodore Roosevelt at the end of his second term could have succeeded himself as President of the United States, you will believe, as I do, that Benito Mussolini can maintain himself as premier of Italy.

As premier of Italy—yes. But as a Fascist dictator—no!

Before the march on Rome, Mussolini was a shadowy figure. Everything was Fascism. I remember the chalked-up emblems on the cement walls of the narrow back streets of Venice, along the grimy docks of Genoa and Naples and Messina. Everywhere the hatchet and the sticks and the magic letters, F-A-S-C-I-S-M-O—never a word of Mussolini until, one summer's afternoon at Portofino, that hidden, downstairs fishing village on the Levantine Riviera, I saw black letters on a blue wall: "Viva Mussolini!" This was the beginning of a great change, which culminated in an expression I heard only yesterday from the lips of a solid old Italian laborer: "I'm not a Fascista. I'm a Mussolina!"

From the moment that the king sent for the blacksmith's son and made him premier of Italy Fascism dwindled, and Mussolini grew, until now Mussolini is infinitely greater than his party.

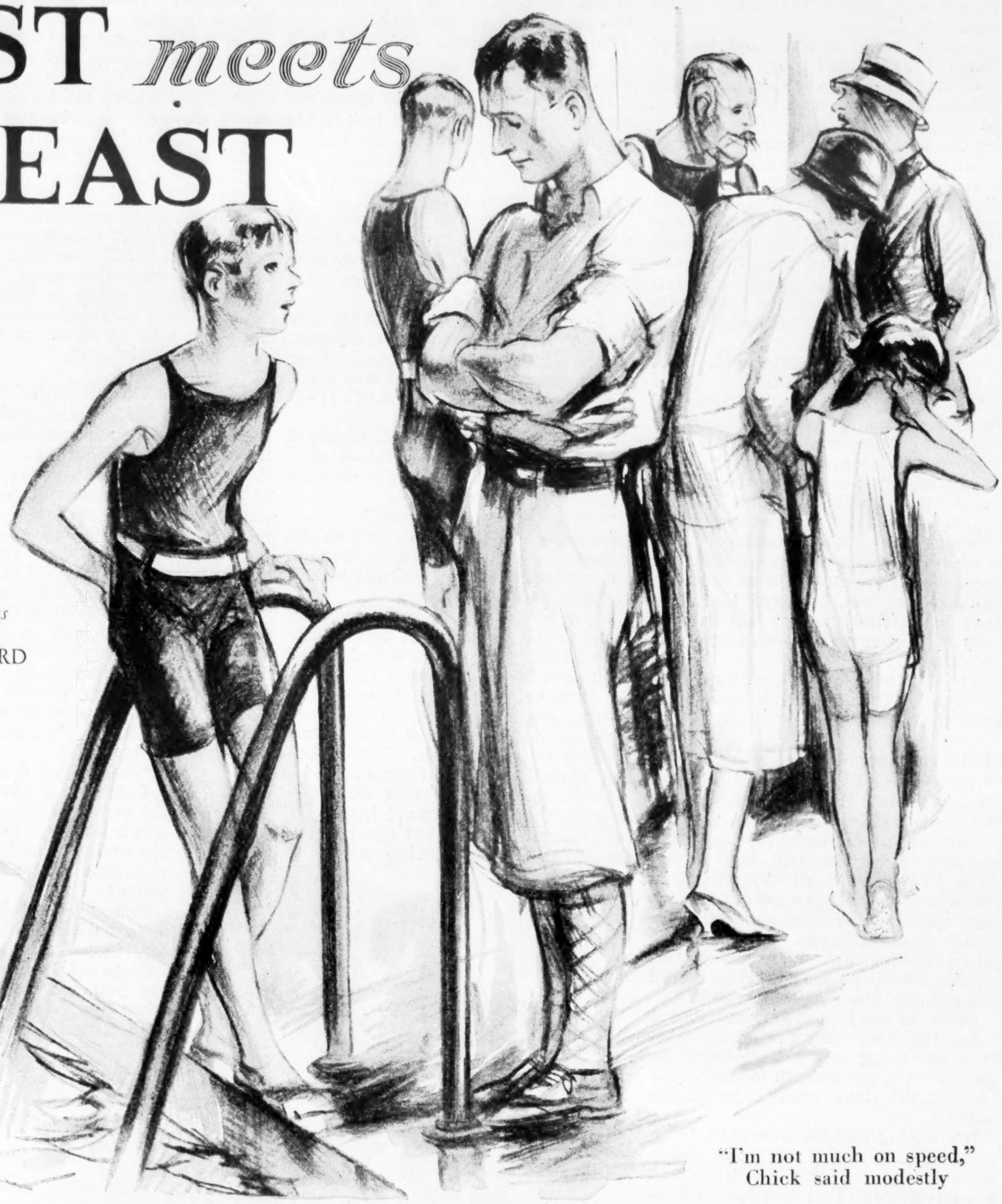
Fascism is not a world factor. Mussolini is. The various movements throughout Europe and America, which we call, according to our taste, liberalism, progressivism, internationalism, are real currents, often misdirected, but continually flowing toward the future's sea. Capitalism and even Bolshevism may be taking separate courses toward the same goal. But Fascism, having no direction except that of the immediate emergency and no channel except the brain ruts of one man—being against monarchy and capital and industry when he is against them; for them when he is for them—is not a current. It cannot be anything but a man-made whirlpool, starting nowhere, going nowhere, dependent for its slightest activity on the whim of the man who stirs it.

The time may have come to say "Good-by, whirlpool!" But that doesn't mean "Good-by, man!"

Mussolini and Italia, his favorite lion cub, spend an hour each day in a wrestling match

WEST *meets* EAST

By GERTRUDE M. SHIELDS



Drawings by O. F. HOWARD

"I'm not much on speed," Chick said modestly

"HE'S only a child," said his mother, remembering the small tailored tuxedo the maid had hung in the closet the day before. "Those boys Mr. Walker introduced him to are older, but they had such lovely manners! One is the son of that wealthy New York broker who has that beautiful place up the coast. And Charles has seemed so dissatisfied since we got here. He misses his little friends at home."

"I'm going to buy him a razor when I run down to Boston next week with Walker," his father grinned at her. "He's been using mine."

They were sitting on the broad piazza of the cottage they had taken for the summer, looking out over the shifting green lights of the water. A sail, flaming in the setting sun, turned to gray as they watched, and the great Gull Light out at sea blinked like a human eye in the gathering dusk.

"He's such a dear," his mother went on. "I don't think we did wrong to let him have the car to-night, do you?"

At the moment Charles Fisk Darrah was buying cigarettes at the harbor drug store. He flung down a five-dollar bill, and picked up the change nonchalantly.

"Light up, fellows," he said as he passed the cigarettes. "Tastes good," he mentioned as he took a long drag at his own. "I lead a dog's life. The old-timers think the death slivers'll stunt my growth!" He laughed hilariously as he climbed into the high-powered car. "Get in, old dears, and let's make an evening of it."

Fat Gary Brown got in beside him, and Sammy Timpkins and Slim Dunbar lolled into the back seat.

"Where shall it be, fellows?" Charles asked, throwing an arm across the back of the seat, carelessly superior.

Sammy Timpkins winked at Slim. "Let's hit the trail for the port, little one," he drawled. "Lots of places to spend the shekels down there."

"How many schools you been fired from so far?" Sammy asked Chick as they sped toward the port.

Chick hesitated. "I—I got fired from my last one. That's why I'm being sent away to military school next year." He beamed. It was a *coup d'état*. And it got him out of having to admit the humiliating fact that he attended a high school in the Chicago suburb where he lived.

"Sammy's been fired from four schools so far," Slim put in admiringly. "I've only got my discharge from two, so far; but I'm ever hopeful. Friend Gary's still at the school he started in. Too lazy to break rules, aren't you, Gary?" He ignored Gary's look of dismay. "Found a place that'll take you next year, Sammy?"

"Not yet," Sammy said cheerfully. "The gov's got one in mind. Hope it burns down or something."

"Some little stujent, eh, Sammy?" Slim laughed.

"I figure on getting sent home from military school Christmas," Chick boasted. "Then my folks'll take me to California. Maybe we'll run on over to Japan—or some place."

"I too love travel," drawled Sammy, with another wink at Slim.

They had reached the top of the long hill, and the sea, rainbow-hued, lay stretched out before them. Gary sighed. "Wish my dad would come through with that launch he promised me," he said. "The old one's gone flooie, fellows."

"Oh, say not so!" groaned Sammy.

"We've got three launches at home on the lake," Chick mentioned. Well, they did have two—although one wouldn't run now. He waggled his head. That would hold 'em for a while, he thought. "And Mr. Walker is getting a new sailboat next month, and he says I can run it whenever I want a little excitement."

"Do my ears deceive me?" Sammy said with an air of unbelieving. "Is Chick of Chicago going to have a sailing vessel at his command? We'll teach you to sail her, Chickie, if you promise never to go out without us!"

"I guess I know all about boats. We have 'em at home, you know, on the lake. The lake's almost as big as the ocean, you know."

"Hear that, my hearties?" This from Sammy, who seemed to do most of the talking. "He knows all about boats." He grinned at Slim. "Swim, too, I dare to presume, young un?"

Chick, whose chief accomplishment was swimming, was modest. "Oh, yes, I swim," he said.

"You have the makings of a great financier inside your little head," laughed Slim, biffing at Sammy's ear.

Slim suggested "bowling a few" when they had parked at the port. "Newcomers always pay, Chick. Game?"

"Hasten, lads," said Sammy, climbing out. "Of course he'll pay. He's sporting. You can tell by the color of his eyes."

CHICK'S chest went out. Sammy's commendation was a thing worth working for, considering his prestige with the others.

Chick did pay, not only the bowling score, with a few bets on the side he always seemed to lose, but for popcorn and candy and sodas afterward.

"I wish my gov was rich!" Sammy sighed as they returned to the car. "I haven't seen a ten since I landed at home to surprise my family about the middle of the spring. They've been hard as nails ever since I got kicked out of Cashville."

"Chick's got a tank full of gas, I'll wager," Slim put in thoughtfully.

Chick nodded. "The old-timers see to all that," he said, straightening his bow tie.

"What luck!" Slim remarked. "Let's take a spin down the coast. What say, Chicago?"

"I'm on, fellows," he said with an air of being willing to make a night of it.

When they were well along the road to the next port, Sammy produced a small hammered-silver flask. "On the gov, boys," he drawled as he passed it.

Chick took a generous drink while Gary held the wheel for him; then he ran the speedometer up to fifty.

"Atta boy! Hot diggety! Step on it!" they egged him on. "Not a bad little threshing machine at all. Bet you can't get sixty out of her, Chicago!"

Chick did. He felt exhilarated, though strange spasms were convulsing his stomach and his head was beginning to feel oddly heavy and his mind blurred.

At the next stop they managed to get rid of most of his second five dollars. "The old-timers meant it to last a week too!" he told them with ill-concealed bravado. "Ten a week they promised me if I wouldn't crab about coming east with them."

"Now that's what I call sporting!" Slim grinned.

"Who's that dame you fellows go

around with such a lot?" Chick asked casually.

Sammy looked at Slim, and both at Gary. "Light hair?" Slim asked.

Chick nodded, and wished his cheeks wouldn't get so hot when they all looked at him so intently.

"Oh, that's the 'princess,'" Sammy volunteered. "The pride of the harbor. Some skirt, eh, fellows? She comes from a famous family. We'll introduce you in the morning at the beach. Coming down, aren't you, little one? Could you get your car in the afternoon?" That seemed an afterthought. "If you can, we'll take the princess for a spin. What say, you guys? Everybody in harmony?"

"Certain *I* can go," Slim said.

"I'm on," Gary laughed.

"I don't know about it," Chick had to admit. Likely as not his mother would want the car, or set her foot down on the plan. His mother had a way of stepping on this car business—seemed to think he was still a baby!

"Oh, of course, if you can't talk your old-timers into it—" Sammy's voice trailed off. "The princess is a hound after riding around. But in case you can't get the bus, Slim and Gary and your little friend Sammy will have to play golf. Our well-known threesome, eh, fellows?"

The last was too pointed for Chick to miss. "I'll talk 'em into letting me have the car," he said.

THE next morning, while Chick wriggled under the scrutiny of his parents, his mother remarked to his father that he looked very pale.

"You can't go down to the beach this morning, son," she told him firmly. "You just be quiet all day, and keep out of the sun. You can get out some of your books you brought and read here on the piazza with me. Then you'll be all right to-morrow. Were you sick all evening while you were driving, or did you get sick after you got home?"

Chick did not look at her, and grunted something about darn lobster salad. "I'm not going to read, Mother," he stated. "I'm going down to the beach! I'll feel all right after I go in the water."

His mother had her own plan. "You can read here on this nice, quiet piazza all morning, and this afternoon you can ride down to Portsmouth with Mrs. Walker and me."

Chick groaned. "What do you want to go to Portsmouth for? It's a terrible old hole! All the fellows say it is. Why don't you and Mrs. Walker play golf?" That was an inspiration, and his frown departed. "It's going to be awful cool. You said you were going to play golf a lot this summer when we got up here where it was cool, and you haven't played yet! I guess you just used that to get Dad to come up to this place."

His mother's mouth tightened. "Now, Charles," she said, "you just subside. You are getting yourself all worked up about nothing, and you'll be sick again. Mrs. Walker and I are going down to Portsmouth to see some fine old furniture."

Charles kicked at a chair. "What do you want with any more old furniture? They make it in Grand Rapids, anyway. I'm going down to the beach, Mother." One foot was out of the door.

"Charles!"

Chick shuffled over to a chair and sat down, drumming his heels on the floor.

The sea sparkled in the brilliant sunlight; sailboats appeared; groups of young people began to pass along the shore path, wrapped in beach robes.

Charles watched them, his face growing blacker every minute. "I'm going down to the beach in just a minute," he announced to his mother at the end of half an hour. "I feel all right, and I'm going down to the beach."

"His mother sighed. "Charles, I don't see how you can bear to worry me the way you do."

It was an old trick, and Chick resented it, resented the hurt look in his mother's eyes, the power she had to make him sorry for his actions.

"I'm going down to the beach," he announced again, however.

"Charles, you go to your room and sit there until you can behave like a gentleman, and not refuse to obey your mother—the only mother you've got!"

Was she going to cry?

"I don't see how you can act the way you do!" she went on after a pause. "After all we've done for you! Your father slaves morning, noon and night to give you advantages he didn't have! And you act like this!"

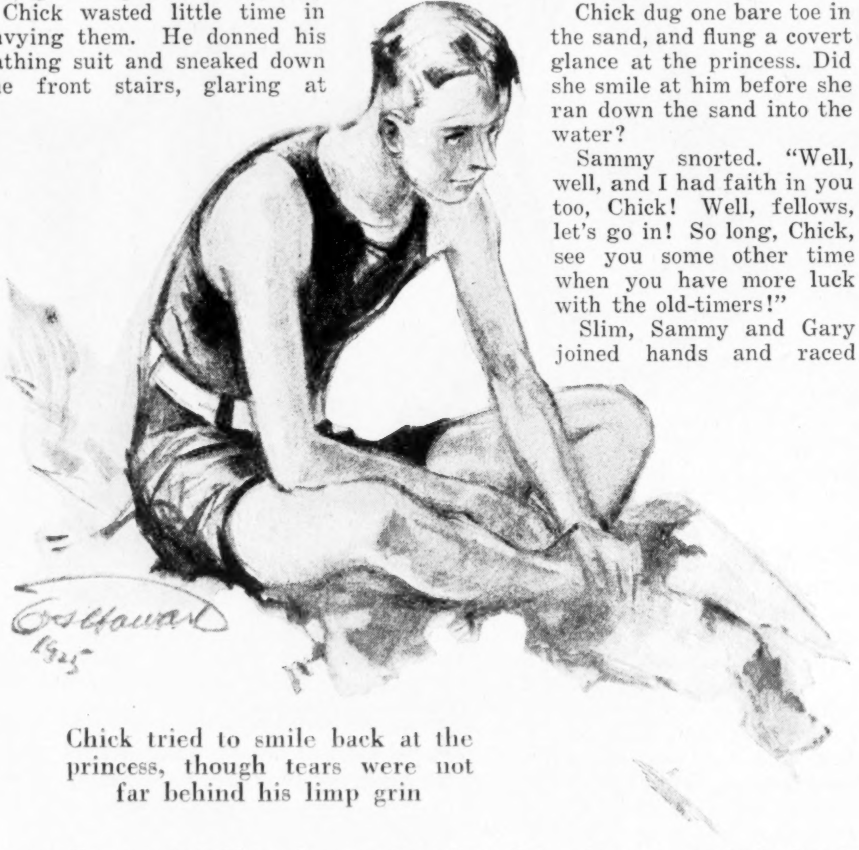
"Yes, he slaves awful!" Chick could not resist it. "He slaves awful—playin' golf morning, noon and night all summer."

"Charles, go to your room!"

Chick went, shuffling his feet on the stairs noisily. Once there, he dragged a chair to the window and sat watching the shore path.

There was Gary Brown, slouching along in his beach robe, which blew behind him in the wind, revealing his fat brown legs. And with Gary was the princess, her robe fastened but blowing out behind too, so that you could see her short green bathing suit with its trig white belt. Her bobbed hair glinted golden in the sun.

Chick wasted little time in envying them. He donned his bathing suit and sneaked down the front stairs, glaring at Anna, the second maid, as her mouth fell open at sight of him. "If you tell, I—I'll put ground glass in your potatoes!" he threatened her, and glared harder than ever when she burst into a giggle.



Chick tried to smile back at the princess, though tears were not far behind his limp grin

He was still looking determined and fierce when he reached the long stretch of white sand. The surf was tumbling in at a great rate. What a morning!

Yes, there was his "crowd." Sammy Timpkins was smoking, and flipping shells with his bare toes. Gary Brown was lying on the sand. Slim was turning handsprings. The princess stood watching them with tolerant eyes. My, wasn't she pretty! Chick's eyes sparkled at the sight of her, and he took a double handspring into their midst. "Hello, fellows!" he shouted as he landed on his feet. "I feel peppy as—as—a—"

"Gazelle," Sammy prompted him with a dry laugh. "Marjorie, allow me to introduce Chick of Chicago! Get down on your knees and scrape, little one!" He gave Chick no gentle shove with an adept knee, and Chick was suddenly groveling in the warm sand. "That's the way to meet a princess!" Sammy grinned to the others.

Chick got up and began to brush the sand from his suit, feeling sheepish.

"Don't tell him you smell stock yards on him, children," Sammy went on imperturbably. "It'll just hurt his feelings. And remember, when you want to do anything severe to him, that he is going to get his papa's car this afternoon and take us all for a fine ride. Aren't you, Chicken?"

CHICK flushed up hotly. "Nothing doing on the bus stuff, fellows," he said, trying to be more nonchalant than he felt. "The old-timer's going over to Portsmouth to buy furniture. I tried to talk her into improving her rotten game of golf, but she never quivered an eyelash. So the trip's off—for to-day."

Sammy scowled. "Say, young un, have a heart. Don't reveal to us, high spirited as we are, the hated news that you can't take us driving this afternoon. He's jesting with us, guys. Of course he is. He wouldn't have the nerve to come down here to the beach this morning if he weren't jesting! You're going to take us all out for a ride that'll make us glad were alive, aren't you, Chickie?"

"Some other day."

Chick dug one bare toe in the sand, and flung a covert glance at the princess. Did she smile at him before she ran down the sand into the water?

Sammy snorted. "Well, well, and I had faith in you too, Chick! Well, fellows, let's go in! So long, Chick, see you some other time when you have more luck with the old-timers!"

Slim, Sammy and Gary joined hands and raced after the princess, who had already thrown herself into the surf.

Chick was left standing on the sand, watching them with surprised and hurt eyes. He waited until they were far out in the water, shouting and splashing; then he went in and began to swim against the surf in long, clean pulls. It was good to get at something you really could do. And the feeling of being outclassed by the older boys left him.

He swam for a long time and then went back to the beach, where he lay down on the sand to dry off and get warm.

Chick felt very lonely. He would go home, face his mother and take his punishment. Maybe she would weaken on the last named if he were very humble—he certainly felt humble enough—and offered to give Olson an afternoon off while he himself drove the car to Portsmouth. Olson could ogle the Walkers' Irish maid, as he did every chance he got in the afternoon!

But as he sat pondering upon his next move, Sammy and Slim came dashing by him, passed as though they did not see him, followed by a galumphing Gary pulling the princess by the hand.

There was no doubt this time of the smile the princess flung him in passing, and Chick tried to smile back, although tears were not far behind his limp grin.

He got up and had wandered to the edge of the path, where it wound up over the first rocks, when a young man appeared. He was in sports clothes; white shirt turned down at the neck, white flannel knickers, rubber-soled shoes, checkered woolen socks like the ones Chick's mother had bought for him just before they had left Chicago—and which he had flatly refused to wear. He smiled in a friendly way at Chick, who must have been looking disconsolate.

The young man's face, Chick was quick to note, was copper with sunburn, and his lean, strong hands were copper too.

Chick caught his breath as he noticed the young man's chest.

"Going so soon?" the young man asked.

Chick looked up at him dolefully, but, in spite of the young man's magnificent chest and shoulders and fine height, he did not feel as small with him as he did with Sammy Timpkins, who was not more than two inches Chick's superior in height.

"Thought I'd go," Chick murmured, looking out at sea. "I had my swim."

Just then the four down the beach, the princess and her three followers, caught sight of the young man, and came dashing up the beach toward him.

"Hurrah for Yale!" shouted the irrepressible Sammy, and threw himself at the newcomer, shaking his hand with enthusiasm. "Marjorie wouldn't tell us when you were coming, but the Harbor News said you were due here in a few days!"

Marjorie was hugging the young man's free hand. "Oh, Jerry!" she said ecstatically.

"You didn't do a thing at the Olympics, did you?" Slim Dunbar said admiringly.

Chick wandered off toward home. They hadn't seemed to notice that he was there, at all!

HE BRAVELY passed his mother on the piazza, trying to act as if what he had done was all right.

She looked at him reproachfully—"Oh, Charles!"—and in her voice was that note of acute suffering which mothers know so well how to put into their voices.

He didn't look at her. "I—felt all right," he said.

Perhaps she noticed that there was a catch in his voice; she said nothing more; only sighed.

He hurried upstairs, dressed, and went downstairs to the piazza.

"Say, Mother, don't want me to drive you down to Portsmouth this afternoon, do you?" he asked nonchalantly after a while.

His mother's first impulse was to be suspicious of such a suggestion, but at sight of her son's rosy face and immaculate attire she softened.

"How nice you look, Charles," she said. "Why, Olson is planning on driving us down, dear."

"Oh, of course, if you'd rather have Olson drive you, all right. But I should think that when I'm the only son you have, you'd be glad to have me drive you places once in a while."

He was half haughty, half naïve. He

tried to laugh, but the effort was a miserable failure.

His mother looked at him uneasily. "Did you see your new friends down at the beach this morning?" she asked.

He whistled a note or two before he answered. "Yes, I talked to 'em a while, but I came home early. I just did a little swimming around and then came home. I knew you would wonder where I was."

Having got at the root of the trouble, his mother smiled gently at him.

"Say, Mother," he went on, interest rising in his voice, "there was a pippy fellow down there that was on the Yale crew that won the Olympics."

"I don't suppose those boys on a crew smoke much, do you, son?" she tactlessly asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered carelessly, after throwing her a suspicious glance. "I suppose they smoke quite a bit when they're out of training."

"Your father said this morning that they're having swimming matches down at the new Hotel Sovereign pool in a couple of weeks." She picked up her book and found her place.

Chick's eyes grew thoughtful.

"Your father says you have a good stroke for a boy," she went on without looking at him.

"H'm," said Chick as though dismissing the matter.

Two figures dashed past at a run, on the shore path, he saw. Then two more, the princess and the hero of the Olympics.

Chick fingered the muscles of his upper arm tenderly. "Wish I could go to Yale," he said mournfully.

"Your father has his head set on Michigan," his mother told him. . . .

"Say, Father," he began after lunch, "I s'pose you don't want me to play golf with you this afternoon, do you? I don't believe I'll go to Portsmouth after all. Olson will be disappointed if I start driving the car so much. He likes to go places around here because he says it's kind of like Sweden."

At two-thirty they started out with Olson in the car, Mr. Darrah and Mr. Walker in the back seat. As they neared the expensive and opulent new Hotel Sovereign, Chick began to fidget.

"Say, Olson, stop a minute, will you? I—I want to buy some gum in there."

As he ran into the lobby of the hotel and up to the desk, his glance took in the room. Yes, there was a poster. He read it hurriedly. Then he bought a package of chewing gum and ran back.

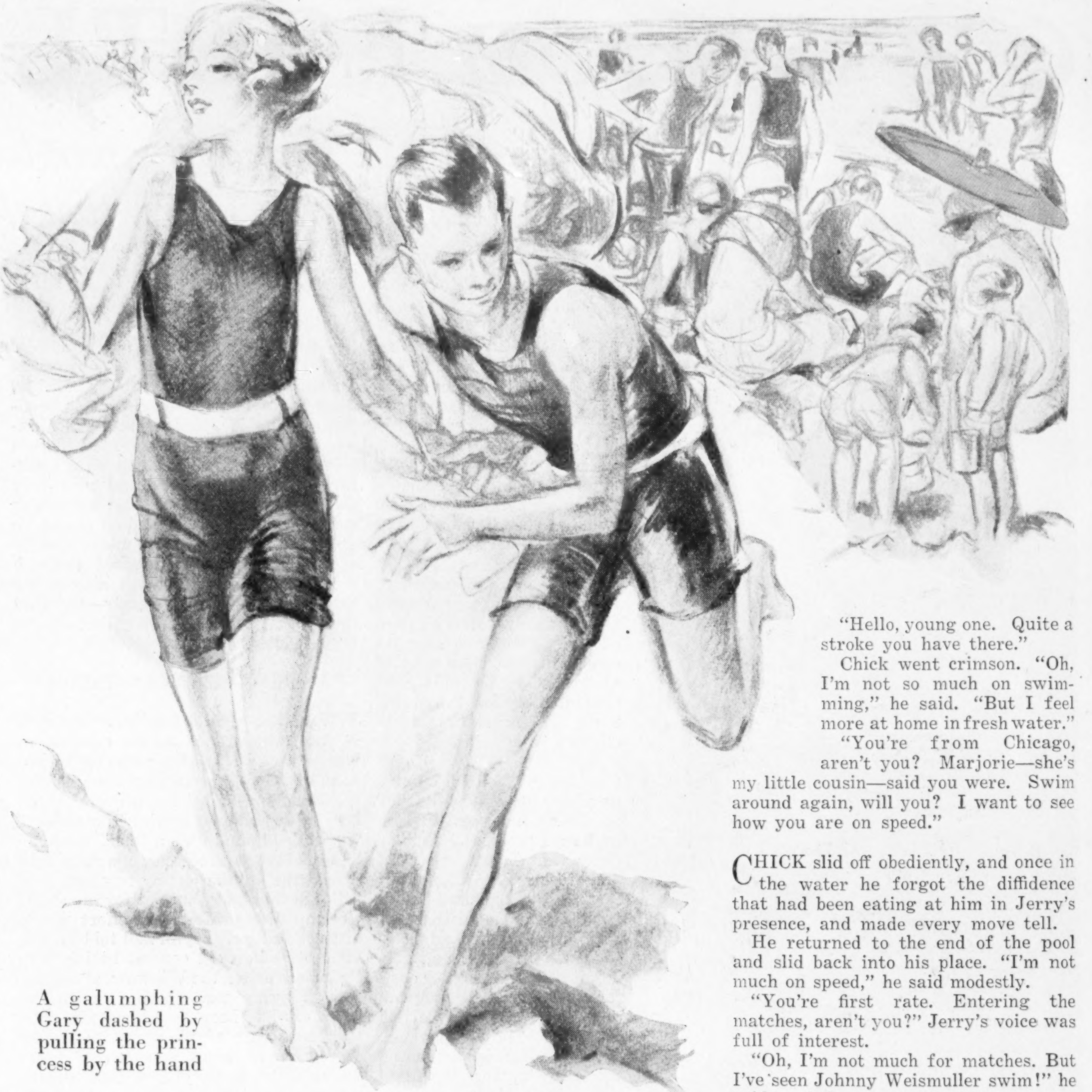
FOR a week after that Chick's schedule was strenuous. Every morning he flung himself out of bed and took a cold shower. Then he walked—ran, principally—two miles before breakfast, swam persistently for the better part of an hour, and lay on the sand. It pleased him to observe that he was changing from a mild tan to copper color.

He spent a great deal of time examining his muscular development, and surely it was not a thing to be ashamed of, the way little knots stood out on his calves when he drew his legs up just so. He openly admired his chest.

"Some chest, Dad?" he asked several times every afternoon, thumping lustily at that portion of his anatomy.

He was so busy that he had little time to miss that bright companionship that had been his only for a day and a memorable night. When he saw Sammy and Slim and Gary they were usually too busy to notice him, but he never failed to notice whether or not the princess was with them. Once he saw her on the golf course with Jerry, of Olympic fame.

"That's Jerry Coates, the youth you've been hearing so much about," Mr. Walker told Chick's father. "On the Yale crew that won the Olympics. I'm going to try to get him in our New York office this fall. He's a nice chap, with brains as well as brawn."



A galumphing Gary dashed by pulling the princess by the hand

"Is that his sister with him?" asked Chick.

"Cousin," Mr. Walker answered as he got into position for his drive. "I'll have to introduce you, Charles. She's a nice girl and devoted to Jerry."

"I've met her," Chick said faintly.

At the end of the week, when he thought his mother had forgotten about the matches at the Sovereign, he broached the subject of swimming in the new pool.

"The water's too cold to go in to-day, Mother," he began. "And it's too foggy to swim, anyway. I wish we lived at the Sovereign so I could swim over there. It's a swell pool, the fellows say." He always pretended that he got news from the "fellows."

"Why don't you take your allowance and go over and get a ticket? Mrs. Walker says anybody can swim over there if they pay for the privilege."

Chick got up slowly from the chair in which he was lolling and sauntered into the house, murmuring something about some day he might if he took the notion. But a few minutes later he hurried out of the front door with his bathing suit under his arm, wrapped in a newspaper, and an air of being about his usual business. Every now and then, however, he looked back covertly to see if anybody was watching his movements—as though he were breaking rules.

His mother saw him go. "I wonder what makes him so secretive," she thought.

Chick paid his fee at the Sovereign, and put on his bathing suit.

There was a crowd around the big pool; boys sitting on the sides dabbling their feet in the water; men swimming; boys and men watching from the marble steps.

Chick watched them, and then dived off into the water. He made a beautiful dive, and knew it. The life guard on one of the community beaches in Chicago had taught him that.

He came up, flung the water from his hair and eyes, and picked on a spot for another dive. Then he swam with long, easy strokes around the pool, feeling that many were admiring him. And, strange as it may seem, at least one was admiring him.

WHEN he pulled himself up on the side of the pool and sat swinging his legs as if he had really done nothing at all, that vague consciousness he had always had that people were observing him changed into a definite conviction that somebody in back of him was watching him closely.

He swung his legs harder than ever, and tried to be nonchalant when Jerry Coates came and knelt down beside him.

"Hello," he said quickly. He hardly dared look at the big, clean, strong fellow who crouched there beside him with a friendly smile on his handsome face.

"Hello, young one. Quite a stroke you have there."

Chick went crimson. "Oh, I'm not so much on swimming," he said. "But I feel more at home in fresh water."

"You're from Chicago, aren't you? Marjorie—she's my little cousin—said you were. Swim around again, will you? I want to see how you are on speed."

CHICK slid off obediently, and once in the water he forgot the diffidence that had been eating at him in Jerry's presence, and made every move tell.

He returned to the end of the pool and slid back into his place. "I'm not much on speed," he said modestly.

"You're first rate. Entering the matches, aren't you?" Jerry's voice was full of interest.

"Oh, I'm not much for matches. But I've seen Johnny Weismuller swim!" he said, and the awe in his voice was unmistakable. "Did you meet him in France when you went over to the games?"

Jerry nodded. "He was great. Say, boy, you're foolish about your speed. Let me sign you up and give you a few pointers. Mind if I do?" His voice was persuasive.

Chick looked at him. "Shoot," he grinned self-consciously.

"Get down in the water, and don't be afraid to swim low. And you waste effort there." The young man stood up and duplicated Chick's stroke in the air. "See?"

Jerry walked along the edge of the pool while Chick swam again to the end. "That's the lad! Lower still! Now make a spurt!"

Chick spurted for all his young body was worth.

"Come over to-morrow morning?" Jerry asked as Chick later emerged from the shower rooms.

Chick said that he would, and went home, his heart singing at every step.

Every morning after that he had his lesson with Jerry Coates, got so he could look at him without blushing crimson with a mixture of embarrassed admiration and acute and painful self-consciousness, talked to him about the Olympics and Johnny Weismuller.

"Got a school in mind when you get through prep?" Jerry asked him one morning when the lesson was over.

"I go to high school, not prep," Chick answered without a flicker of shame. Somehow, you didn't mind telling things to Jerry. "But

(*Continued on page 40*)

From FOOTLIGHTS

How the man we'll always remember as "The Music Master" climbed the stairs that lead to the stars

As told by DAVID WARFIELD *to* JOHN B. KENNEDY

Brown Bros.

If you saw "The Music Master" you won't have to be told who this is

BAD acting made me an actor—the bad acting I witnessed in San Francisco as a boy and youth. I always had a leaning for the stage, with apparently not the slightest strain of predisposition, for I have never been able to trace any other than my own connection with the theatre in my family. Yet as a boy in San Francisco, in my clique I was always the funny man. Every group of young fellows has its comedian, the chap who is always told that he's good enough to be on the stage. That was my status in the clique I went with.

And I had some direct association with the theatre as a boy, for I was an usher at the Bush Street Theatre in San Francisco. It was there that I saw, week in and week out, acting of all sorts, good, bad and indifferent. I came to the conclusion that if anybody could get paid for *bad* acting, it should be rather easy for an ambitious youngster to get a start when he felt that he could be a good actor.

The California, and later the Baldwin, were the first-class dramatic playhouses in San Francisco. To me they were something more than that: they gave me my training. In them I literally absorbed the technique of what later became my profession. I never had formal training in dramatics; I don't believe in it. The rough-and-tumble of early effort, the scramble to get a good start, and the schooling one gets in stock companies is worth far more than any dramatic academy coaching. I attended the Lincoln School, the Cosmopolitan School and others. But my recitations and declamations didn't elicit any enthusiastic prophecies of a scintillating career. I never took a lesson in elocution in my life.

But carrying on in my three-dollar-a-week job as usher in the Bush Street Theatre, the headquarters for musical plays in San Francisco, I felt myself learning all the time. Booth, Irving, John T. Raymond, John E. Owens, Modjeska, Adelaide Neilson and other famous actors and actresses played San Francisco, and I saw them all. Looking back I can understand now how deeply impressionable I was, for it was only after I had succeeded on the stage as a comic actor that the unconsciously acquired technique—absorbed through frequent and persistent watching of the leading actors in great parts—asserted itself in my work when I undertook my first serious rôles.

My First—and Only—Failure

I WAS not a child prodigy. My very first appearance as an entertainer was more or less of a surprise to me. John Flynn was organizing a smoker for the Elks. I attended it with some members of my clique. During the affair I was called upon to "do a turn"—a monologue. It was received so well it confirmed the opinion of my boy pals who believed that I was cut out for the stage. Yet my first professional effort was a distinct failure. Flynn had told Meyer, manager of an old concert hall in San Francisco called the Wigwam, about me. The Wigwam was nothing but a big barn. It had been a meeting place for the Democrats of the ward, and later served as a cheap amusement resort where acts were played and drinks served after the style of the old music halls. The boys of my crowd had told me frequently that I ought to be on the stage. I had begun to think so too—and when the opportunity came I took it.

Meyer gave me a chance at the Wigwam to do a monologue; but I had only spoken for two minutes when I saw the stage manager waving at me from the wings to get through and get off—which I promptly did. I had been put first on the program—a riskful position at any time for a monologist. Under the same conditions I think I would meet with the same results even now.

Some of my pals had come to the Wigwam, intent on loyal support; but candor compelled them to tell me that I was pretty terrible. I have always thanked Heaven that I had sense enough to admit it. This first failure was fortunate. Had I succeeded, I should probably have remained a minor-league monologist in San Francisco houses.

I don't pretend to have seriously and industriously studied; I had no formal preparation; but my devotion to the theatre had given me ample opportunity to absorb technique. When, in the fall of 1890, I made my big bid for a career and arrived tired, dirty and gummy-eyed in New York after a sleepless trip in tourist cars from San Francisco, I found myself equipped to start, once the right opportunity came along.

By the way, it surprised me to find horse cars running in New York. In San Francisco we had cable cars, and had had them for years. I had come to regard New York as the hustling and bustling metropolis, and when I saw horse cars I was inclined to revise this opinion. Perhaps this modified the sense of awe with which I should otherwise have approached the job of getting a job in the big city.

An old San Francisco friend met me in New York as I stepped from the ferry in Liberty Street. He was a little puzzled when I insisted on seeing first the celebrated Hoffman House bar; and he was even more puzzled when I determined to walk to it. In San Francisco the ferries were near the center of the town and the theatre district, but in New York it was another matter. However, I had grown so tired sitting in a train on a transcontinental trip that, carrying my bag like a rube, I walked to the Hoffman House, which was located at Broadway and Twenty-fifth Street—but I saw the famous Hoffman bar.

I had landed in New York with only $45 left. It was necessary to budget myself severely. I secured a room in West Forty-eighth Street a few doors from Broadway, then almost a suburban section. For this I paid $1.75 a week. I allowed myself seven cents each day for a breakfast of rolls and coffee, fifteen cents for a light—a very light—luncheon, and about twice that sum for dinner. I lived strictly on this budget for two weeks while I tramped in and out of booking offices searching for a job.

The only manager I knew was William A. Brady. I had met him in San Francisco, where he lived for some years. But he was absent on some one of his enterprises.

New York in those days was as great a theatrical capital as it has ever been. The mechanics of the stage have been greatly improved; but the basic stuff of the stage, the marrow of talent of the performers, was never finer than then. There were many magnificent productions. The old-fashioned music halls were the try-out places, the sprinting courses. After two workless weeks in New York I secured an engagement in one of these concert halls—Paine's, on Eighth Avenue at about Thirty-first Street. When I asked Manager Paine for a job in his music hall he asked me my name. I told him with whatever dignity I could command.

"Never heard of you," said Paine.

"You will soon," I replied with the braggadocio of youth.

A Job—at $15 a Week

HE billed me as "David Warfield, direct from San Francisco." I did a comic monologue in evening clothes—the same that had served me when I was an usher in San Francisco—four times nightly for $15 a week. The billing, "direct from San Francisco," was literally the truth and it is a lasting commentary on the desire of audiences for imports. It really was the only way the manager of Paine's could bill me as an attraction—the fact that I had traveled a long way to get there.

My recollection of that first New York appearance is that I was favorably received, without, however, plung-

to FIRESIDE

ing the audience into hysteria. I wrote home that I was a big hit, because I wasn't fired.

I had no set campaign in New York. Frankly, I was looking for a job. There are fortunate souls who, looking back over successful careers, can count the steps to success with a logical progress which makes it appear that the perspective from the bottom was as orderly and well conceived as it appears from the top.

But I'm inclined to doubt tales of that sort. The career of every man hinges a good deal upon circumstances, fortunate or unfortunate. If he has something to sell he will sooner or later find somebody to buy; but over the circumstance of first discovering his customers he has little control.

While playing in Paine's I ran across William A. Brady one day in the old Coleman House. Brady had just bought a play, "The Inspector;" and when I told him that I was looking for a job, he offered me a part in it. The salary was $25 a week, and I thought he was cheating himself. My part was comic. I was a yap—a rube. In those days, the dawn of the nineties, yaps or rubes had a vogue as comic-type characters. Later I originated the comic stage Jew. Nowadays, the fluffy-bearded Jew with the oversized hat is a familiar figure in what is quite incorrectly termed burlesque.

"The Inspector" was not a good play. We toured with it for ten weeks. And I saved money out of the $25. The expense of living with a road show and of the show itself was, of course, much less in those days than it is now. Instead of living at hotels, for I couldn't afford the good ones and wouldn't stay at the inferior, we went to theatrical boarding houses. We could get good room and board for seven or eight dollars, with three square meals; and T-bone and porterhouse steaks were often on the menu. Some places, of course, were better than others; but, as a rule, the housewives who made a business of boarding transient theatricals were good-natured souls, and their business depended upon professional recommendations, for word spread about through the profession as to the quality of any hotel or boarding place in any city or town.

When They Put Skirts on Me

BY THE time I returned to New York fortified with a bigger bank account and with a first-hand knowledge of road-touring, I had impressed some of the managers with my ability. The result was that in March, 1891, when they were casting for the road show "Dowd's Neighbors," I was engaged to play the part of a comic Irishwoman for $35 a week—a substantial advance. I lived on the same scale and always saved money.

We had a good run—good as runs went in those days. My appearance in this show was the turning point in my career because John Russell, then a flourishing impresario, saw me and liked me.

Russell's productions were really the precursor of the form of potpourri musical show that is now known as a "revue."

We called them burlesques then, and they were genuine burlesques. Now the word has come to mean raw shows with slapstick comedy and meretricious chorus numbers. In my early New York days a burlesque was exactly what the word meant—a broad parody of current attractions—somewhat after the type of Pelissier's London Follies, where seven persons would give a two-hour entertainment really burlesquing important plays, like those by Shakespeare, Ibsen and the rest.

Russell was the producer of the famous "City Directory." He engaged me for a No. 2 company, and out we went on tour. In Saratoga, Russell came to see the road show, and it was the proudest moment of my life when he notified me at the end of the show that he was going to promote me to his No. 1 company. This he did. Later he started out to star me, and the chances are that if Russell had survived his success I might have remained with him.

My First Star Part

I PLAYED fifteen weeks in "The City Directory" at the old Bijou Theatre at Thirtieth Street and Broadway. Then for one season I toured as a supporting player to Anne Lewis in "A Nutmeg Match," which was distinctly not a play to write home about. Following this intervening season Russell reëngaged me.

He was preparing to produce a piece called "About Town." I played in it, but singularly enough didn't have a line to speak. Instead I went in for burlesque specialties in pantomime which made a striking success so that Russell starred me in a new production called "The Revue." When I say starred I mean it. I remember being in Philadelphia and going to the theatre on a Sunday evening, finding my name spread right across the front of the building in enormous type and the name of the company, "Russell's Comedians," appearing inconspicuously below it.

I turned to Russell, who was with me.

"John," I said, "don't you think you're making a mistake? I'm not very well known and this tremendous featuring may lead people to expect too much." Russell stubbornly shook his head. "You're the greatest actor in the world," he said.

It must be recorded that just about that time poor Russell's mind began to slip and his brilliant career as a producer was cut off by his mental infirmity. He was the husband of Amelia Glover, a famous dancer of those days.

In 1893 we played "About Town" at the Casino. In those days the Casino occupied the same place in the hierarchy of the show business as "The Follies" does to-day, and I found myself becoming widely known as a comedian. Charles McLellan wrote the lyrics for Lederer's productions, and a clever, smart librettist he was. His "Leah Kleshna" is, of course, a melodrama classic; but his scripts for the Casino burlesque, while not so well remembered, were marvels. W. S. Gilbert would not have been ashamed of the stuff McLellan wrote. With Gustave Kerker he wrote the famous and still surviving "Belle of New York." It was pointed, pungent and never raw. The Casino shows under Lederer were always clean.

I played the Casino for three seasons, with burlesque rôles, but always appearing in Jewish comic character.

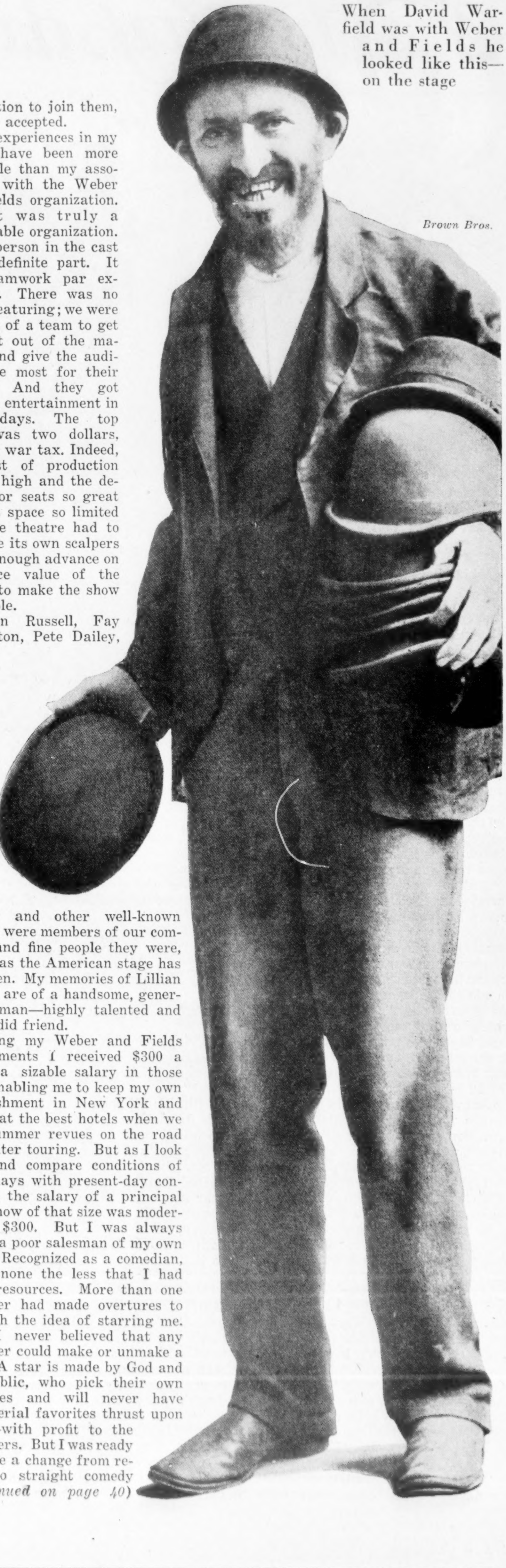
It was while I was playing at the Casino in the "Belle of New York" with Edna May and other popular stars that Weber and Fields, then coming to the front at the old Music Hall, made me a proposition to join them, which I accepted.

Few experiences in my career have been more enjoyable than my association with the Weber and Fields organization. And it was truly a remarkable organization. Every person in the cast had a definite part. It was teamwork par excellence. There was no super-featuring; we were all part of a team to get the best out of the material and give the audience the most for their money. And they got bargain entertainment in those days. The top price was two dollars, with no war tax. Indeed, the cost of production was so high and the demand for seats so great and the space so limited that the theatre had to regulate its own scalpers to get enough advance on the face value of the tickets to make the show profitable.

Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Pete Dailey, Hopper and other well-known players were members of our company, and fine people they were, as fine as the American stage has ever seen. My memories of Lillian Russell are of a handsome, generous woman—highly talented and a splendid friend.

During my Weber and Fields engagements I received $300 a week, a sizable salary in those days, enabling me to keep my own establishment in New York and to live at the best hotels when we took summer revues on the road for winter touring. But as I look back and compare conditions of those days with present-day conditions, the salary of a principal for a show of that size was moderate at $300. But I was always rather a poor salesman of my own wares. Recognized as a comedian, I felt none the less that I had other resources. More than one manager had made overtures to me with the idea of starring me. Now I never believed that any manager could make or unmake a star. A star is made by God and the public, who pick their own favorites and will never have managerial favorites thrust upon them—with profit to the managers. But I was ready to make a change from revues to straight comedy

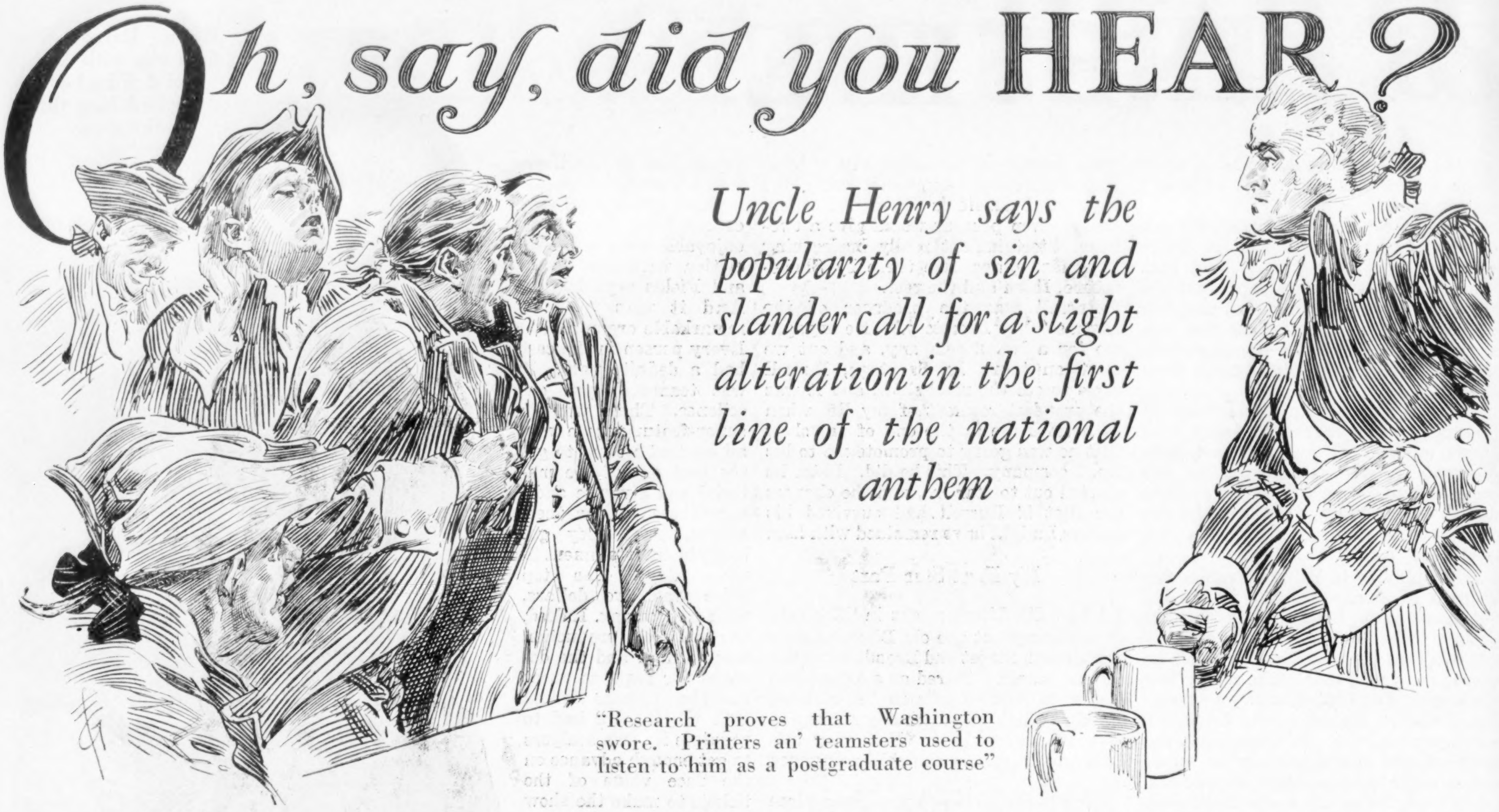
(*Continued on page 40*)



When David Warfield was with Weber and Fields he looked like this—on the stage

Brown Bros.

Oh, say, did you HEAR?



Uncle Henry says the popularity of sin and slander call for a slight alteration in the first line of the national anthem

"Research proves that Washington swore. Printers an' teamsters used to listen to him as a postgraduate course"

"I SEE where there's a strong movement," said Uncle Henry, "to clean the stains off George Washington's name."

"What stains?" indignantly demanded Mr. Stubbs.

"Why, all those old lies about him havin' been such a good man—so pure an' pious—refusin' to soil his lips with a fib an' never raisin' his voice except in prayer. Don't tell me you haven't heard that particularly vicious slander about little George an' the cherry tree? Or that vile gossip about his bein' a teetotaler, an' always sleepin' on the church steps Saturday night so as not to be late Sunday mornin'?

"An' surely you must have been infuriated, in common with all decent men, when you listened to the villainous charge that when the Father of His Country slipped on the ice, got a wrong telephone number for the tenth time, missed his last car or put shavin' cream on his toothbrush, he had only such words as 'Shucks' an' 'Oh, bother' with which to meet the crisis. Thank goodness, honest, fair-minded men have got on the job at last, an' are slowly provin' that Washington was no better than he should have been, if that.

"Accordin' to the latest advices, George was famed for his fertile imagination even as a lad, an' grown men were not above seekin' his advice on what to tell their wives after bein' out all night. At twenty he was receivin' flatterin' offers from oil an' land companies, an' cities were biddin' for him to fix their census figures. Instead of admittin' his guilt in the matter of the cherry tree, he made his father doubt the existence of both tree an' hatchet.

"As for drinkin', letters are comin' to light, jes' as fast as they can be written, showin' that Miz' Washington spent most of her time outside taverns, tryin' to get George to come home before his pay check was all gone. An' instead of bein' against entanglin' alliances, he had 'em with most every lamp post in Mount Vernon. What's more, he spent his Sundays in the stables, tellin' the gardener as how he heard the coachman say he could whip 'im.

"Best of all, the Sulgrave Institute has finally dug up the talk that George used to one of his generals for disobeyin' orders, an' it's so absolutely perfect in thought an phrasin' that the War Department has adopted it as a manual for mule drivers. Why, conscientious research not only proves that Washington swore, but that printers an' teamsters used to come from all parts of the country jes' to listen to him as a postgraduate course.

"So it goes, 'Lonzo. If the mud only holds out, all of our idols will be equipped with clay feet. Every great figure in American history is now receivin' first-spade treatment, an' each new day sees somethin' uncovered that redounds to their discredit. Before long we'll learn that when General Putnam rode down those stone steps in his night shirt it wasn't the British he was tryin' to get away from at all. An' since Freud has taught us about sex, the Lord only knows what they'll do to Molly Pitcher an' Betsy Ross."

Bad Habits Get the Headlines

"IT'S infamous, that's what it is!" exclaimed Mr. Stubbs. "Absolutely ghoulish. What do they mean by it, anyway?"

"Oh, it's all done in a kindly spirit," said Uncle Henry reassuringly. "As a friend of mine used to say every time he bumped into a lady, 'Nothin' meant.' Y'see, the idea is to popularize our Sacred Dead so that people will like to hear about 'em instead of greetin' the mere mention of their names with three yawns an' a tiger. Bring 'em right down to the level of ordinary humanity so that even little children will feel at ease with 'em.

"An' the worst of it is that they're *right*, 'Lonzo. Considerin' the way we praise holy livin', you might think we had a passion for it, but as a matter of truth a leper has more boon companions than a man that everybody concedes to be really an' truly good. Deacon Hardy doesn't know the taste of liquor or tobacco, an' has never strained his voice sayin' 'That's good' in a poker game, yet I've seen men an' women skippin' a car rather than ride with him.

"If Peter the Hermit an' Robin Hood sent out invitations for a week-end party at the same time, who do you think would get the crowd? Like the books of William Dean Howells, which everybody admires an' nobody reads, even the best of us are perfectly willin' to give goodness the absent treatment.

"The newspapers know human nature, an' you don't see 'em givin' over their front pages to glowin' chronicles of human virtue. A Sunday-school superintendent blushes unseen until he confirms the suspicions of the community by beatin' it with the soprano, an' the man that never lays hands on his wife except in the ways of kindness has about as much chance to break into the news as a white rabbit in the last stages of anæmia. It's bad habits that get the headlines, 'Lonzo, not good habits.

"In clubs an' smokin cars, where men throw reserve aside an' sit in their spiritual underwear, did you ever hear an adult male brag about the prizes he took at Sunday school or tell how every mother in the neighborhood held him up to their sons as an example? Not on your life! Like that old lady who kept confessin' a sin forty years old, there's nothin' we love more than recallin' early indiscretions, even when we have to invent 'em, as is usually the case.

"Women, in my opinion, are chiefly to blame for the way virtue has got to be apologized for nowadays, for even thirty-third degree Victorians like to feel that their man is in dire need of reformation. Why, durin' the time I was engaged to my wife it kept me busy thinkin' up secret vices to hint about, an' I don't know how much I spent on blackberry cordial an' cloves to keep up the rôle of a man who had drained life to the dregs an' found it ashes in his mouth.

"Even to this day she finds her greatest pleasure in thinkin' of me as a creature of Unbridled Passions that are only kept in leash by reason of her love an' refinin' influence. No wonder boys learn to lie. They aren't popular with girls unless they can give the effect of havin' had a Past, an' at the ripe age of eighteen achievin' a Past calls for no little imagination an' downright mendacity. Yet let the story get abroad that they've been brought up on the Rollo books an' their social career is at an end.

Brainless Badness

"GOODNESS has come to be somethin' that's got to be taken by stealth unless you want to be held up to scorn as a mollycoddle or a namby-pamby. When people moved to a new house in the old days they could hardly wait to hang the curtains, but now the first thing done is to lay out a center table with books like 'The Green Hat' or 'The Constant Nymph.' Why, actually, I've got some friends who are payin' hush money to the iceman because he caught 'em readin' 'Pilgrim's Progress.'

"Darned if I can understand it, for it isn't as if badness called for any large amount of brains or bravery. A longshoreman can get jes' as drunk as a gentleman, an unlettered teamster can give Charlie Dawes a start of five cuss words an' beat him hands down, an' when it comes to lyin' I'll back my cook against the world. On the other hand, resistin' the natural instinct to be worthless is somethin' that calls for all that's best in courage.

"Every day sees men an' women jerked away from the decencies in order to avoid the derision of their friends' an' Heaven knows what the end will be unless the churches hire some advertisin' expert an' map out a sellin' campaign that will make goodness popular enough so that people won't have to apologize for it."

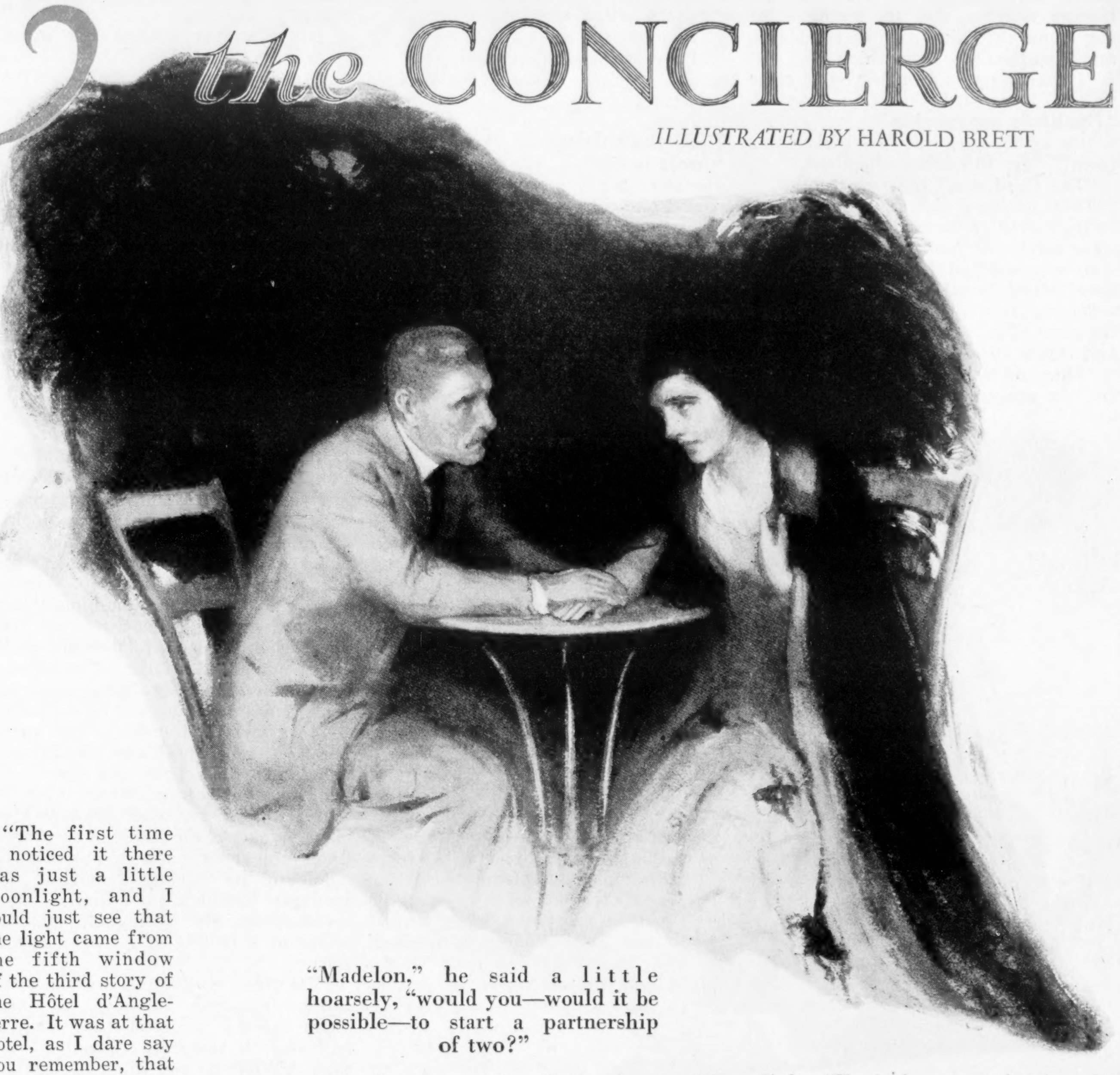
"I'll tell you the trouble," suddenly remarked Mr. Stubbs. "People ain't interested in anything but gossip an' slander."

"Well," said Uncle Henry, "I think myself we ought to change the first line of the national anthem so as to have it read, 'Oh, say, did you hear?' "

CHRISTIAN, *the* CONCIERGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD BRETT

By
E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM



"Madelon," he said a little hoarsely, "would you—would it be possible—to start a partnership of two?"

MONTE CARLO, on a moonless night late in May, is not without its somber effects. Mr. Billingham, loitering on that extension of the terrace promenade which passes the post office and reaches to the bottom of the hill, took note of the changed aspects of the place during the last six weeks. The Sporting Club, once gayly illuminated, with blue-liveried servants waiting at the top of the steps to welcome visitors and rows of automobiles drawn up against the pavement, was closed and dark. The great hotels which lined the hills no longer presented a semicircle of glittering lights. Here and there a few lights twinkled out from the different villas, but, for the greater part, the hillside had become a chaos of unilluminated blackness.

Mr. Billingham, standing with his back to the stone balustrade, smoking thoughtfully and looking landward, was suddenly aware of a touch upon his arm. He turned abruptly to find Madelon by his side, a black silk cloak thrown over her evening gown. Her approach had been, perhaps purposely, noiseless. She seemed to have crept out of the void.

"Useless!" she laughed. "I came to make discoveries and behold I find you alone and apparently star-gazing."

"Not star-gazing," Mr. Billingham murmured.

"Seriously, I am disappointed," she went on. "I thought there must have been some reason for these mysterious nocturnal strolls of yours."

"There is a reason," Mr. Billingham confided.

"An assignation?"

He shook his head. "Look carefully," he directed, "exactly where I am pointing, and tell me whether you see anything."

She stood by his side and obeyed.

"I see something," she admitted, "which looks like a rapidly moving glowworm, appearing and disappearing."

Mr. Billingham nodded. "I will tell you what it is," he said. "It is someone with an electric torch moving about in a room of a hotel which is closed for the season."

"A caretaker, perhaps," she suggested.

"Perhaps," he assented. "Yet one wonders why a caretaker should be wandering about always in the same room at nighttime."

"He may be sleeping there," she observed.

"Then why not use the electric light in an ordinary way?" Mr. Billingham rejoined. "Of course," he went on, "there may be a very simple explanation. There probably is. Yet there are other things which have made me wonder about that light."

"As, for instance?" Madelon demanded.

"The first time I noticed it there was just a little moonlight, and I could just see that the light came from the fifth window of the third story of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. It was at that hotel, as I dare say you remember, that Seth Dickerson, the American who had been gambling so heavily, committed suicide last week."

"I remember," Madelon murmured. "They closed the hotel because of it a few days earlier than they meant to."

"Just so," Mr. Billingham agreed. "And the hotel has remained closed ever since. There is no caretaker in it, and whoever is moving about that room with an electric torch is an intruder."

"An empty hotel!" Madelon mused. "It doesn't sound exactly like a happy hunting ground. And why that particular room? The poor fellow committed suicide because he had lost every penny he possessed at the tables?"

MR. BILLINGHAM did not reply. He was watching the faint flashing of the light. Sometimes it disappeared altogether for several minutes. At no time was it more than a glimmer.

"Nevertheless," he said at last, "whoever is moving about that room is searching for something. You see the light is turned in every direction, but never for a moment straight at the window."

"Shall we go up?" she proposed.

Mr. Billingham shook his head. "Not to-night," he replied. "To-morrow morning I shall call upon the manager of the Royalty Hotel, which belongs to the same people. If you are interested, you can come with me."

She thrust her arm through his.

"Meanwhile," she begged, "let us go to the Casino. I am rather uneasy about my uncle. He has borrowed no money for two days, and he is becoming mysterious. . . ."

The manager of the Royalty Hotel and Mr. Billingham were from the first on the best of terms. Mr. Billingham in a very few words explained his mission.

"That poor chap Dickerson's folk have been writing to me," he said—"the fellow who committed suicide over at the Angleterre, you know."

"That affair is all finished with," the manager exclaimed hastily. "The hotel at first paid for the funeral and all expenses, but the société has now refunded the amount."

"That's all right," Mr. Billingham declared good-humoredly. "Seth Dickerson's people don't want any fuss any more than you do. Theirs is just a sentimental idea. They want me to have a look at the room where he died and send them a few trifling particulars."

"Delighted to do anything we can for you, Mr. Billingham," the manager assured him cordially. "Mr. Dickerson's clothes and effects were all sent to an address in London, as I dare say you know. The loose change on his table was given to the servants. It amounted to less than their weekly tips."

"That's quite all right," Mr. Billingham observed. "Naturally a fellow like Dickerson don't commit suicide while he's got anything left. How can we have a look at the room?"

"Christian, the concierge of the hotel, has the keys," the manager replied. "He is here now helping our own man. I will send for him."

He touched a bell, sent a message, and a few minutes later a tall, remarkably fine-looking man, in the uniform of the hotel, entered the room. He saluted Mr. Billingham, whom he knew slightly, and smiled at the young lady. To all appearances he was the absolute type of his class; brimful of knowledge, which he was only too anxious to impart, capable and good-tempered.

"This gentleman," the manager explained, "has heard from the relatives of Mr. Dickerson in America. He wants to have a look at the room Mr. Dickerson occupied."

FOR a single second there was something beyond ordinary interest in the man's face. Mr. Billingham, who had been watching him closely, took note of it.

"There is nothing belonging to Mr. Dickerson left in the room, sir," he pointed out.

"Quite so. I know that," Mr. Billingham intervened. "It's just an idea his people have. Want me to tell them when I get back what sort of a place it was he ended his days in. Silly idea —but folks are silly sometimes."

"You had better take Mr. Billingham and the young lady across," the manager directed.

"Certainly, sir," the man acquiesced. "If you and the young lady will step this way, sir," he continued, turning to Mr. Billingham, "I have the keys in my pocket."

They took leave of the manager and crossed the street toward the Angleterre. The concierge opened the front door of the hotel and they passed into an atmosphere of gloom and silence. There were dust sheets over the mahogany counter and the cushions of the lounge; a faint odor of tea leaves and disinfectants everywhere.

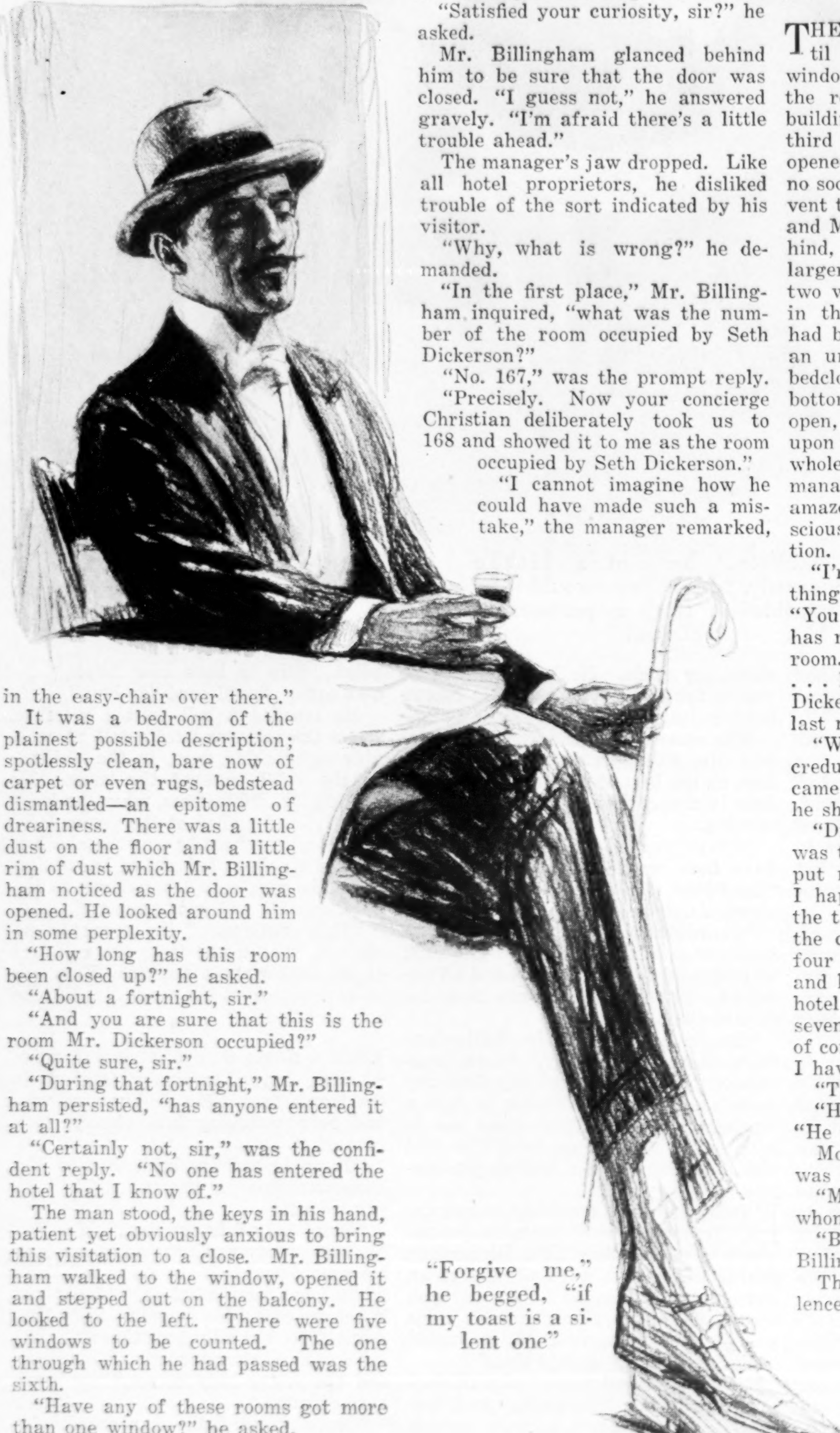
"I shall have to trouble you to come up the stairs, sir," Christian observed. "The lift is not running."

"On which floor was Mr. Dickerson's room?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

"The third, sir," the man replied.

They mounted the stairs in silence. In the corridors the sound of their footsteps awakened faint echoes. Even the stair carpets had been taken up and stood rolled together in corners. The concierge led them unhesitatingly to the door of a room which he unlocked and threw open.

"This was Mr. Dickerson's apartment, sir," he announced. "He shot himself in the easy-chair over there."



"Forgive me," he begged, "if my toast is a silent one"

It was a bedroom of the plainest possible description; spotlessly clean, bare now of carpet or even rugs, bedstead dismantled—an epitome of dreariness. There was a little dust on the floor and a little rim of dust which Mr. Billingham noticed as the door was opened. He looked around him in some perplexity.

"How long has this room been closed up?" he asked.

"About a fortnight, sir."

"And you are sure that this is the room Mr. Dickerson occupied?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"During that fortnight," Mr. Billingham persisted, "has anyone entered it at all?"

"Certainly not, sir," was the confident reply. "No one has entered the hotel that I know of."

The man stood, the keys in his hand, patient yet obviously anxious to bring this visitation to a close. Mr. Billingham walked to the window, opened it and stepped out on the balcony. He looked to the left. There were five windows to be counted. The one through which he had passed was the sixth.

"Have any of these rooms got more than one window?" he asked.

"The next-door one has, I believe, sir," the man answered, looking a little puzzled. . . . "Is there anything further I can do for you, or the young lady?" he added, after a moment's pause.

Mr. Billingham looked around once more, regretfully and sorrowfully.

"Well, I guess not," he decided. "It's a poor room, this. Pretty hard up toward the end, I expect."

The concierge nodded.

"They stripped him clean, sir," he agreed. "It's a way they have down yonder. . . ."

The three descended the stairs almost in silence. Christian led them into the street, and Mr. Billingham handed him a twenty-franc note.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," the man said. "You are sure there is nothing more I can do?"

"Nothing at all, thank you," Mr. Billingham assured him. "I will just have a word with your manager. . . ."

They reëntered the Royalty Hotel. Mr. Billingham, with Madelon still by his side, made his way to the bureau. The manager looked up and nodded.

"Satisfied your curiosity, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Billingham glanced behind him to be sure that the door was closed. "I guess not," he answered gravely. "I'm afraid there's a little trouble ahead."

The manager's jaw dropped. Like all hotel proprietors, he disliked trouble of the sort indicated by his visitor.

"Why, what is wrong?" he demanded.

"In the first place," Mr. Billingham inquired, "what was the number of the room occupied by Seth Dickerson?"

"No. 167," was the prompt reply.

"Precisely. Now your concierge Christian deliberately took us to 168 and showed it to me as the room occupied by Seth Dickerson."

"I cannot imagine how he could have made such a mistake," the manager remarked, with a perplexed frown. "He knows the hotel inside out."

"Oh, he knew all right," Mr. Billingham observed dryly. "Tell me now, have you keys to the hotel yourself, as well as the set Christian has been using?"

The manager opened his drawer. "Certainly I have."

"And a pass key to the rooms?"

"I have both."

"Then I want you," Mr. Billingham begged, "to send Christian out of the way for half an hour and to take us across there."

The manager glanced at the clock. "That is easy," he said. "I will send him down to the station to meet the four-thirty. There is always the chance of a visitor or two. . . . Excuse me!"

He spoke through a tube for a moment, then rose to his feet.

"Of course," he continued, "I have not the least idea what you are driving at, Mr. Billingham, but I am entirely at your disposal. Come along, then! . . ."

They waited for a few minutes until the hotel bus had passed the window, then once more they crossed the road, entered the gloomy-looking building, and mounted the stairs to the third floor. This time the manager opened the door of No. 167. He had no sooner done so than he himself gave vent to a little exclamation of surprise, and Mr. Billingham, following close behind, whistled softly. The room—larger than the neighboring one, with two windows and curved balcony—was in the wildest disorder. The carpet had been rolled back and was lying in an untidy heap upon the floor. The bedclothes had been drawn over the bottom of the bedstead, drawers stood open, an easy-chair had been overturned upon the floor, and apparently the whole of its stuffing removed. The manager looked around him in blank amazement. Mr. Billingham was conscious of a feeling of intense satisfaction.

"I'm going to put you wise to something, Monsieur Lavalle," he said. "You see for yourself that someone has made a systematic search of this room. What do you think he wanted? . . . I'll tell you— The money Seth Dickerson won at the Casino on his last night there."

"Won?" the manager repeated incredulously. "Why, Mr. Dickerson came home a ruined man. That's why he shot himself."

"Dickerson did nothing of the sort," was the confident reply. "That's what put me on the track of this trouble. I happened to know the croupiers at the tables where he played and two of the chefs. Seth Dickerson played at four tables on the night of his death, and he brought home with him to this hotel a matter of between sixty and seventy milles. He had no more idea of committing suicide that evening than I have at the present moment."

"Then why did he?"

"He didn't," Mr. Billingham rejoined. "He was murdered."

Monsieur Lavalle had no words. It was Madelon who intervened.

"Murdered!" she gasped. "By whom?"

"By Christian, the concierge," Mr. Billingham pronounced.

There was a moment's breathless silence. In the midst of it Madelon raised a warning finger. From somewhere outside they seemed to hear the sound of a muffled footstep. Mr. Billingham moved to the door and looked out. There was no one in sight. He closed the door again.

"Listen," he said. "This is mainly conjecture, but I have a sort of knack of putting things together, and this is how I build up this little affair. I knew Seth Dickerson. He wasn't much of a man, but he wasn't the sort to use a gun against himself, although I know he kept one handy. I saw him in the Casino the night of his supposed suicide, and he couldn't contain himself—told me he had been winning at every table. I asked the croupiers afterward. They all said the same thing. He had been losing before, but he had been picking it up all the time that night. The long and the short of it is this: Seth Dickerson left the Casino and came back to the hotel with a packet of mille notes in his pocket and as nearly drunk as a man may be and keep on his feet."

"He had forty francs when his things were gone through," the manager objected. "The Société de Bains de Mer paid for his funeral."

"Just so," Mr. Billingham agreed; "nevertheless he brought home sixty milles with him, and unless I'm mistaken the sixty milles were at one time or another in this room. I've a friend at police headquarters here and, although not a word of the proceedings at the inquest crept into the press, I got to know all about it. When Seth Dickerson reached home that night there was only one man up in the hotel. That man was your concierge—a man with whom Dickerson was always too friendly. He invited him up to have a drink. Christian went off to get the bottle of whisky Seth ordered, and brought it up to the room. When he arrived, I'm figuring it out that Seth had hidden the sixty thousand francs, or whatever it was. He was just sober enough not to be an utter fool. They sat and drank together, those two, and Seth bragged about his winnings. When he did it I don't know, but I reckon that your man shot him when he sat in that chair drunk, went through him for the money, failed to find it, and got out scared. Or it's likely enough that Seth told him he had hidden it without telling him where. Anyway, when he shot him he expected to get hold of the sixty thousand francs right away. He couldn't find them, and he had to clear out. What happened then? The room was closed up for a time, until after the inquest. No searching was done because no one had any idea that there was anything to look for. Your concierge knew, though. You closed the hotel, and I don't blame you. Your man didn't want to come in during the daytime, although he had the keys, but for the last three nights he has been ransacking this room."

"How do you know that?" Monsieur Lavalle demanded.

"Because I have a fancy for moonlight strolls," Mr. Billingham explained. "The last three nights, from the promenade down below, I've seen someone hunting round here with an electric torch. It fitted in with my own ideas, so I came to you and asked to be shown this room. Just as I imagined he might, Christian took me to the next room. I could see from below that the room he was searching had two windows, because every now and then the light disappeared."

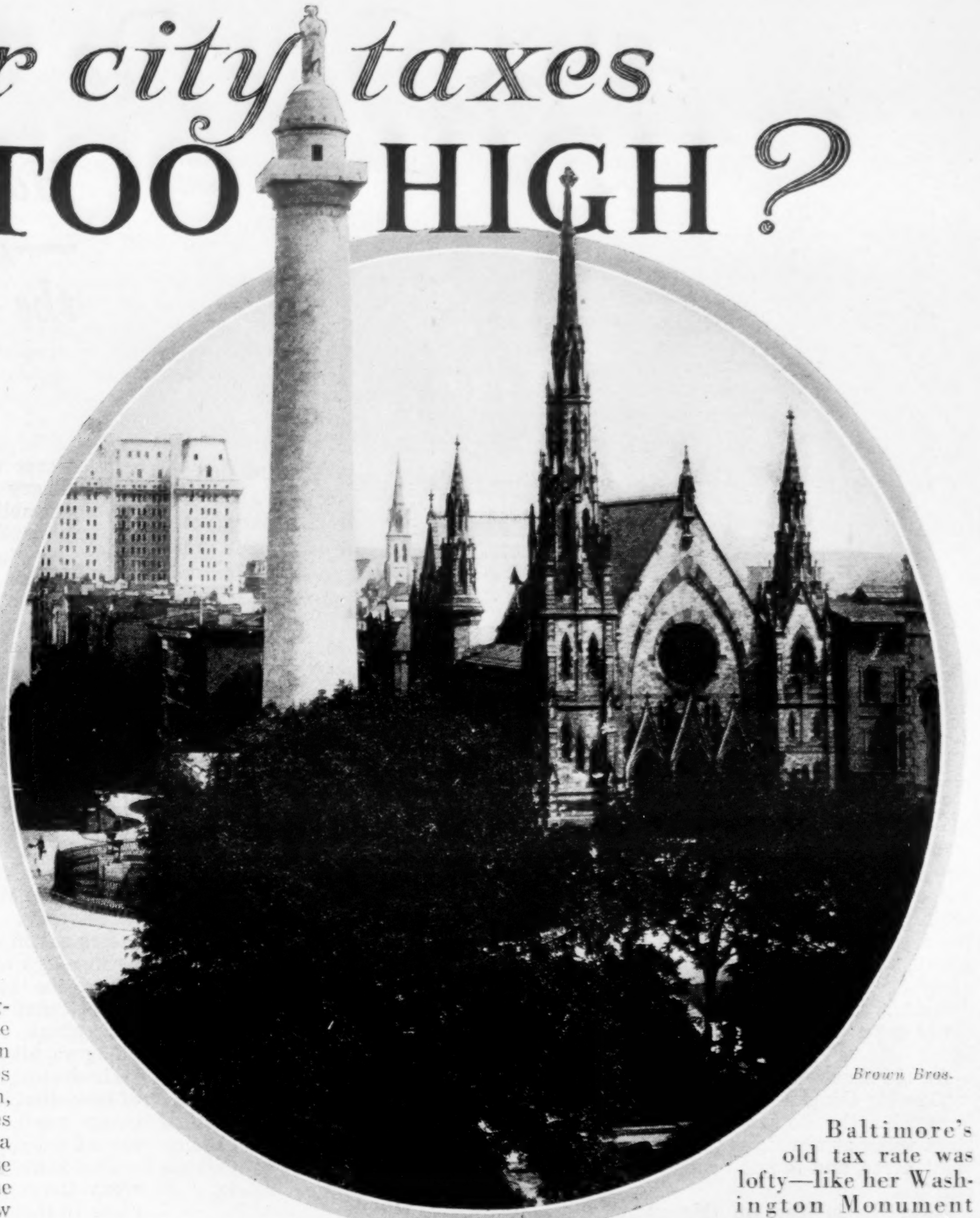
"There is someone outside," Madelon interrupted suddenly.

They all listened. There was nothing to be heard. The silence of the great empty hotel seemed almost oppressive. Mr. Billingham moved softly to the door and threw it open. He stood there for a moment, listening, his right hand underneath his coat. A peculiar gloom seemed to envelop the place. There was no one in sight, however, no sound to be heard. Yet, curiously enough, Mr. Billingham had the same idea as Madelon. (*Cont'd on page 36*)

Are your city taxes TOO HIGH?

By ELIZABETH GERTRUDE STERN

LOUD is the lamentation when tax-paying time comes round. We groan and we growl about "criminal waste." We say ugly things about the politicians. But do we make any effort to change conditions? We do not. Baltimoreans were just like the rest of us. They talked much, but they did nothing. Then something remarkable happened. Thirteen able business men, under a good mayor, took command. The politicians smiled wisely. "You can't make Baltimore economize," they said. But to-day they know better. Baltimore's deficit is gone. Here is the story of how those thirteen practical men, working without salary, wiped out the debt and replaced it with a surplus of $2,500,000.



Brown Bros.

Baltimore's old tax rate was lofty—like her Washington Monument

THE rising tide of municipal taxes is a stormy problem all over the country, but no city has met it in so logically conceived and so startlingly effective a way as did Baltimore the past year.

The situation in Baltimore was not much more aggravated than elsewhere. In 1914 her tax rate was $1.97, and the city's expenditures $22,000,000. By 1919 the rate rose to $2.01. In 1923 Baltimoreans were being assessed $2.97, and the city fathers were spending $42,000,000 a year and more.

Then came 1924. In twelve months Baltimore cut her tax rate 39 cents, wiped out a deficit of $1,100,000, and on January 1, 1925, instead of opening her books with a debt, as had been usual for decades, wrote upon the credit side of the ledger the astounding surplus of $2,500,000.

This feat was accomplished not by paid efficiency experts nor by a city manager, but by thirteen of the leading executives from the biggest corporations in the city, who for eighteen months gave their services without remuneration, paid their own expenses and paid the salaries of a highly trained staff. Those men stayed right on the job. They are the now celebrated Baltimore group known as "Mayor Jackson's Commission on Efficiency and Economy."

The services of those thirteen men together are worth a half million dollars a year; they could not have been obtained collectively by any one corporation in the country. They were given without a dollar of cost to the city of Baltimore. They were given, not for political purposes, nor as "uplift" or "reform," but as sound business policy.

Big Business entered municipal management in Baltimore to apply to a city the principles on which great corporations are run. In 1923 Baltimore was looking aghast at her municipal finances, high taxes and enormous expenditures, and accepting them as a necessary evil. At the end of 1924 that group of men had completed a plan which saved every resident in the city $4 in municipal expenditure, which altered the entire aspect of the government and introduced changes so pronounced that the very charter had to be revised.

Wide World

W. J. Casey, whose idea is saving Baltimore millions

Wide World

Mayor Jackson, who proved that the idea was a winner

For the first time in the history of an American city taxpayers at their own expense investigated administration of their money, found out for themselves what was wrong, and changed the whole system that was responsible therefor. Theirs was not a battle with crooked politics; it was a crusade against inefficiency. In one year that group of Baltimore business men cut city taxes 13 per cent.

The success of the Baltimore plan comes from the fact that the best financial minds managing Big Business lent themselves to one end: the city's administration of finance. The idea itself was conceived by one business man, W. J. Casey, vice president of a Baltimore trust company, and developed and carried through by a second, Howard W. Jackson, who had been a Baltimore real-estate man.

One day early in 1923 a group of Baltimoreans at luncheon found themselves inevitably discussing taxes. Would another administration change the situation?

One man spoke up: "My chief interest in politics, like that of everyone here, is in the rising tax rate. No matter what party is in power, taxes continue to rise. Yet I am sure they could be cut." The speaker was W. J. Casey.

"What would you do?" another guest asked.

"What any business man does," came the reply. "I'd look into the city's books. There are 240,000 taxpayers in Baltimore. Some of our corporations pay from 10 to 30 per cent of their income in taxes. Now, every corporation and business man watches each dollar spent for insurance, rent and salaries. Every dollar is watched—but one: that is the tax dollar. When it comes to paying taxes, corporations, store owners and home owners alike do the same thing: They cuss, and then draw out their check books, fill in the amount demanded—and *forget.*"

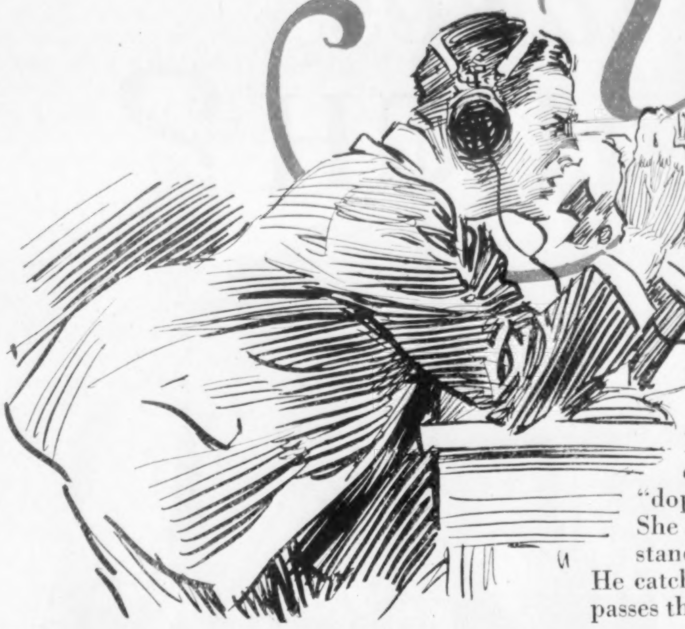
There was an appreciative laugh and a movement of interest.

"Why," asked the speaker, "do not we taxpayers see if we are getting full value for our tax dollar? We have cost experts to follow every other expenditure we make. Let each corporation in the city lend one of its cost experts to the city. Let these men dig into her books. Let them find out for the taxpayers where Baltimore is making her mistakes. If they could bring a cut of 1 per cent in taxes, they'd save us taxpayers $420,000 in one year. Wouldn't it be worth while?"

That was the germ of the Baltimore plan.

At this point the city held her mayoralty election. (*Continued on page 38*)

You CAN'T beat



He and the girl opposite are "dope smugglers." She sits in the grand stand and signals. He catches her tips and passes them on by phone

How the public gets the "dope" —and the big gamblers and the little sharpers get the money

By JOHN T. FLYNN

THE late Thomas W. Lawson, in the days when he was denouncing frenzied finance, made a big haul in a Wall Street battle with a big operator. When it was over he said: "He hadn't a chance. I was two facts ahead of him."

That is a piece of wisdom that is well understood by the people who get their living and their amusement out of the racing of horses. They have a passion for facts—inside facts—but it is complicated by a relish for a peculiar type of fact which is heavily diluted with delusion. This magic merchandise is called dope. Every horse follower uses it.

An old-timer put it this way:

"The big thing for any man who monkeys with the horses is to know the right thing at the right time about the right horse, and to know how to find it out."

Now, the insiders in this game, as in most others, are organized to know the facts, and the outsiders are not. The dope mixture is split. The facts go to the professionals, and the delusions go to the boobs. The wise men get the kind of advance information the scientists gave out about the coming of the eclipse. The boobs get the brand which was handed out by those Long Island prophets about the end of the world.

The bookmakers get their advice from efficiently organized syndicates which manage this underground system of news with reliability and dispatch.

The bettor gets his inside information from an advertisement like this, which ran for a while in a daily paper devoted to racing:

> *"HONEST OLD JOHN L."*
> *JOHN L. SULLIVAN*
> Has Been in Business Same Address for Two Years.
> Every follower of John L. Sullivan is positively a big winner on a flat bet.
> *NEXT SPECIAL WEDNESDAY*
> Also in preparation two more plays this week.
> *RUSH NAME AT ONCE*
> "A Promise Made is a Debt Unpaid"
> Yours truly
> JOHN L. SULLIVAN

John L. Sullivan's honesty was proverbial, but you have to be wise as a bookmaker's easy mark to be fooled into believing that John L. Sullivan, still in the flesh, is passing out sure things on the races.

Distributing news from the tracks and around the country about the things the bookmakers and poolrooms want to know is not an easy task. First, they want a great deal. Second, they want it confidentially. Third, there is the law in many states which forbids the use of telegraph and telephone wires as adjuncts to a gambling business. And finally some jockey clubs make the business a little hard for those engaged in it.

Hence the job is handled by large syndicates. There are several of these, and they constitute the underworld of the news community. Their news is gathered in the stalls, behind the barns, in the paddocks and betting rings of the race courses; and it is sluiced through an underground system to gambling headquarters in hundreds of cities. This must be done with accuracy and speed. A little mistake in a figure may mean the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars to the bureau's clientele.

Jersey is the Gambler's Paradise

ONE reason the metropolitan gamblers operate their handbook syndicates from Jersey is this problem of news. The New York police keep after the news plants. They broke up nine of these switchboards in one year. Hence the bookmakers go to Jersey, where they are unmolested and where they seem to have no difficulty making telephone connections.

On many of the tracks wires are installed over which this news is sent in the ordinary way. But on other tracks, where gambling is prohibited officially, the club authorities refuse to permit wires for these purposes to be introduced. This is the case in New York, where the problem of the news bureau is fraught with danger and difficulty. The thousands of books all over the country thus cut off from their raw material—dope—would be in a dreadful position if they were reduced to their customers' level of ignorance.

On a racing day at Belmont or Jamaica the grand stand, filled with sightseers and racing fans, presents the appearance of a holiday spectacle. But there is a busy industry in full swing all through this big amusement plant. Over in the stables the horses are being made ready. Down in the paddock the racers are on view. Out on the lawn the bookmakers are at their posts. In the crowd the runners and touts are at work canvassing for bettors, while everywhere owners, bookies, trainers, plungers, pikers, jockeys and officials in their dealings are making up a budget of news that is of priceless value to that other world outside the track and spread out over the land.

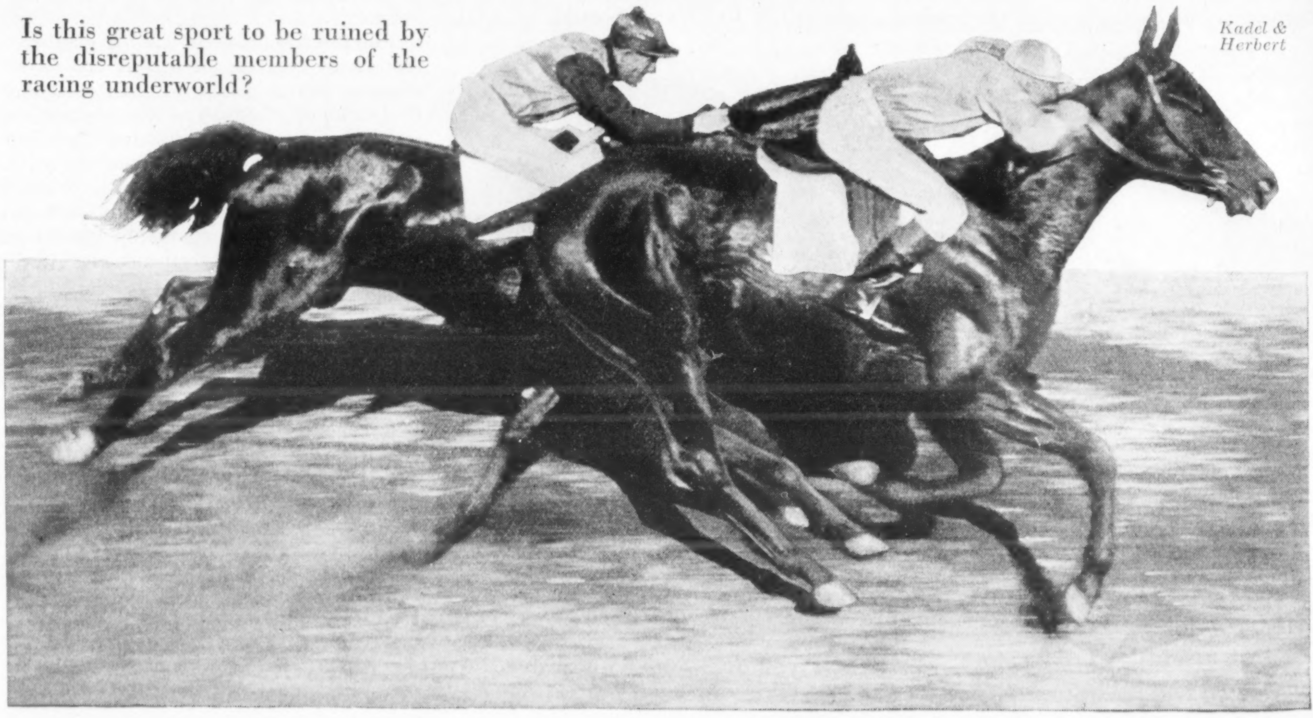
The newspapers have wires which carry the regulation description of the races to their sporting rooms. But the track would be isolated from the rest of the world, so far as that essential inside information is concerned, if it were not for the dope smugglers at work inside. You will see a woman sitting in a conspicuous place in the front of the grand stand. She is sure to be dressed in a light-colored suit and hat in order to increase her visibility. At intervals a man will come to her with little memoranda from which he will whisper the latest advice about odds, how the betting is going, changes in sentiment about the horses among "the talent" and all the inside gleanings about the coming race. She wears white gloves, and as he talks to her she lifts her hands to her hat, draws her fingers down her cheek, brushes her shoulder, and goes through other apparently casual motions.

In a house, possibly a mile away from the course, at an upstairs window, sits a man with a powerful spyglass. He is able to see every move the woman makes, and he knows precisely what she is wigwagging to him. There is a telephone transmitter in his hands and a receiver strapped to his ear. And as fast as the dope pours into his eye through the spyglass he telephones it over a direct wire to the distributing office of the news runners, from which it is sent out in code through the country. It's a difficult undertaking, harried by the police and thwarted by bad weather and jostling crowds. But the news must be had and so the female broadcaster goes merrily on sending her primitive wireless messages.

They Believe in the "Dope"

THE information which the bettors get floats to them through a very different medium. First of all, the racing fan spends a large part of his life studying what is called the "dope sheet." This is made up of the daily announcement of entries supplemented by the past records of the horses. Numerous dailies furnish these facts. The regular daily papers carry advance lists of the entries, and various manuals, handbooks, year books, etc., supply exhaustive analyses of the past performances of all registered horses.

The fans have a childlike faith in this dope. There is no old lady in the village who knows more about her



Is this great sport to be ruined by the disreputable members of the racing underworld?

Kadel & Herbert

the RACES

neighbors than these dope-sheet students know about all the horses on all the tracks in the country. They can take any list of horses grouped in a race and tell you the order in which they should run.

But of course they don't run in that order. What the dopesters overlook is the past performances and records of the trainers and jockeys. Elizabeth Daingerfield, who runs the largest maternity hospital for horses in the country, says that the thoroughbred is a gentleman and will not lie. The average horse wants to go straight and live a decent, honest life if his master will only let him—but he won't.

Why the Tipster Thrives

FOR this reason, therefore, the past performances of a horse do not shed a perfectly reliable light on his true form; nor do they indicate what he will do in a future race. Down in his heart the hard-boiled racing addict knows this. He knows there is something shady about the game. But he is always hoping that he can get a real tip on some of these deals. On this weakness the tipsters fatten. The daily papers publish tips of their own—their selections—which are supposed to proceed from wizards, but which in many cases come from amateur dopesters, little better than office boys, some of whom have never seen a race track. But the tips the fans gobble most hungrily are those which are supposed to be based on some inside advice about a deal on the race. This is called "feed-box info" and hundreds of sharpers advertise all over the country that they possess this wondrous food. If we accept even a fraction of the claims these tipsters make, then no animal can get his breakfast without nosing out of his feed box a nest of rail birds who are hiding away to hear every word that passes between the horse and his trainer.

All the sporting papers carry these ads by the dozens. The burden of them is always the same. A certain race to-morrow on each track is fixed or some horse that has been secretly prepared for a killing is all set for a sure get-away. The advertiser knows this through his secret agents who hang around with the jockeys, trainers, etc.

"To-day," reads one announcement, "a clique of clever horsemen have spotted two horses and placed them in soft spots where they positively cannot miss."

Ten dollars a week will bring tips from these wise boys on two such deals every day.

A gentleman by the name of Fred Allen proclaims that he is an ex-owner and jockey. He will spot you to two sure things a day for $10 a week. He gravely assures the public that "I owned horses and boys have rode for me. Don't you think that some of these boys would do me any favors when I am always out with money for them?"

Another crew of cappers broadcasts that "the wisest gang of engineers at Miami are going to attempt a gigantic get-away cup to-day. . . . They are a keen outfit and make few mistakes."

In another ad we are informed that "smart workers are back of this sleeper and they may pull the dirty work when nobody is looking."

Then there is the Masked Marvel, who will give you one winner a day for $10 a day, and Jockey McLane who, in announcing a sure investment for the next day, informs us, "This is one of those horses that I am very well acquainted with. I rode and galloped this horse and *know what instructions were given to me.* The same orders and instructions are given for Tuesday, as I know these people and know how they operate."

The latest luminary to flame across the tipsters' heaven is Dahky Bob Williams. He carries a half-page ad in one of the racing papers, and he angles for the simple fish with the following deliciously flavored bait:

> RIGHT ON THE RAIL!
>
> Yas, sah. Dat is whar yo' will find me ebery day. Whar else must a good clocker be? Any time dey is a big killin' 'bout to come off you sho find me, Dahky Bob Williams, right on de spot.
>
> I gives you two horses a day—six days' service for *ten dollars* a week.

Then follows a list of all the winners he has picked in the past. After this he proceeds:

> I was doin' a little loafin' yisterday round de barn of ————. Well, no use saying which barn it was, but I sho did get some sho-nuff stuff on a horse dat am gonna start to-day. Don't none of you folks miss dis baby cuz I clocked him myself often an' I know jes what he can do when dey say de word and *de word has been spoken.*

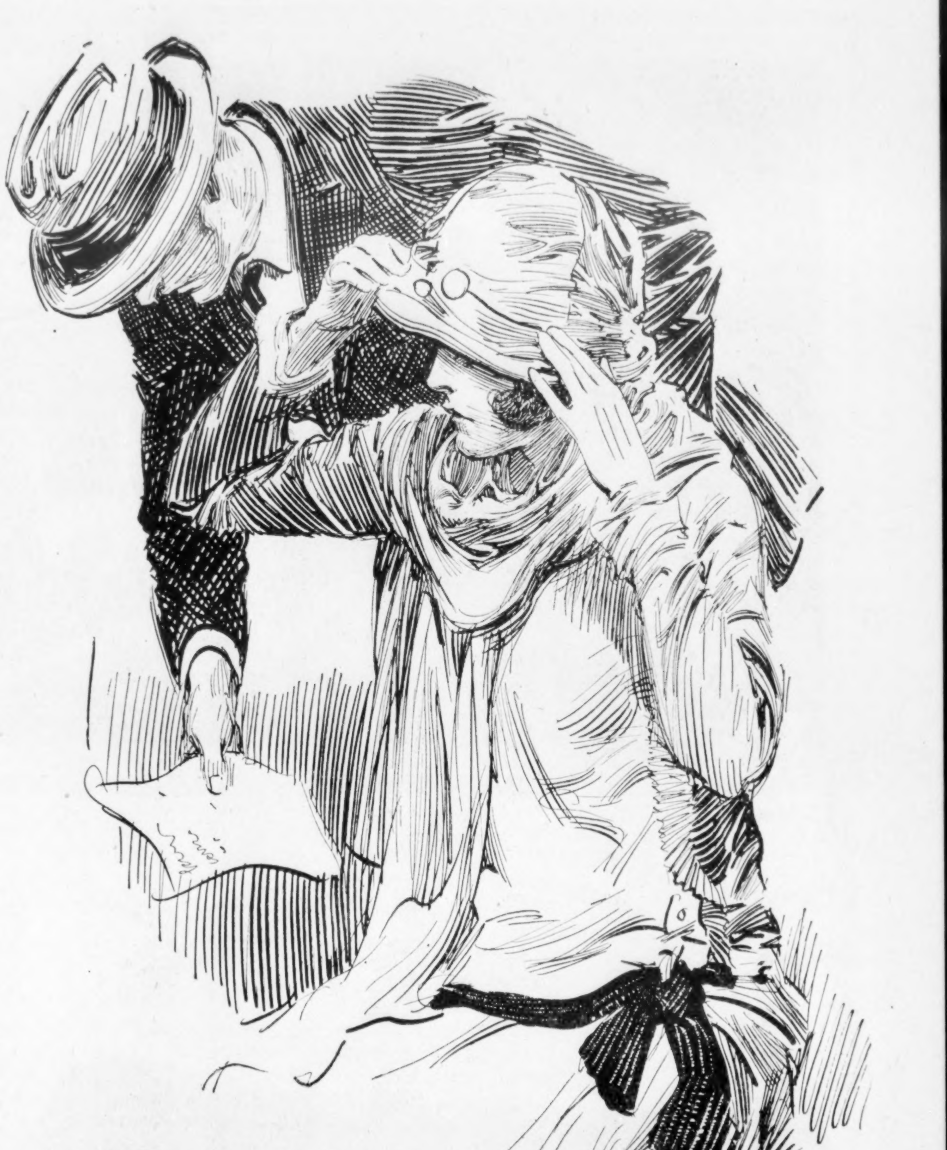
Riches await the man who will just send $10 a week to this wizard of the barns—Dahky Bob Williams.

Of course we must not overlook Togo Kahara, "the famous Japanese student of the occult," who looked into the solemn depths of the infinite a few weeks ago and saw written there that Caligula was the most favored horse. And sure enough Caligula galloped in at 9 to 2. The famous savant has it all worked out in his Mystic Science of Numbers. And the Solomons of the turf fall for it. Some of these tipsters ask as high as $100 for a single tip on one race—and get it.

One Man Who Never Lost

DO THEY pick winners? They do, and they do it by means of one of the oldest devices around a race course. There used to be an old colored man (I think his name was Swallager) around the Brighton course and other New York tracks in the old days before Governor Hughes temporarily killed racing. He wore a long gray Prince Albert coat and a high gray topper. He carried a pair of field glasses strapped around his shoulders. He was a familiar and a picturesque figure. Before each race he approached as many people as there were horses among the entries. Then he accompanied each patron to the bookmakers' block and saw that he laid a bet on one of the horses. He gave each would-be plunger a different tip and put a chalk mark on his back. No matter which horse won he was sure to have picked a winner for one customer. So he would take up his position by the book and when a bettor with a chalk mark appeared to cash his ticket, Swallager knew his man and was there to claim his commission on the race.

Now, old as this is, it is precisely the scheme used by these tipsters today. They give each customer a different horse. And now the favorite scheme is to exact from the victim a pledge that he will also give the tipster the winnings of a five or ten dollar bet.



A mile or more away from the man with the telescope she uses her white-gloved hands to pass on the latest track-side news

Hundreds of these sure-thing artists operate through little four-page sheets which they sell through the newsstands. They get from 25 cents up to $5 for them. Some of them sell well. A newsstand dealer on one corner in New York told me he sold a hundred a day. They are known as "laundry tickets." The publishers operate in the same manner as the advertising tipsters—they publish a number of sheets and quote a different winner in each one. There is one man in New York—"The King of the Laundry Tickets"—who has made a fortune from them.

There are owners of horses also who combine with this lofty calling the functions of the tipster. A crook of this sort will carefully prepare his horse for a good ride and choose a race in which he may have an excellent chance. After losing with his entry consistently for a number of races he will be able to get good odds when his day for winning arrives. Through steerers he will obtain the names of a large number of easy marks who are looking for sure-thing tips. He will then wire these people that he is going to "shoot with his horse" on a certain day and that he is wiring them the tip in return for a promise that they will put $5 or $10 or maybe $100 on the race for him. If he wins, which he really expects to do, he will collect from these people as much of their winnings as they feel disposed to give him—and this without risking anything himself.

Can a man win by following the advice of the tipsters? Well, here is the result of a little prize which is given every twenty days by a San Francisco racing weekly to the "selectors" of all the coast papers who make the best records. The winner of the first prize picked 23 winners, but 67 losers!

Abe Orpen, an important figure among Canadian race-track owners, is quoted in one of the leading racing weeklies as saying:

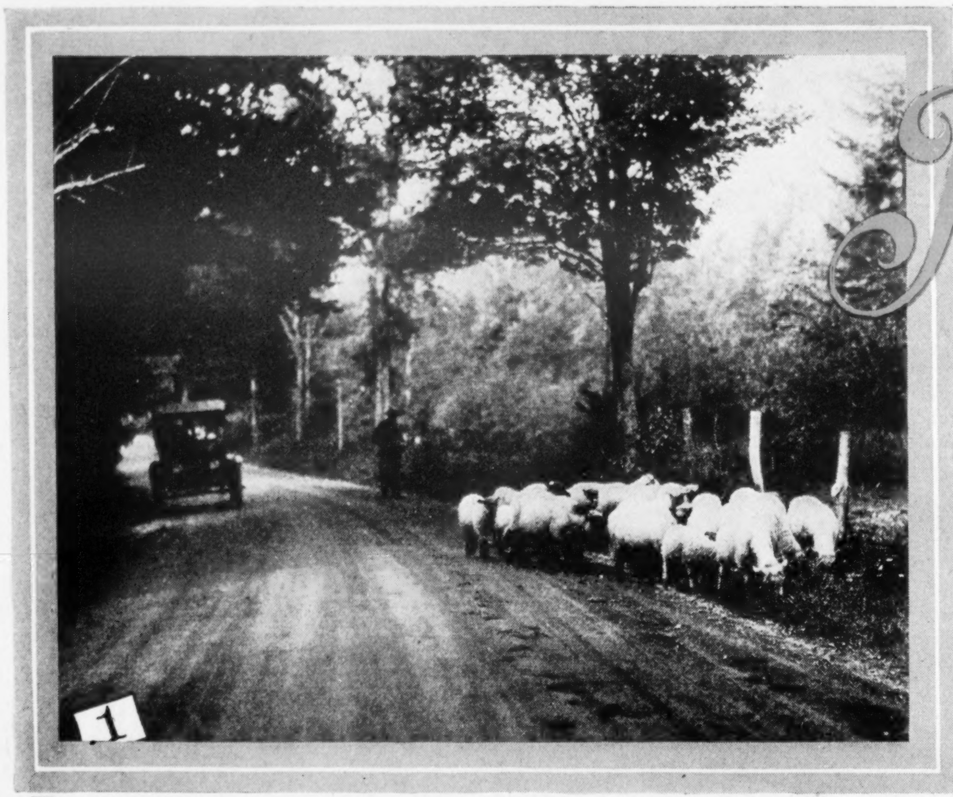
"Betting on the horses on the race track or off it is a losing proposition. Once, twice or oftener the bettor may win, but if he follows the game day by day he will *always lose in the end.*"

Every race-horse man will tell you so. Nobody can beat the races.

Canada Acts. Will Washington?

IN THE meantime it is these tipster sheets and services which will invite the first attacks against the sport. Canada has already prohibited the American racing papers from entering the Dominion. Just a few weeks ago another attempt to stop the transmission of all kinds of news about racing, even inside the Dominion, almost succeeded in Parliament. Several associations in this country keep up a battle before Congress to prohibit the interstate traffic in news about race-track betting, odds, tips, etc. Many racing devotees, including some of the race-horse sporting papers, are calling for a housecleaning in this branch of the sport. But all of the turf experts with whom I have talked admit that as long as horses run and bets are made it will not be possible to divest the sport of these and other unlovely trimmings.

AMERICAN



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Galloway

Galloway

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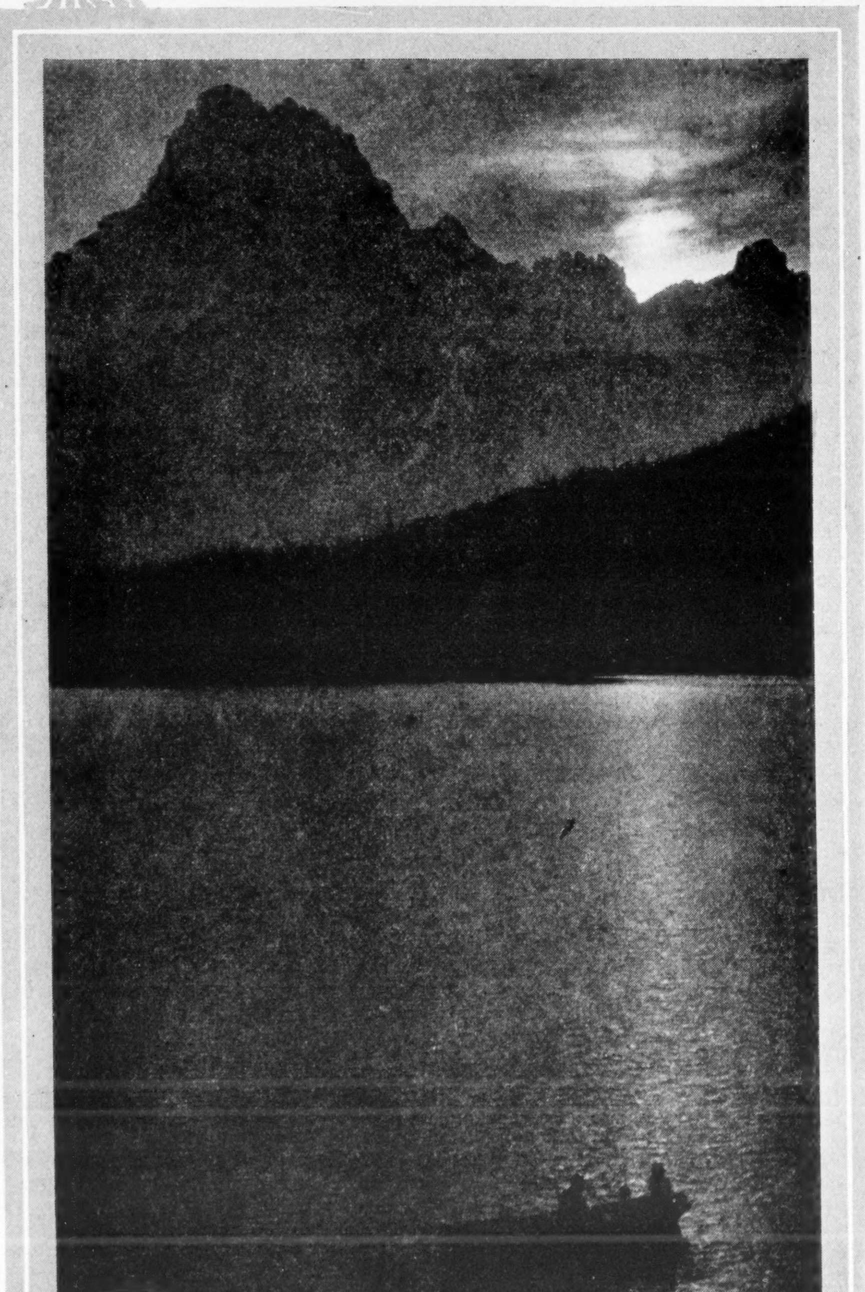
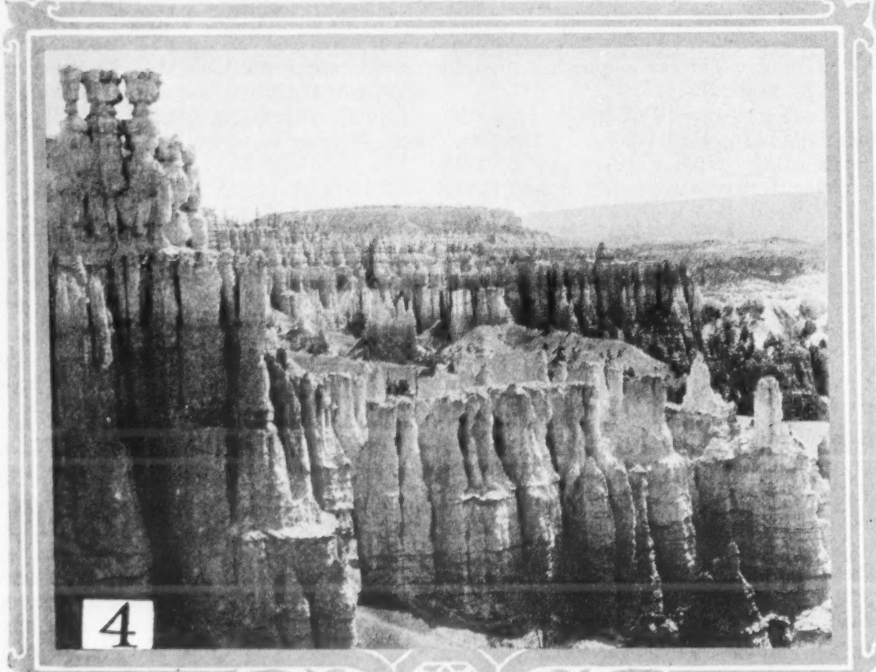
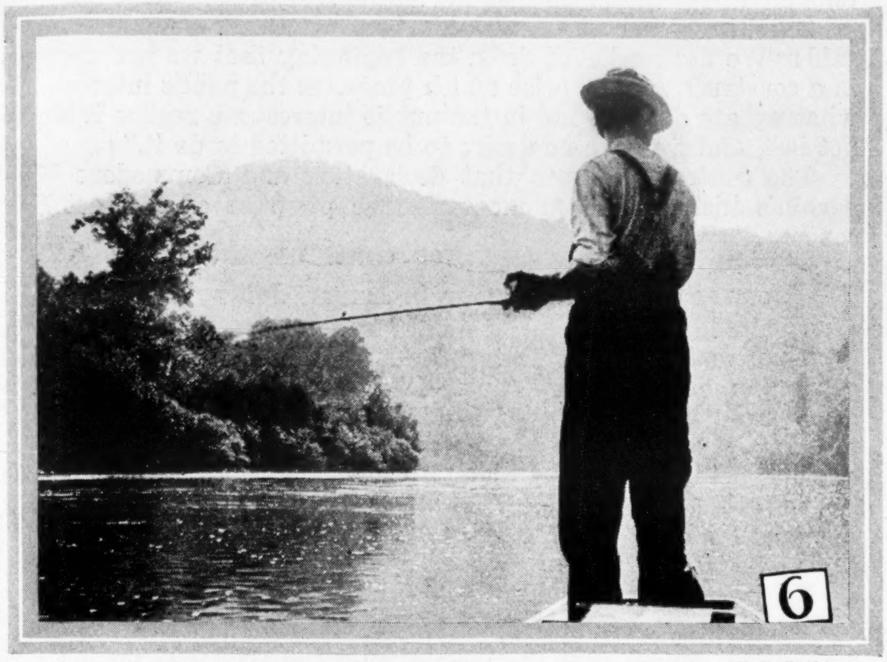




Wide World

MASTERPIECES



6

C. P. Cushing

CATALOGUE

1. Anton Mauve didn't paint this—but without the car it might be a Mauve canvas—"A Vermont Road" familiar to Mr. Coolidge.

2. Four-cylinder horse power is driving four-footed horse power from the farm. This "33-Horse Header" of the wheat belt soon will be a rare picture.

3. This "Bridge of Size" spans more than 200 feet of Utah scenery. Nature built it eons ago before man dreamed of jumping rivers with stone and steel.

4. This "Temple of the Gods" in Bryce Canyon was being chiseled by nature long before Praxiteles carved his famous Hermes more than 2,000 years ago.

5. "Moonlight on Mountain Lake"—a lake made to order for lovers or, for that matter, for the brush of Maxfield Parrish.

6. This "Ozark Fisherman" plies his trade against a background of gorgeous scenery in the Missouri foothills.

7. "The Fighting Eagle of the Rockies" stands poised to strike the invading cameraman.

8. What artist would not give his soul to be able to put on canvas the strength and spiritual quality of this "Sun Through the Redwoods"?

7

Brown Brothers

Keystone

8

Collier's

PUBLISHED AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2

THOMAS H. BECK *President*
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JUNE 27, 1925

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

AMERICA BREEDS INITIATIVE

IN WASHINGTON the other day an energetic man in the early forties sat in a room in the drab building devoted to the Interstate Commerce Commission and told the story of his ambitions to a small group of attentive listeners.

It was an amazing personal record which he unfolded, a tale full of human interest and of national importance. For this man's career mirrors some of the most significant things which are happening in our America.

The man was O. P. Van Sweringen and he went to Washington to obtain governmental approval of the billion-dollar railroad merger he and his associates have attempted to create.

Consider the man. Nine years ago he was a successful real estate operator of Cleveland. He and his brother foresaw the possibilities of suburban development and out of their land deals obtained a considerable fortune.

Up to that point the Van Sweringen story can be duplicated in nearly every city of America. But these Cleveland realtors did not stop. The same keen eyes looked across wider horizons and a new chapter in the railroad history of the United States was begun.

They bought a railroad which was obtainable at a bargain price, not so much because they wanted the road as because they desired for real estate development certain Cleveland land owned by the road.

Once in possession of the railroad, they improved the service and made it pay. One success led to another and other railroads were obtained. Then Congress, which for a half century had forbidden railroad mergers, suddenly decided that consolidation was good and ought to be encouraged.

That change in public sentiment opened new doors of opportunity and the Van Sweringens stepped in. They had initiative and vision and the reputation for earning profits.

Their success in making poor roads pay dividends gave them credit but personally they had relatively little money, not a fraction of the sum required to finance a great national railroad system. They could borrow because they could earn and so almost overnight a new dynasty of railroad kings was established.

The same kind of thing is happening in every section of the country. Horace Greeley's historic advice "Go West, Young Man" has become "Go East" or "Go South" or "Stay at Home," for opportunity exists wherever there are eyes to perceive and the hands to grasp it.

To-day in New York the palaces built by the Astors and the Vanderbilts and the other financial and industrial leaders of the nineties are being sold to men who came to America as penniless immigrants a generation ago. The newcomers have shown the same kind of initiative displayed in an earlier day by John Jacob Astor, the wandering butcher's boy, who founded a great estate, or Cornelius Vanderbilt, the ferryman, who became one of the great railroad builders of the nation.

America breeds initiative. It may be the climate, the natural riches of the land, the fecundity of an industrial age, or the political tradition of personal liberty and of human equality. Whatever the causes, the fact is that, transplanted to this land, men of many races and traditions are aroused and make for themselves revolutionary progress.

The nation and the world are increasingly the beneficiaries of the vast wealth thus accumulated. For while opportunity remains and flourishes the spirit of the times has changed and, instead of "The Public Be Damned" which characterized the feelings of the builders of the eighteen sixties and seventies, we have initiative tempered by a recognition of the supremacy of the public welfare.

Speaking for himself and his brother, O. P. Van Sweringen said: "We have believed from the beginning that we are engaged in a constructive enterprise which promotes the public interest. If what we are doing is not in the public interest we realize it would not last, and we have no desire to be permitted to do it."

The contrast between that declaration and Commodore Vanderbilt's historic dictum measures the progress of the last half century.

Comebacker Caillaux

THE power of the comebacker in human destiny appears to be unlimited.

The great "defeatist" intrigue in France in 1917 caused the conviction of Joseph Caillaux. His obliteration, due to his alleged treasonable practices and the killing of Calmette by his wife, made certain his downfall. Hanging on to the bottom rim of the great wheel of fate, then immovable, no sane observer would have thought of him other than dropping off into obscurity. But the wheel slowly turns and Caillaux is on top because France needed him.

Neither character nor morality counts in certain emergencies. A man's ability, recognized by public opinion, always determines his status. When your car collapses on the road you do not ask the man who can fix it about his past, his wives or his pedigree. It isn't done in history, from Alcibiades to Lloyd George.

Caillaux will fail again only as the uncanny financial ability with which he is credited proves to be less than it is believed to be.

The Spirit of Science

THE balloon tire was devised by Alden L. Putnam some years ago. While his application for patent was pending, many companies boldly went ahead and made balloon tires, to a total number of more than 5,000,000.

The other day, when the news came that Mr. Putnam's patent had been allowed, the press began to guess about how many millions of dollars he would be able to extract from the tire makers on back royalties. Perfectly natural; that has been the tradition of trade; get what's coming to you—hold up the other fellow—you're not in business for your health.

But Mr. Putnam states flatly, "I am content to let the industry and the public as a whole take the benefit of my invention. This patent is not going to be used to hold up anyone."

There speaks the spirit of science. Chemist and physician and engineer have long been giving freely to the world the fruits of their researches. Your true scientist sets far more store upon his reputation and upon his contribution to the total accumulation of knowledge than he does upon exclusive patents and a huge fortune.

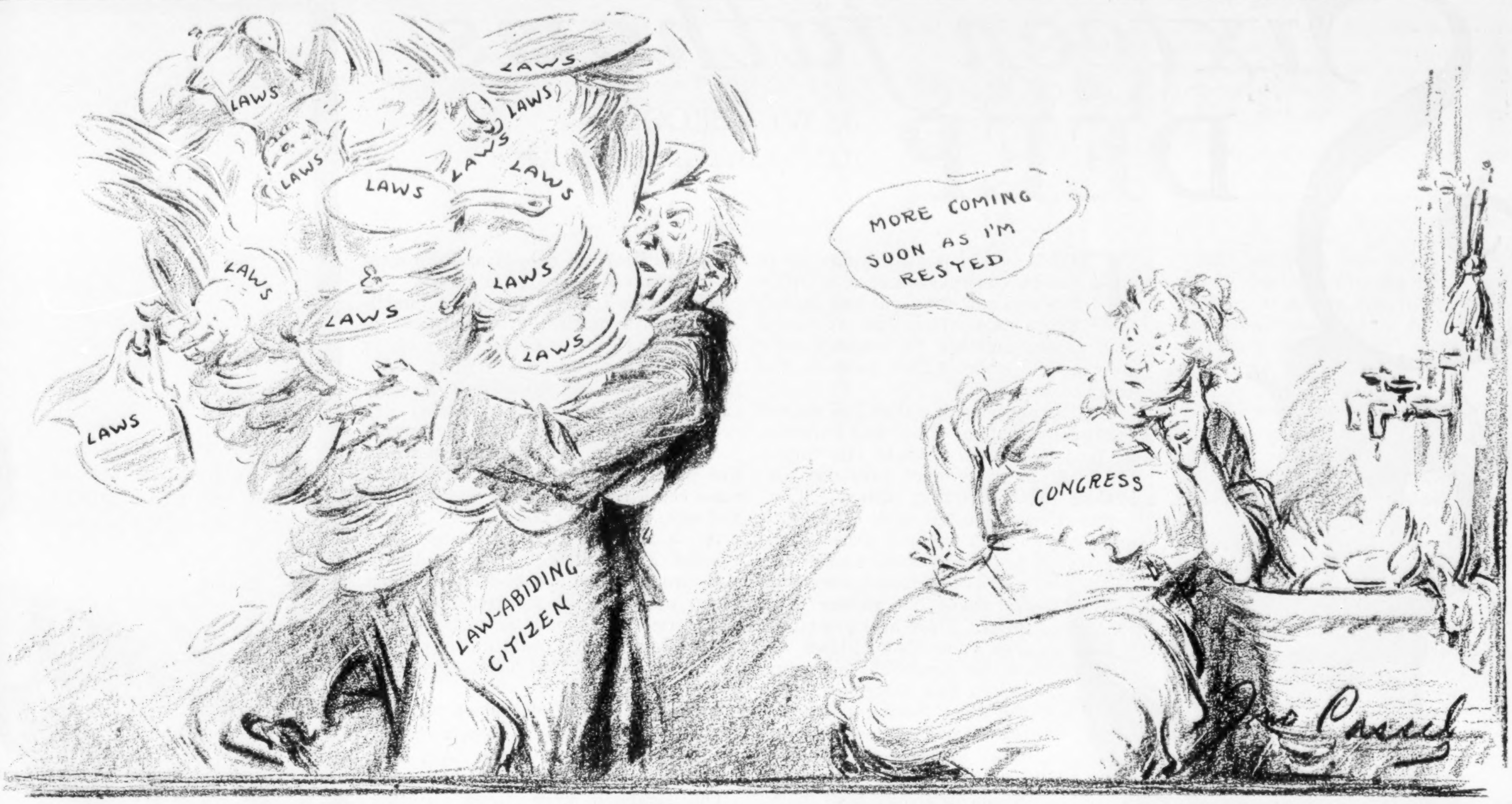
Only in a Utopia, however, could the business man be expected to publish his trade secrets and let everybody use them without payment. Our commercial system will have to be different before business can afford to be unselfish. Meanwhile, all honor to those pioneers who begin to bring into business the spirit of science.

The Furtive Commuter

LOOKING up from their seed catalogues and the new summer time tables, riders on a suburban train were startled by the headline "You *Can't* Win!" It was on an advertising placard which bore an impressive drawing of a black-browed thug cringing in the enormous shadow of a policeman. "The cleverest stick-up in New York Police history," the unoffending commuters read on, "is now *old* and *broken* with 20 years *yet* to serve in Sing Sing!"

Discouraging news. And driven home by the use of the word "you" in the heading. Some of our best schools of advertising hold that a "you" always wins the reader at the start. It makes the message more personal and establishes at once a "receptive mood."

If you really want to combat the crime wave there is no better place to begin your advertising than in the suburban trains. There is something furtive about commuters, harried by backward gardens and weighed down by a sense of the impermanence of automobile tires. No wonder that some keen-eyed detective watching them troop through the train gate decided that they needed to be talked to. But we hope it stops there. Wouldn't it be awful if the Safe Crackers' Union voted to recruit new members in the suburbs and began a counter campaign?



It's Very Difficult to Avoid Breaking Some

YOU'LL SOON BE ABLE TO SEND AIR MAIL TO EUROPE

By Colonel Paul Henderson

Who recently resigned as Second Assistant Postmaster General to become General Manager of the National Air Transport, Inc.

GRANTING engineering advance, comparable with that which I have seen in the last five years, I believe that within the next decade it will be entirely feasible to undertake the transportation of mails by air not only to every part of the North American continent, wherever there may be sufficient demand, but also to the Central and South American nations and to Europe and Asia.

P. & A.

As we know aviation to-day, successful long-distance flight depends upon motors that will not fail or, in the absence of the perfect motor, a multiplicity of landing fields or air ports. I have been authoritatively told that engineers both in America and Europe are working on a composite power plant which will enable the pilot of an airplane to switch from one to another of several reserve power units while in flight and thus have always available 100 to 300 per cent additional power in case of emergency. I believe that with the further development of this idea, together with the very certain improvement in the use of engines which do not require gasoline or other highly inflammable fuel, it will be possible to undertake air voyages now regarded as beyond reasonable hope of success.

I am familiar with the scheme of ocean-moored floating docks worked out by Mr. Armstrong of Wilmington. Mr. Armstrong's scheme is entirely practicable and the only obstacle that I can see to its use is the tremendous expense involved. His plan, in the design of these docks, provides what seems to me to be a sound method of assuring their stability in fair weather or foul. The presence of these havens of refuge, say every 250 or 500 miles, would make literally a bridge of docks or floating fields from one to the other of which air mail planes or passenger planes for that matter could hop with perfect confidence and security.

I do not care to express an opinion as to the wisdom of undertaking such an ambitious scheme as the international project, but I believe that if traffic warranted it would be possible right now to carry mails between New York and London in approximately the same time that we carry mails by air between New York and San Francisco—in other words, 32 to 34 hours' elapsed time. This involves, of course, the use of some such scheme as that advanced by Mr. Armstrong or a new and more powerful type of plane.

I believe, as I have stated before, that the curse of aviation has been extravagant promise and more or less barren fulfillment. We have progressed far enough with the Air Mail Service, however, to know with reasonable certainty what lies ahead of us. This is what I see: a series of air mail routes from 800 to 1,000 or even 1,500 miles in length, flown each night by postal planes. America is made up of large centers of population, situated vast distances apart. Those cities that are separated only such a distance as may be covered easily overnight by train cannot at the present time be economically served by the airplane. The reason is obvious. But those cities which cannot be reached overnight by train are the ones which need air transportation right now and which, I am convinced, will have it within the next few years. There is almost an unlimited combination of such services. For instance: New York-Atlanta, New York-Chicago, Boston-Chicago, Boston-Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh-Kansas City, Pittsburgh-Detroit, Chicago-New Orleans, Chicago-Denver, San Francisco-Seattle, Minneapolis-St. Louis, and so on.

Before this rather ambitious vision can be fully realized, however, aviation engineering must make definite progress along, first, the line of motive power; second, the line of perfecting an altimeter; and, third, the line of radio direction finding.

The necessity for an improved power plant is apparent to all who have ever flown, excellent though the present engines are.

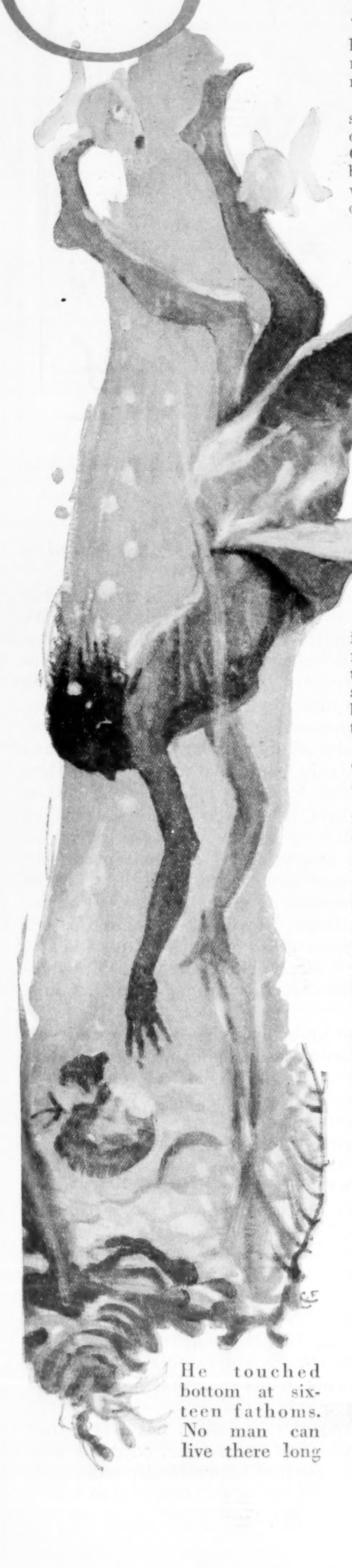
The pilot's present altimeter, which is in reality simply an aneroid barometer, shows him how far he is *above sea* level. What he needs is an instrument which will show him how far he is over the ground which lies immediately beneath. If he knows this and if through a radio direction finder he knows that he is on his course, he is master of the situation. Whether it is day or night he can come down. If it is night, his plane is so completely equipped with electric lights and flares that he can turn the darkness into light. If he is a long way from relief, the time is not far distant when he will be able, through radio apparatus in his own machine, to communicate with headquarters and summon relief.

The foregoing is simply a personal expression, but I feel that the field is so vast and the importance of the subject so great that the future of aviation, commercially applied, is practically unlimited.

Sixteen fathoms DEEP

By WIN BROOKS

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY



He touched bottom at sixteen fathoms. No man can live there long

FEAR spread its bat wings above the two in the boat. A night, a day and another night had passed. These two whom lust of riches had drawn together for murder drew now apart, distrust full born in the mind of each.

All the previous day they had passed scant conversation. They had partaken of food and water without idle words. Of their single pair of oars one was broken while getting away. They wouldn't have trusted each other with oars, anyway. They had secretly improvised a mast, a boom and a sail of sorts, together with a makeshift rudder and tiller. Steel held the tiller. The calm that follows upon the heels of the rainy season had descended upon the sea. During the night there had been not even the faint breath of a breeze. Nor had either man slept. No mention had been made of the pearls since the two had quit the ship they scuttled, whose captain had thought more of an old coin than he had of the finest pearl. The pouch of heavy leather rested beside Steel, unopened.

The sun shot up scalding. Only the long, even swell peculiar to the Malay Archipelago moved the boat. In every direction as far as the eyes could see there was nothing but the light blue of sky, the lighter blue of water. Enough breeze hardly to ripple the surface of the sea.

"The luck of a breeze and we'll fetch one of the islands by to-morrow noon," said the man in the stern seat.

The other made no answer. In the mind of each, perhaps, arose the vision of another night.

They faced, the one in the stern beside the tiller, the other in the bow seat where he must adjust his position to the idling boom. One seeing them thus might have wondered why they did not sit together. The answer was to be found in their eyes which, even while they did not meet, strayed only at rare intervals from the boat.

A strange pair, these two whom dishonor had nursed. The man Steel who sat astern was of immense stature; stripped now to the waist the splendid lines of his torso were like bronze in the boiling sunlight. His head, proportionate in size with his body, was as square as a head can be, the coarse, fair hair close-clipped despite the fact he was months away from a barber. His eyes were small, dark blue and hard like little bits of tempered metal. Only his mouth was cruel.

But it was his hands, resting lightly upon the tiller which needed no guidance, which held every now and then the attention of his companion. They were great hands, thickly corded, with lumps of muscle nearly the size of hen's eggs between the thumbs and forefingers. Yet the fingers of them were long and tapering, like a woman's; no man had ever broken their grip.

A driving mate of the Torres Strait fleet this Steel had been, known now wherever shell was loaded as a man who took lip from nobody and did most of his own talking with his hands.

The figure in the bow was a hunchback. With matted, gray hair covering his head and the greater part of his face, he was at once the ugliest specimen and the best diver in that Sargasso of ugly specimens and good divers, the pearling fleet of the archipelago. Standing, he measured perhaps five inches under five feet. His soul, some could have told you, was smaller and uglier than his body.

A half-caste Malay many had guessed Mooty Doon. But the Malay men are not such good divers. None knew, not even Mooty Doon himself, what strain of blood was his inheritance. Likewise he could not have told his age; it sufficed that he was very old.

THE surface drift of the sea was imperceptible. While the craft moved, its progress was not visible. Yet both men tasted wind in the air.

The forenoon wore along. Accustomed as they had become to working during the rainy season, the heat of the sun became almost unbearable. The biscuits in the tin on the thwart remained untouched, likewise the water jug, for by this time neither dared to make the first move. Of even greater significance than their refusal to eat was their failure to mention the fact. Each awaited in the other the first surface display of open enmity.

Towards noon Steel's eyes left Mooty for an instant, seemed to rest upon some object ahead. The muscles of his legs corded, he half arose, an exclamation escaping him.

"My God, Mooty! An owjie! Look!"

But the hunchback did not move. The blank expression in his eyes did not change; they did not leave the mate. His hand stole quickly beneath his black cotton girdle and snapped forth with the thin blade of an eight-inch Malay knife against the palm.

"No good lie," he said.

Steel's attention came abruptly back to the dwarf, and as he comprehended the working of the man's brain a smirk twisted his mouth.

"I was waitin' for yer. Put up the knife, Mooty, or I'll break yer back."

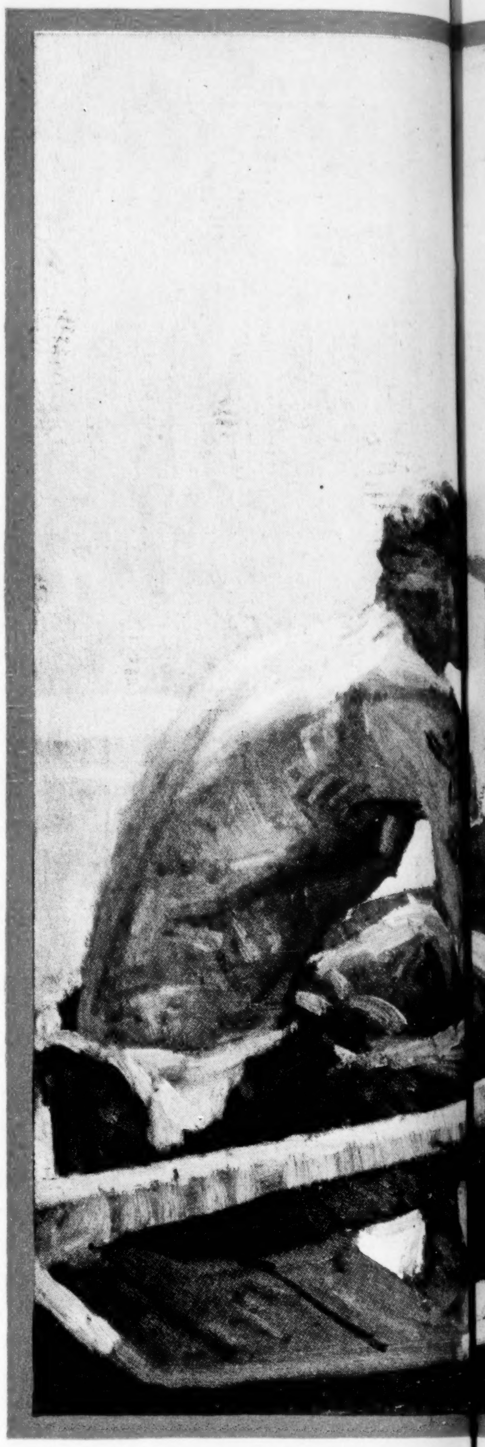
For answer the diver grinned, drew hair-covered lips back from yellow fangs.

If Steel felt himself at a disadvantage there was nothing in his attitude to indicate it. His eyes on the hairy paw that held the knife, he spoke without emphasis. "Think fast, Mooty. If yer toss it you might miss. Then I'd break yer in half. Even if yer get me the pearls go over. And it's close to thirty fathoms here. Too deep for even Mooty Doon to work.

"Look!" Suddenly an inspiration had come to him. He took a belaying pin in his two hands, the space of over a foot between them. It cracked loudly while the wrists seemed scarcely to move.

"An' if I no throw?" the hunchback asked.

The naked shoulders of the burly mate were raised in a shrugging motion. "Who knows?" he laughed, masking his fear with the audacity of his insinuation.

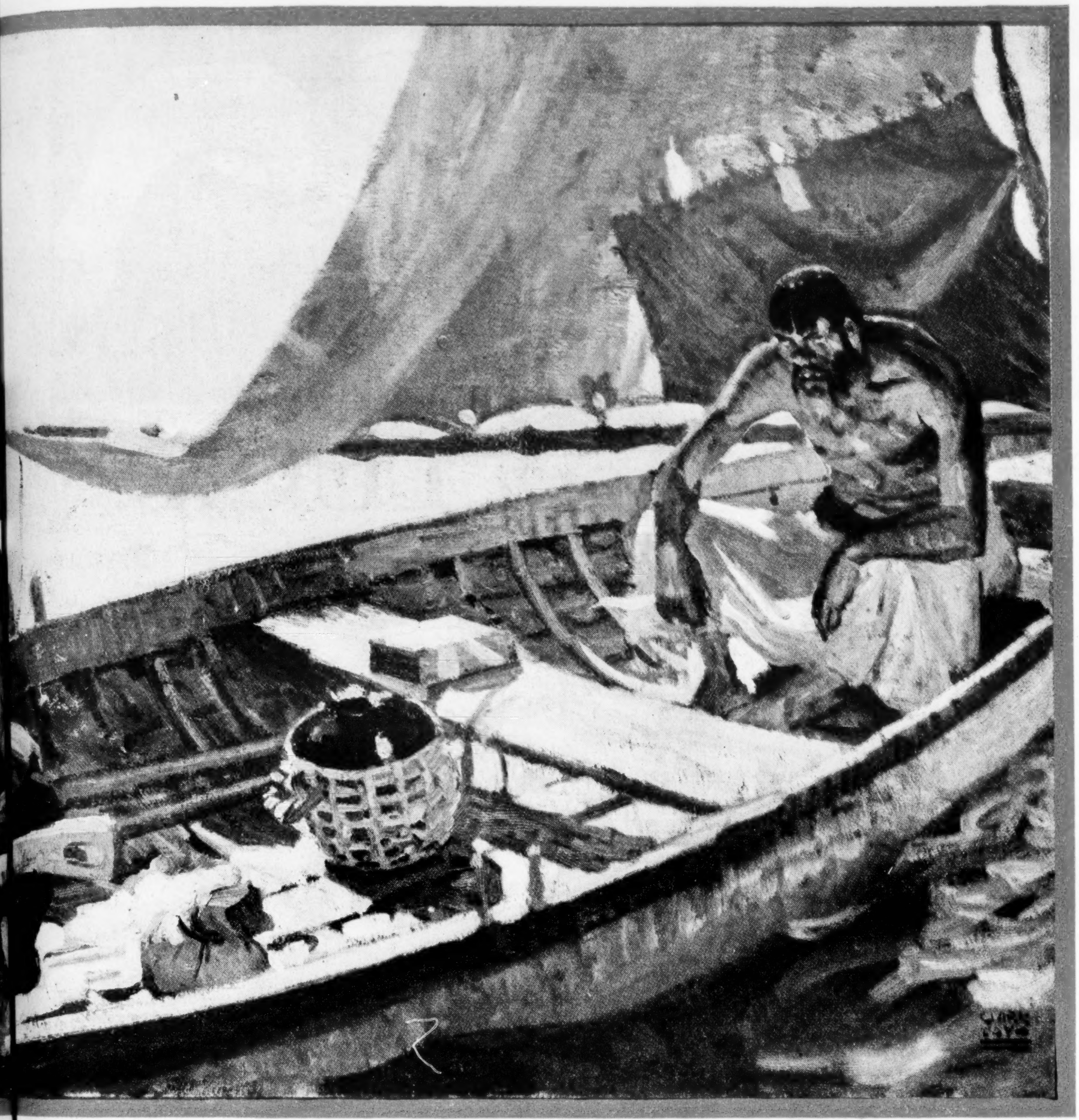


"Put up the knife, or

"Mooty knows. You kill him." The old cripple lifted his eyes from Steel's hands to look into his face. "You listen Mooty, Steel. Sometime this day, maybe this night, I kill you. Move from seat I kill. You cry octopus, I no look. No look for nothing. I watch your hands."

Whatever else lived in Steel's brain, bravado must have crowded it. "Right," he answered. "You or me. I get the pearls if it's you, you get nothin' if it's me. A good enough bargain."

Both now settled back without further words. The sun passed its zenith, and out of the southeast came a ripple of a hot breeze to catch



I'll break yer back." For answer the diver drew hair-covered lips back from yellow fangs

the sail and drive the boat ahead. Once when for the fleeting portion of a moment Steel's eyes strayed beyond the dwarf's knife hand, an expression of horror crossed his face and Mooty, quick to notice, inquired with an ape grin, "Owjie, Steel?"

The mate made no answer. It was neither trick of eyes nor trick of brain this thing he had seen twice now rise to the surface close by—an owjie, great octopus of the South Pacific, ever-present terror of the oyster beds. Let this fool in the bow believe it a trick, believe what he liked. If a sweeping coil reached in to drag him over, so much the better.

But no tentacle came over the side. Steel did not see the awful creature again and he dared not allow his eyes to leave the figure in the bow. Thirst caught him by the throat as it had long since seized Mooty Doon, but he made no move toward the jug.

The little sail had filled and they seemed to be heading along at a fair rate. With no stationary object in view it was impossible to estimate their speed.

Neither whim of boat nor tedious position caused Mooty Doon to move. Steel marked it; if he should gybe or come about quickly, the flapping sail might possibly give him the opportunity he evidently must make himself.

Mooty's voice cut into his thoughts. "No gybe. No come about," he warned.

A FULLER appreciation of the cunning brain inside the shaggy head dawned upon the mate. He asked suddenly, "How many men you killed, Mooty?"

"Two, three," returned the diver.

"And you bored the holes," Steel reminded.

"Steer, you."

"And a damn good job if I do say. A bunch of breeds and a Limey skipper with an eye to old coins." Never had there been respect in this man's heart; he knew no remorse now.

"An' good pearl."

"We got the pearls, thanks to me, an' we got the boat, thanks to you, though dam' little good either will do yer," said Steel.

The boldness of a new plan stirred within him the ever-curious sense of a perverted humor, and he chuckled aloud, not unpleasantly like a man who planned treachery.

The sun dipped almost to the horizon. Mooty Doon noted a change in the color of the water. It appeared a lighter blue than before; there was in it a tinge of green. To the shell fisherman it meant water of a lesser depth than that through which they had been passing. By his own calculations they should have reached it some hours ago; either his reckoning of distance was off or they had not been traveling at such speed as he had estimated.

The proximity of darkness caused Steel to adopt now the plan already outlined in his mind. If he could get to the biscuit tin and throw up its cover he could use the whole as a shield against Mooty's knife. Once let that knife be thrown—

"It's comin' night, Mooty. We ain't eaten all day. I need a biscuit and a bit of water. What say a compromise?"

The diver hesitated; asked finally, "What is it?"

"You take a biscuit and a swig of water and I won't touch you, so help me. Then I'll do it."

For a long minute Mooty Doon seemed not to have heard him, and in that space of time his lifeless eyes met and held momentarily the cold blue of Steel's. Then, with knife held back in the palm of his right hand, he stretched over to where, at the thwart, the tin and the jug lay beyond the reach of Steel's great hands. He drank, eyes never leaving the mate, and took a biscuit and resumed his seat in the bow.

"Now put up the knife," Steel demanded.

"You do all safe, sure. Put up knife, you kill Mooty."

"No, so help me," swore the mate.

"I keep knife. No kill now, so help me," replied Mooty, grinning.

Still watching him, Steel leaned forward, reaching for the tin. Leaning forward thus for the third time that day, some sound or movement outside the boat caught his attention and caused him to shift his eyes.

THE knife buried itself at the base of his bronze throat. He did not pitch forward as another man would have done; those great hands whose grip no man had ever broken held him up and gave a mighty heave which landed him back nearly in the stern seat. His left hand reached for the pouch as Mooty started for it; but before the dwarf had reached him it was over the side.

Mooty Doon saw the situation in a flash and in his actions there was no hesitancy. He recovered his knife and without wiping it cut down the sail. Then he was over like a flash, a passing glimpse of the mate half-pitched in grotesque fashion over the side to carry down with him.

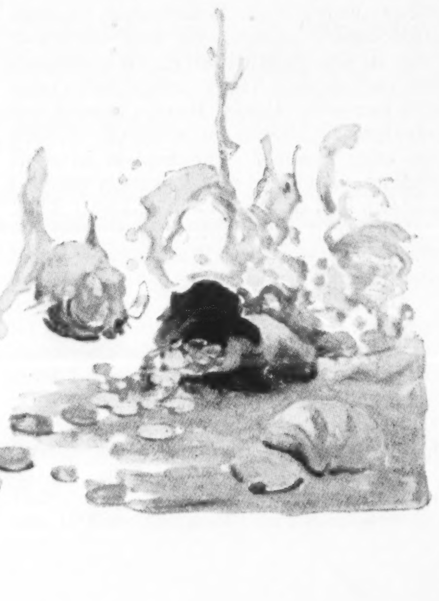
He descended through the warm water with the slow arm motion and speedy kick of the men who go down often with their baskets around their necks. With the change in the color of the water he had guessed a bottom rise of about twelve or fifteen fathoms, so that here there should not be over fifteen or sixteen fathoms of water.

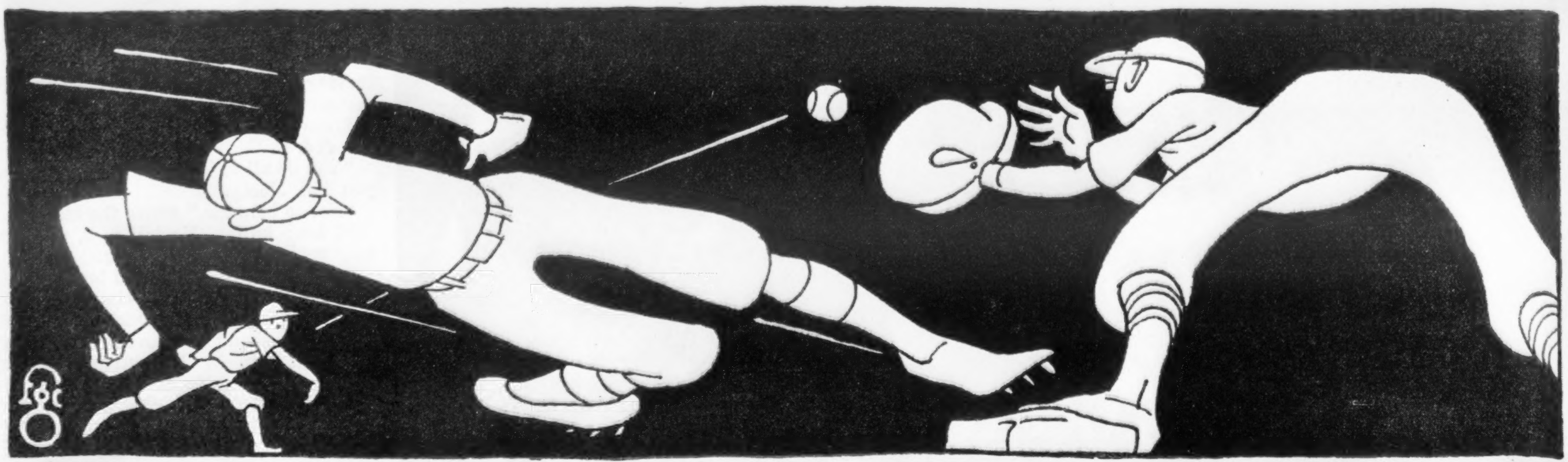
He touched bottom at what he knew to be about sixteen fathoms. Few men can live that far under water: no man can live there long. Something idled beside him and he grasped the pouch. Luck! He doubled quickly, kicking his feet with the movements of a bicycle rider. In an ascent, motion of the hands only impedes progress. He shot into the warm water, up suddenly into the air and sunlight, treading slowly, drinking in great breaths.

The boat he did not see at first. It would have drifted. He treaded water in a circle. Something colder than those depths below clutched at his heart.

Nowhere upon the surface of the sea within range of his vision was there any boat. Close by floated a galley tin which might have held biscuit. A splintered timber. A broken oar. Nothing else.

This Mooty Doon was a strange manner of man. For he continued to tread water while he cut the thong of the pouch with his teeth and scattered a handful of ancient, battered coins to the bottom of the sea.





Do you believe in LUCK?

Call it "the breaks of the game" or whatever you will, it keeps even the champions guessing

By GRANTLAND RICE

"WHEN we were very young," as Mr. Milne so quaintly puts it, there was an ancient maxim book in which this bold announcement was made—"Pluck is forever superior to luck."

The one weak point in this statement is that "forever" is quite an extensive word. It denotes a passage of time somewhat longer than a few hours or a few months. While it is generally understood that "pluck" can conquer "luck" in the majority of cases, it is just as well to look Truth in the eye and not underestimate the importance of luck, fortune or what is more technically known as "the breaks of the game."

For luck plays a big part in almost every competition and we must recognize this fact and prepare to accept it as a vital part of the code. If we don't there will only be endless brooding and a loud but futile railing against the Fates, who will not be in the least annoyed.

Does luck ever play a leading rôle in the great sport drama? If you could have heard the somber comments of Sergeant Hank Gowdy, Giant catcher, after the last world series, you would have had no doubt whatever as to the answer to this question. The game, crippled Washington club, led by the valiant Bucky Harris, deserved every whit of glory it received for winning the baseball championship; and yet on the way back home from the final game only great fortitude of spirit prevented Hank Gowdy from committing hara-kiri. And Hank, be it remembered, is one of the rarest of all the philosophers of the diamond, no matter what the job.

"I'm still in a daze," said the melancholy Gowdy on the home-bound special. "The Fates had Washington picked. Just figure it out. We had the game won in the eighth inning. We were all to the good. There were two on—but two out. Bucky Harris tapped one straight to Lindstrom, at third. It was an easy chance. The easiest kind of chance. And just as Lindstrom reached for the ball at his feet it suddenly hit a pebble or a little hole and hopped six feet in the air—and Washington scored two runs!

"Then in the twelfth inning there was one out and Muddy Ruel up. Ruel hit a high foul right over the home plate. It was the easiest chance I have ever had. I dropped my mask two or three feet to one side. I'd done the same thing at least a hundred times during the season. But this one time, at the most important point of the year, that mask bounded up like a rubber ball and then flopped right under my feet. Honest, I thought it was alive. It grabbed my foot and I couldn't shake it loose. It acted like a dog tugging at my ankle. I danced all around the plate, but I couldn't get away from it. I've been in baseball just sixteen years, but a thing like that never happened to me before. I missed the ball and Ruel then doubled. And it was Ruel who came home with the winning run when McNeely's tap to Lindstrom acted just the way that other tap by Harris acted—a lazy hop for a base hit. No luck in baseball? Don't make me laugh. There were three 50-to-1 shots that came through in twenty minutes in that one game."

If everything in sport were an exact science without a touch of luck, Justice might move to greater heights, but there would be fewer thrills and heart jumps for the human race. It is the mysterious and not-to-be-accounted-for breaks of the game that add spice to so many occasions and frequently serve to prove the value of unbreakable morale. In the long run it isn't so much luck but the way one faces luck, good or bad, that tells the final story.

Double Luck Saved Dempsey

THERE is, for example, Washington's side of that same world series. At the big moment Roger Peckinpaugh, a brilliant shortstop and the most dangerous pinch-hitter on the team, was badly injured and forced out before the final game. This scrambled up the Washington infield and weakened the club on both attack and defense; but in the face of this break, that might have disheartened most managers, Bucky Harris led his men to battle with unwavering spirit without a sign of discouragement or self-pity or faltering hope.

Harris didn't "smile when everything went dead wrong"—smiling in the face of misfortune is not an essential ingredient of success. But neither did he cry. There was no sign of any falling tears. He was perhaps a little grimmer than usual, a trifle more determined to see it through, offering no alibi whatsoever in advance.

When Jack Dempsey met Luis Firpo at the Polo Grounds the ring was higher than usual, and the boxing writers were crowded closer together than ever before. Every seat back of the press gathering had been taken and every square inch of space had been filled. The writers in the front row just under the ring found it almost impossible to work a typewriter, for everybody was jammed in hard and fast.

Just below the arena there was a sharp-edged pine board that no one would have selected as a landing place, especially if the head or neck was to do the landing.

It was under these conditions near the close of the first round that Firpo, rushing Dempsey to the ropes, delivered a right-hand punch that tilted the champion out of the ring. Under normal conditions there would probably have been a wild scramble to evade the falling body and Dempsey quite likely would have landed on that pine board—and remained "out" for some time. He might have been badly hurt. He would certainly have been stunned. But, with the boxing writers jammed so closely together, it was impossible to move and Dempsey was caught by self-protecting hands.

Upon this turn of luck a title worth a fortune hung. Dempsey was clearly Firpo's superior in every form of boxing skill. Yet, after showing poor headwork early in the contest, he needed a double allowance of luck. There was no effort on the part of anyone to help him, as many have seemed to think.

"Dame Fortune is a cock-eyed wench who looks not where she aims," wrote Hughey Keogh. And often enough that's true. It is the polite custom of the day to say: "The better team won." But the better team and the better man don't always win by a number of turns. The best test of courage comes when one has to come back in the face of hard luck to make another try, unbroken and undiscouraged. Mr. Henley put the matter rather well:

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

And the "bludgeonings of chance" will come often in any game. They are part of the main ensemble, part of the acting and the plot. They must be accepted in this fashion, for the moment self-pity enters there is certain to be a sudden crumbling of all morale.

Among the leading sports there is less luck in tennis and billiards than in almost any other sport. There are many times when luck plays the leading rôle in golf and football. Golf is full of it. This is one reason why a golf champion seldom repeats. Luck may even up in the course of a year, but that doesn't help during a championship finish.

In one championship Mike Brady had the title virtually won. On a certain green he had an 18-inch putt for a 4. Just as the blade of his putter had almost reached the ball on the forward swing a large butterfly, apparently under the impression that the ball was a white flower, swooped down upon it, and Mike with a nervous jab missed the putt. Almost any golfer living would have done the same, since at the moment of striking it was almost impossible to tell the ball from the butterfly.

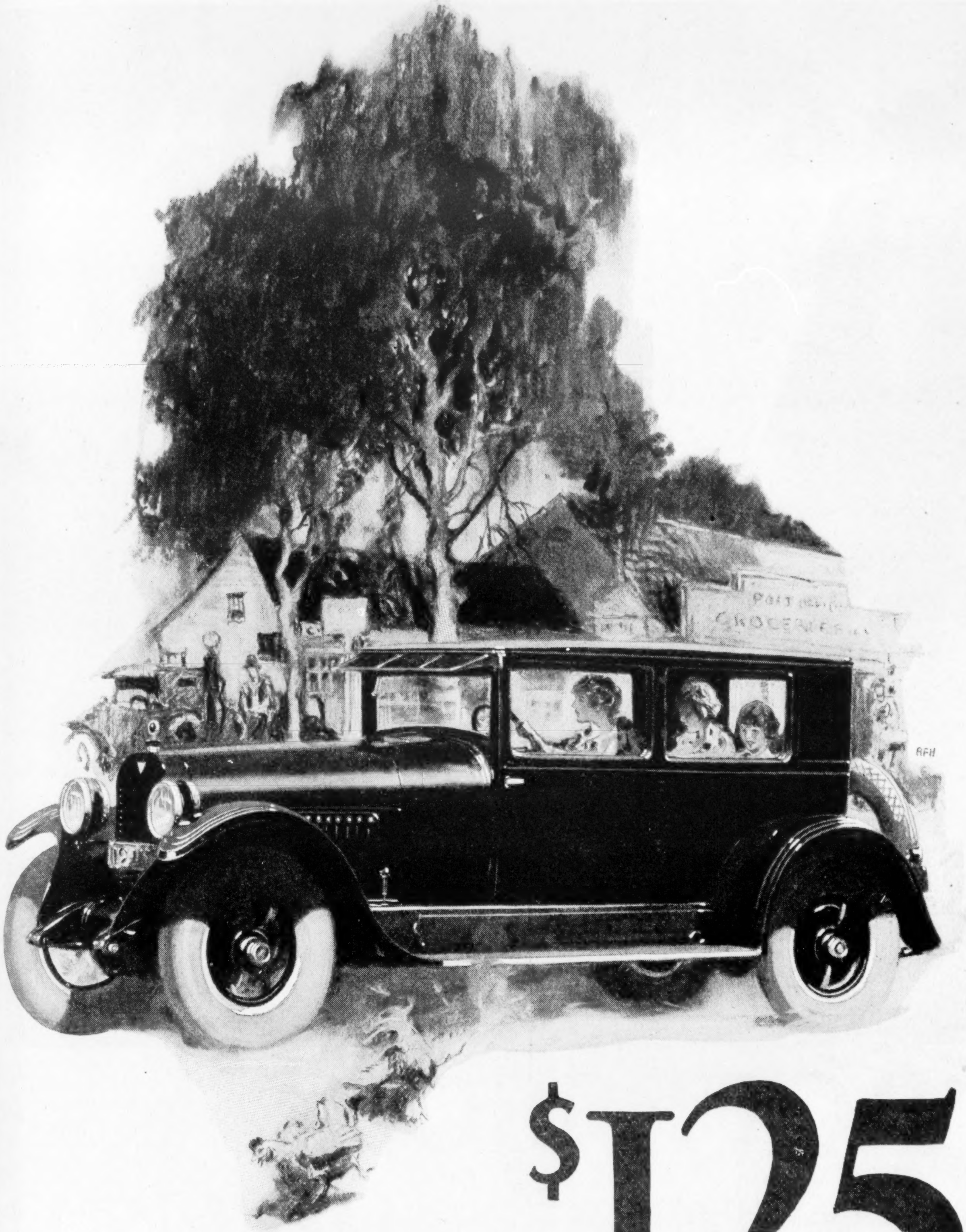
A Fly Ball is Unlucky

IN 1920, at Inverness, Leo Diegel apparently had the championship wrapped up in purple plush with a few holes to play. Standing on the fourteenth tee, just as he started his down swing someone yelled "Down in front!" or words to that effect. At this taut moment Diegel gave a spasmodic jump and missed the drive completely. He then took a 7 on a par 4 hole and was beaten by one stroke.

In golf many a badly topped shot runs up closer to the hole than a well-executed stroke. I still recall, now and then, the time, years ago, when my opponent hooked his second shot out of bounds. The match had been quite harrowing, one of those nip-and-tuck affairs that do the nerves little good. The sight of the brassie shot sailing wholly out of bounds was not wholly unpleasant. There have been more depressing views, one way and another. But my joy was short-lived. The ball hit a telephone pole across the road, bounded back upon the green and then hopped into the hole for an eagle 2 in place of a probable 6!

Recoveries from such shocks are rarely sudden. In the battle between Harold Hilton and the late Fred Herreshoff an untoward incident somewhat along this line

(Continued on page 39)



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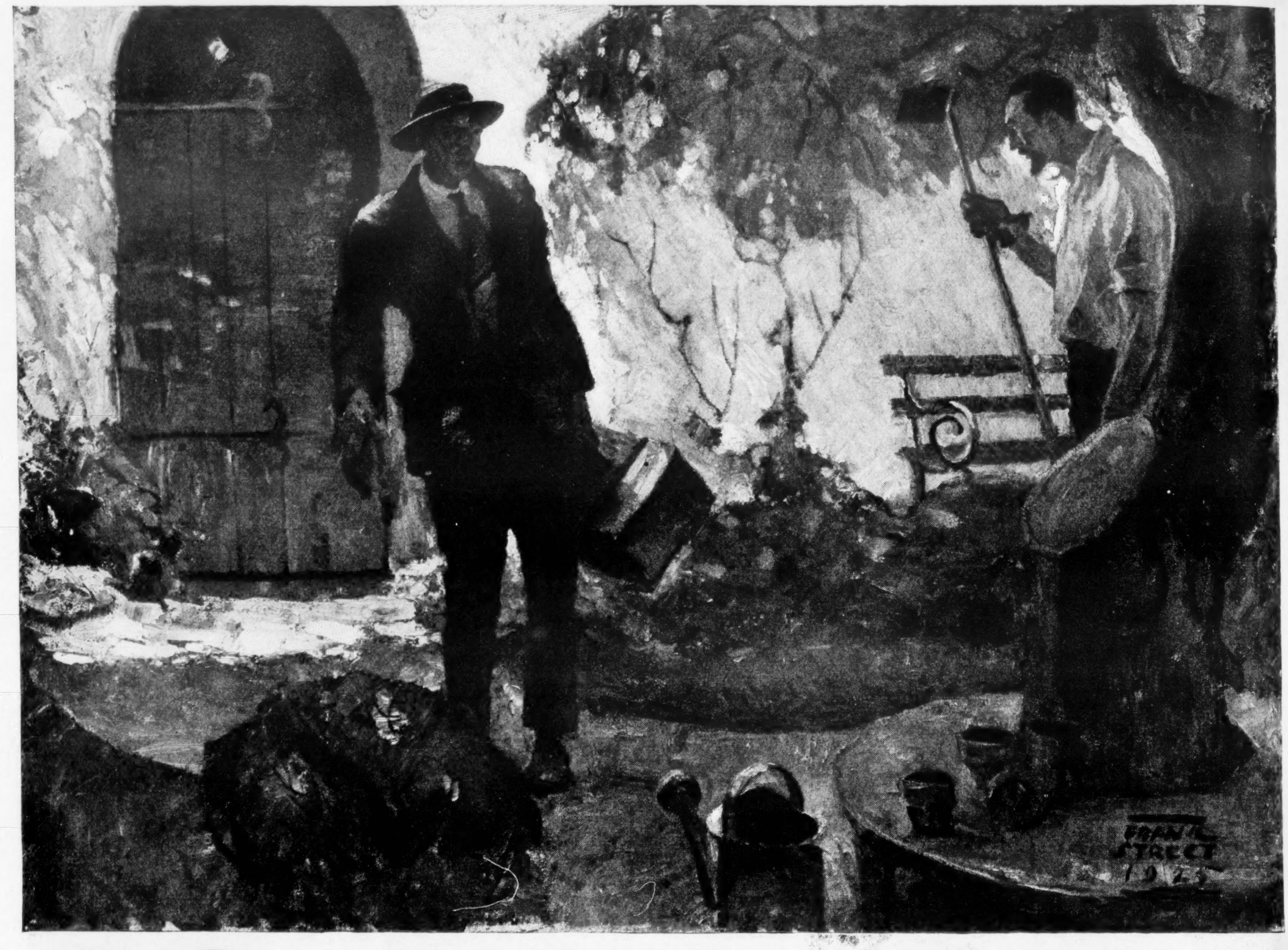

The padded coat made his upper part seem shut up in a case

The PROFESSOR'S HOUSE

By WILLA CHATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK STREET

Book I.—The Family (*Continued*)

IN JANUARY there was a meeting of an Association of Electrical Engineers in Hamilton. Louis Marsellus, who was a member, gave a luncheon for the visiting engineers at the country club and then motored them to Outland. Scott McGregor was at the lunch with the other newspaper men. On his return he stopped at the university and picked up his father-in-law.

"I'll run you over home. Which house, the old? How did you get out of Louie's party?"

"I had classes."

"It was some lunch. Louie's a good host. First-rate cigars and plenty of them." Scott tapped his breast pocket. "We had poor Tom served up again. It was all right, of course—the scientific men were interested; didn't know much about him. Louis called on me for personal recollections; he was very polite about it. I didn't express myself very well. I'm not much of a speaker, anyhow, and this time I seemed to be talking uphill. You know, Tom isn't very real to me any more. Sometimes I think he was just a—a glittering idea. Here we are, Doctor."

Scott's remark rather troubled the professor. He went up the two flights of stairs and sat down in his shadowy crypt at the top of the house. With his right elbow on the table, his eyes on the floor, he began recalling as clearly and definitely as he could every incident of that bright, windy spring day when he first saw Tom Outland.

He was working in his garden one Saturday morning, when a young man in a heavy winter suit and a Stetson hat, carrying a gray canvas telescope, came in at the green door that led from the street.

"Are you Professor St. Peter?" he inquired.

UPON being assured, he set down his bag on the gravel, took out a blue cotton handkerchief and wiped his face, which was covered with beads of moisture. The first thing the professor noticed about the visitor was his manly, mature voice—low, calm, experienced, very different from the thin ring or the hoarse grumble of boyish voices about the campus. The next thing he observed was the strong line of contrast below the young man's sandy hair—the very fair forehead that had been exposed to a stronger sun than the spring sun of Hamilton. The boy was fine-looking, he saw—tall and presumably well built, though the shoulders of his stiff, heavy coat were so preposterously padded that the upper part of him seemed shut up in a case.

"I want to go to school here, Professor St. Peter, and I've come to ask your advice. I don't know anybody in the town."

"You want to enter the university, I take it? What high school are you from?"

"I've never been to high school, sir. That's the trouble."

"Why, yes. I hardly see how you can enter the university. Where are you from?"

"New Mexico. I haven't been to school, but I've studied. I read Latin with a priest down there."

St. Peter smiled incredulously. "How much Latin?"

"I read Cæsar and Virgil, the Æneid."

"How many books?"

"We went right through." He met the professor's questions squarely; his eyes were resolute like his voice.

"Oh, you did?" St. Peter stood his spade against the wall. He had been digging around his spotted laurel. "Can you repeat any of it?"

The boy began, "*Infandum, regina, jubes, renovare dolorem,*" and steadily continued for fifty lines or more, until St. Peter held up a checking hand.

"Excellent. Your priest was a thorough Latinist. You have a good pronunciation and good intonation. Was the father by any chance a Frenchman?"

"Yes, sir. He was a missionary priest from Belgium."

"Did you learn any French from him?"

"No, sir. He wanted to practice his Spanish."

"You speak Spanish?"

"Not very well; Mexican Spanish."

The professor tried him out in Spanish and told him he thought he knew enough to get credit for a modern language. "And what are your deficiencies?"

"I've never had any mathematics or science, and I write a very bad hand."

"That's not unusual," St. Peter told him. "But, by (*Continued on page 30*)

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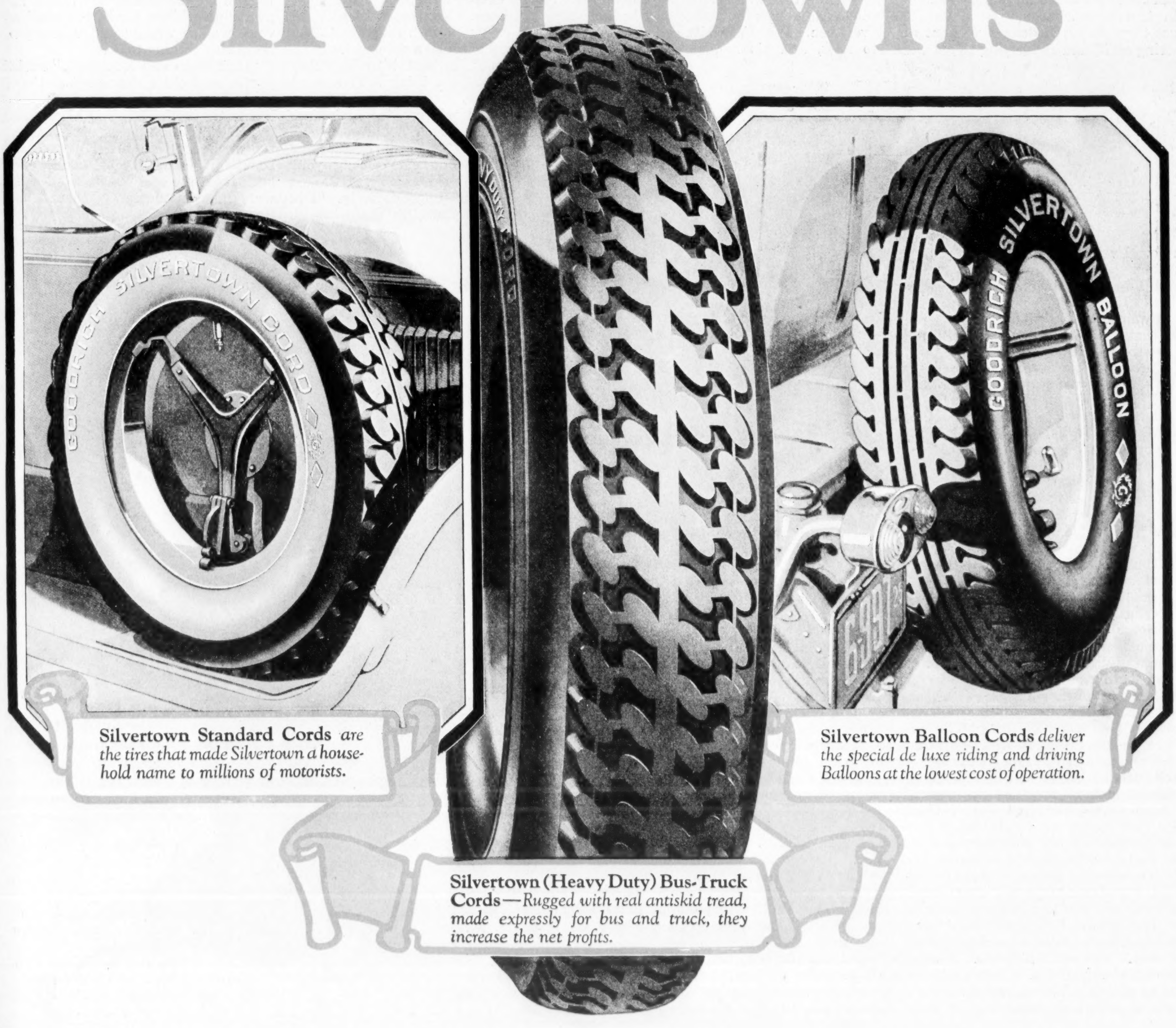

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(*Continued from page 28*) the way, how did you happen to come to me instead of to the registrar?"

"I just got in this morning, and your name was the only one here I knew. I read an article by you in a magazine, about Fray Marcos. Father Duchene said it was the only thing with any truth in it he'd read about our country down there."

THE professor had noticed before that whenever he wrote for popular periodicals it got him into trouble. "Well, what are your plans, young man? And what is your name?"

"Tom Outland."

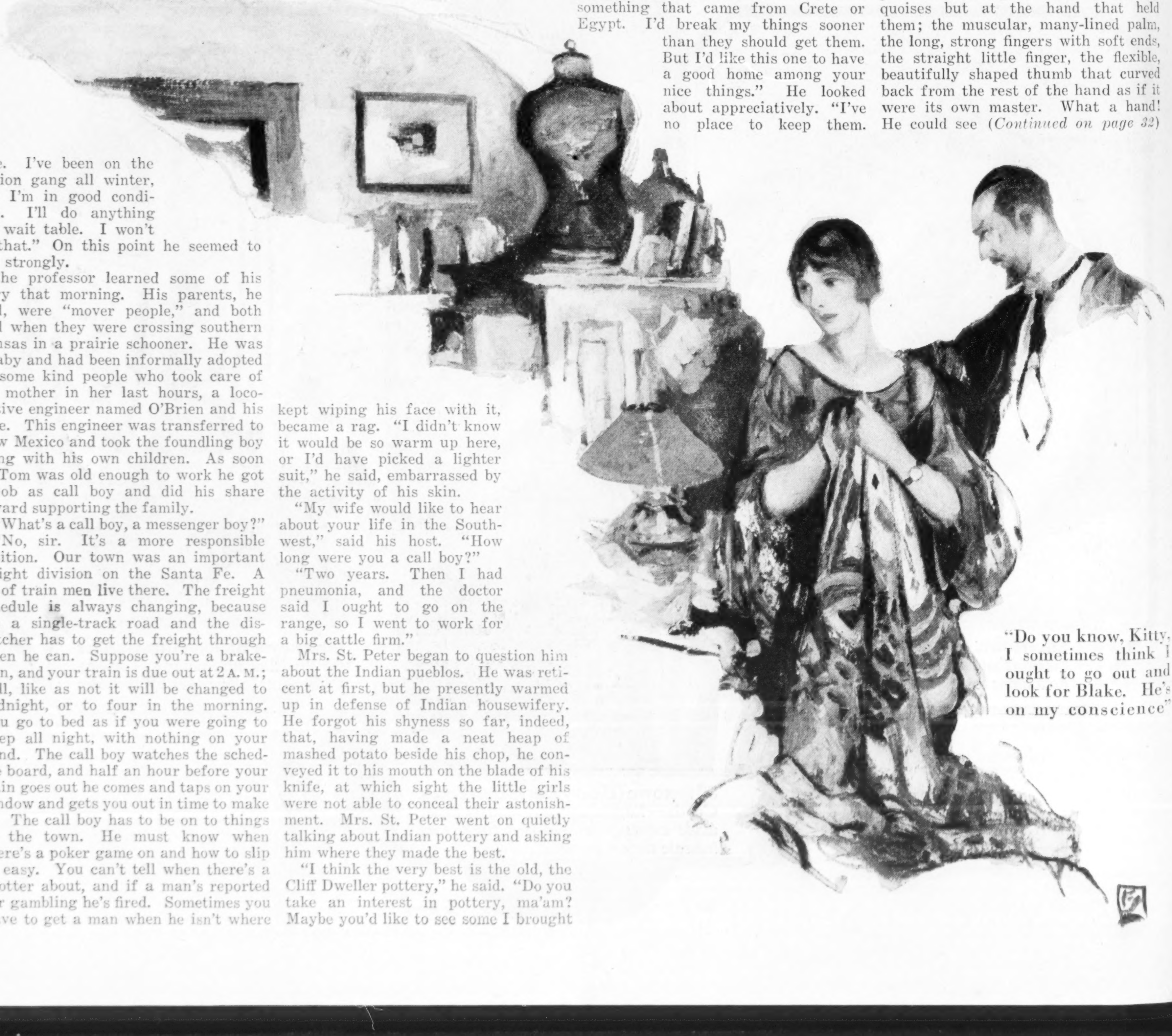
The professor repeated it. It seemed to suit the boy exactly.

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty." He blushed, and St. Peter supposed he was dropping off a few years, but he found afterward that the boy didn't know exactly how old he was. "I thought I might get a tutor and make up my mathematics this summer."

"Yes, that could be managed. How are you fixed for money?"

Outland's face grew grave. "I'm rather awkwardly fixed. If you were to write to Tarpin, N. M., to inquire about me, you'd find I have money in the bank there, and you'd think I had been deceiving you. But it's money I can't touch while I'm able-bodied. It's in trust for someone else. But I've got three hundred dollars without any string on it, and I'm hoping to get work here. I've been on the section gang all winter, and I'm in good condition. I'll do anything but wait table. I won't do that." On this point he seemed to feel strongly.



"Do you know, Kitty, I sometimes think I ought to go out and look for Blake. He's on my conscience"

The professor learned some of his story that morning. His parents, he said, were "mover people," and both died when they were crossing southern Kansas in a prairie schooner. He was a baby and had been informally adopted by some kind people who took care of his mother in her last hours, a locomotive engineer named O'Brien and his wife. This engineer was transferred to New Mexico and took the foundling boy along with his own children. As soon as Tom was old enough to work he got a job as call boy and did his share toward supporting the family.

"What's a call boy, a messenger boy?"

"No, sir. It's a more responsible position. Our town was an important freight division on the Santa Fe. A lot of train men live there. The freight schedule is always changing, because it's a single-track road and the dispatcher has to get the freight through when he can. Suppose you're a brakeman, and your train is due out at 2 A. M.; well, like as not it will be changed to midnight, or to four in the morning. You go to bed as if you were going to sleep all night, with nothing on your mind. The call boy watches the schedule board, and half an hour before your train goes out he comes and taps on your window and gets you out in time to make it. The call boy has to be on to things in the town. He must know when there's a poker game on and how to slip in easy. You can't tell when there's a spotter about, and if a man's reported for gambling he's fired. Sometimes you have to get a man when he isn't where he ought to be. I found there was usually a reason at home for that." The boy spoke with gravity, as if he had reflected deeply upon irregular behavior.

Just then Mrs. St. Peter came out into the garden and asked her husband if he wouldn't bring his young friend in to lunch. The boy started and looked with panic toward the door by which he had come in, but the professor wouldn't hear of his going, and picked up Outland's telescope to prevent his escape. As he carried it into the house and put it down in the hall, he noticed that it was strangely light for its bulk. Mrs. St. Peter introduced the guest to her two little girls, and asked him if he didn't want to go upstairs to wash his hands. He disappeared; as he came back something disconcerting happened. The front hall and the front staircase were the only hardwood in the house, but as Tom came down the waxed steps, his heavy, new shoes shot out from under him, and he sat down on the end of his spine with a thump. Little Kathleen burst into a giggle, her elder sister looked at her reprovingly, and Mrs. St. Peter apologized for the stairs.

"I'm not much used to stairs, living mostly in 'dobe houses," Tom explained as he picked himself up.

At luncheon the boy was very silent at first. He sat looking admiringly at Mrs. St. Peter and the little girls. The day had grown warm, and the professor thought this was the hottest boy he had ever seen. His stiff white collar began to melt, and his handkerchief, as he kept wiping his face with it, became a rag. "I didn't know it would be so warm up here, or I'd have picked a lighter suit," he said, embarrassed by the activity of his skin.

"My wife would like to hear about your life in the Southwest," said his host. "How long were you a call boy?"

"Two years. Then I had pneumonia, and the doctor said I ought to go on the range, so I went to work for a big cattle firm."

Mrs. St. Peter began to question him about the Indian pueblos. He was reticent at first, but he presently warmed up in defense of Indian housewifery. He forgot his shyness so far, indeed, that, having made a neat heap of mashed potato beside his chop, he conveyed it to his mouth on the blade of his knife, at which sight the little girls were not able to conceal their astonishment. Mrs. St. Peter went on quietly talking about Indian pottery and asking him where they made the best.

"I think the very best is the old, the Cliff Dweller pottery," he said. "Do you take an interest in pottery, ma'am? Maybe you'd like to see some I brought along." As they rose from the table he went to his telescope underneath the hatrack, knelt beside it, and undid the straps. When he lifted the cover it seemed full of bulky objects wrapped in newspapers. After feeling among them he unwrapped one and displayed an earthen water jar, shaped like those common in Greek sculpture, and ornamented with a geometrical pattern in black and white.

"That's one of the real old ones, I know, for I got it myself. I don't know just how old, but there's piñon trees three hundred years old by their rings growing up in the stone trail that leads to the ruins where I got it."

"Stone trail piñons?" she asked.

"Yes; deep, narrow trails in white rock, worn by their moccasined feet coming and going for generations. And these old piñon trees have come up in the trails since the race died off. You can tell something about how long ago it was by them." He showed her a coating of black on the under side. "That's not from the firing. See, I can scratch it off. It's soot, from when it was on the cook fire last—and that was before Columbus landed, I guess. Nothing makes those people seem so real to me as their old pots, with the fire black on them." As she gave it back to him he shook his head. "That one's for you, ma'am, if you like it."

"Oh, I couldn't think of letting you give it to me. You must keep it for yourself or put it in a museum." But that seemed to touch a sore spot.

"Museums," he said bitterly, "they don't care about our things. They want something that came from Crete or Egypt. I'd break my things sooner than they should get them. But I'd like this one to have a good home among your nice things." He looked about appreciatively. "I've no place to keep them. They're in my way, especially that big one. My trunk is at the station, but I was afraid to leave the pottery. You don't get them out whole like that very often."

"But get them out of what, from where? I want to know all about it."

"Maybe some day, ma'am, I can tell you," he said, wiping his sooty fingers on his handkerchief. His reply was courteous but final. He strapped his bag and picked up his hat, then hesitated and smiled. Taking a buckskin bag from his pocket, he walked over to the window seat where the children were, and held out his hand to them, saying, "These I would like to give to the little girls." In his palm lay two lumps of soft blue stone, the color of robin's eggs or the sea on halcyon days of summer.

THE children marveled. "Oh, what are they?"

"Turquoises, just the way they come out of the mine, before the jewelers have tampered with them and made them look green. The Indians like them this way."

Again Mrs. St. Peter demurred. She told him very kindly that she couldn't let him give his stones to the children. "They are worth a lot of money."

"I'd never sell them. They were given to me by a friend. I have a lot, and they're no use to me, but they'll make pretty playthings for little girls." His voice was so wistful and winning that there was nothing to do.

"Hold them still a moment," said the professor, looking down, not at the turquoises but at the hand that held them; the muscular, many-lined palm, the long, strong fingers with soft ends, the straight little finger, the flexible, beautifully shaped thumb that curved back from the rest of the hand as if it were its own master. What a hand! He could see (*Continued on page 32*)

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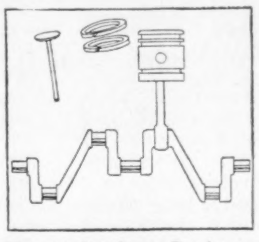

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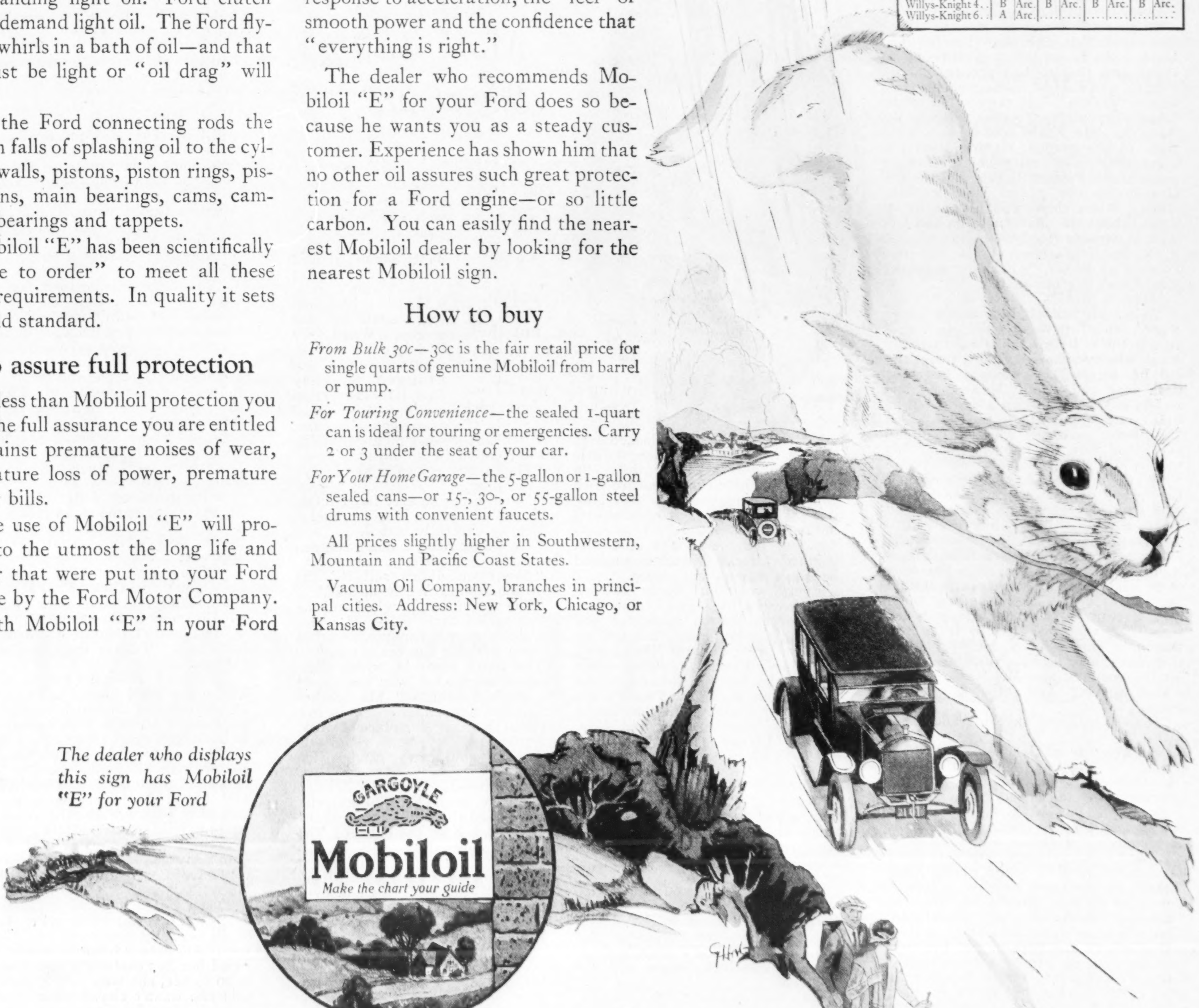
If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB	....	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" (*other mod's.*)	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	....	....	....	....
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	A	A
Overland	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" (*other mod's.*)	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Star	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....



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VACUUM OIL COMPANY

The Professor's House

Continued from page 30

it yet, with the blue stones lying in it.

In a moment the stranger was gone, and the St. Peter family sat down and looked at one another. He remembered just what his wife had said on that occasion.

"Well, this is something new in students, Godfrey. We ask a poor, perspiring tramp boy to lunch, to save his pennies, and he departs leaving princely gifts."

Yes, the professor reflected, after all these years, that was still true. Fellows like Outland don't carry much luggage, yet one of the things you know them by is their sumptuous generosity, and when they are gone all you can say of them is that they departed leaving princely gifts.

WITH a good tutor young Outland had no difficulty in making up three years' mathematics in four months. Latin, he owned, had been hard for him. But in mathematics he didn't have to work; he had merely to give his attention. His tutor said he had never known anything like it. But St. Peter held the boy at arm's length. As a young teacher full of zeal he had been fooled more than once. He knew that the wonderful seldom holds water, that brilliancy has no staying power, and the unusual becomes commonplace by a natural law.

In those first months Mrs. St. Peter saw more of their protégé than her husband. She found him a good boarding place, saw that he had proper summer clothes, and that he no longer addressed her as "ma'am." He came often to the house that summer to play with the little girls. He would spend hours with them in the garden, making Hopi villages with sand and pebbles, drawing maps of the Painted Desert and the Rio Grande in the gravel, telling them stories, when there was no one by to listen, about the adventures he had had with his friend Roddy.

"Mother," Kathleen broke out one evening at dinner, "what do you think? Tom hasn't any birthday."

"How is that?"

"When his mother died, in the mover wagon, and Tom was a baby, she forgot to tell the O'Briens when his birthday was. She even forgot to tell them how old he was. They thought he must be a year and a half, because he was so big, but Mrs. O'Brien always said he didn't have enough teeth for that."

St. Peter asked her whether Tom had ever said how it happened that his mother died in a wagon.

"Well, you see, she was very sick, and they were going west for her health. And one day, when they were camped beside a river, Tom's father went in to swim and had a cramp or something and was drowned. Tom's mother saw it, and it made her worse. She was there all alone till some people found her and drove her on to the next town to a doctor. But when they got her there she was too sick to leave the wagon. They drove her into the O'Briens' yard, because that was nearest the doctor's, and Mrs. O'Brien was a kind woman. And she died in a few hours."

"Does Tom know anything about his father?"

"Nothing except that he was a school teacher in Missouri. His mother told the O'Briens that much. But the O'Briens were just lovely to him."

St. Peter had noticed that in the stories Tom told the children there were no shadows. Kathleen and Rosamond regarded his free-lance childhood as a gay adventure they would gladly have shared. They loved to play at being Tom and Roddy. Roddy was the remarkable friend, ten years older than Tom, who knew everything about snakes and panthers and deserts and Indians. "And he gave up a fine job firing on the Santa Fe and went off with Tom to ride after cattle for hardly any wages, just to be with Tom and take care of him after he'd had pneumonia," Kathleen told them.

"That wasn't the only reason," Rosamond added dreamily. "Roddy was proud. He didn't like taking orders and living on pay checks. He liked to be free and to sit in his saddle all day and use it for a pillow at night. You know Tom said that, Kitty."

"Anyhow, he was noble. He was always noble, noble Roddy!" Kathleen finished off.

After the first day, when he had walked into the garden and introduced himself, Tom never took up the story of his own life again, either with the professor or Mrs. St. Peter, though he was often encouraged to do so. He would talk about the New Mexico country when questioned, about Father Duchene, the missionary priest who had been his teacher, about the Indians, but only with the two little girls did he ever speak freely and confidentially about himself. St. Peter used to wonder how the boy could afford to spend so much time with the children. All through that summer and fall he used to come in the afternoon and join them in the garden. In the winter he dropped in two or three evenings a week to play five hundred or to take a dancing lesson.

There was evidently something enchanting about the atmosphere of the house to a boy who had always lived a rough life. He enjoyed the prettiness and freshness and gayety of the little girls as if they were flowers. Probably, too, he liked being so attractive to them. A flush of pleasure would come over Tom's face—so much fairer now than when he first arrived in Hamilton—if Kathleen caught his hand and tried to squeeze it hard enough to hurt, crying, "Oh, Tom, *tell* us about the time you and Roddy found the water hole dry, and then afterward tell us about when the rattlesnake bit Henry!" He would whisper, "Pretty soon," and after a while, through the open windows, the professor would hear them in the garden: the laughter and exclamations of the little girls and that singularly individual voice of Tom's—mature, confident, seldom varying in pitch, but full of slight, very moving modulations.

He couldn't have wished for a better companion for his daughters, and they were teaching Tom things that he needed more than mathematics. After lingering near them he would go back to his work with a safe, happy feeling about them all. Tom was a valuable addition to his family circle. . . .

Sitting thus in his study, long afterward, St. Peter reflected that those first years, before Outland had done anything remarkable, were really the best of all. He liked to remember the charming groups of three he was always coming upon, in the hammock swung between the linden trees, in the window seat, or before the dining-room fire. Oh, there had been fine times in this old house then; family festivals and hospitalities; little girls dancing in and out; Augusta coming and going; gay dresses hanging in his study at night; Christmas shopping and secrets and smothered laughter on the stairs. When a man had lovely children in his house, fragrant and happy, full of pretty fancies and generous impulses, why couldn't he keep them? Was there no way but Medea's, he wondered?

ST. PETER had come in late from an afternoon lecture and had just lighted his kerosene lamp to go to work, when he heard a light foot ascending the stairs. In a moment Kathleen's voice called, "May I interrupt for a moment, Papa?"

He opened the door and drew her in.

"Kitty, do you remember the time you sat out there with your bee sting and your bottle? Nobody ever showed me more consideration than that, not even your mother."

Kathleen threw her hat and jacket into the sewing chair and walked about, touching things to see how dusty they were. "I've been wondering if you didn't need me to come in and clean house for you, but it's not so bad as they report it. This is the first time I've called on you since you've been alone. I've turned in from the walk more than once, but I've always run away again." She paused to warm her hands at the little stove. "I'm silly, you know; such queer things make me blue. And you still have Augusta's old forms. I don't think anything ever happened to her that amused her quite so much. And now, you know, she's quite sentimental about their being here. It's about Augusta that I came, Papa. Did you know that she had lost some of her savings in the Kinkoo Copper Company?"

"Augusta? Are you sure? What a shame!"

"Yes. She was sewing for me last week. I noticed that she seemed depressed and hadn't much appetite for lunch—which, you know, is unusual for Augusta. She was ashamed to tell any of us about it, because it seems she'd asked Louie's advice, and he told her not to invest in that company. But a lot of the people in her church were putting money into it, and of course that made it seem all right to her. She lost five hundred dollars, a fortune for her, and Scott says she'll never get a cent of it back."

"Five hundred dollars," murmured St. Peter. "Let me see, at three dollars a day that means one hundred and sixty-six days. Now, what can we do about it?"

"Of course we must do something. I knew you'd feel that way, Father."

"Certainly. Among us we must cover it. I'll speak to Rosamond to-night."

"You needn't, dear." Kathleen tossed her head. "I have been to her. She refuses."

"Refuses? She can't refuse, my dear. I'll have a word to say." The firmness of his tone and the quick rush of claret color under his skin were a gratification to his daughter.

"She says that Louie took the trouble to speak to his banker and to several copper men before he advised Augusta, and that if she doesn't learn her lesson this time she will do the same thing again. Rosamond said they would do something for Augusta later, but she didn't say what."

"Leave Rosamond to me. I'll convince her."

"Even if you can do anything with her, she's determined to make Augusta admit her folly, and it can't be done that way. Augusta is terribly proud. When I told her her customers ought to make it up to her, she was very haughty and said she wasn't that kind of a sewing woman; that she gave her ladies good measure for their money. Scott thought we could buy stock in some good company and tell her we had used our influence and got an exchange, but that she

(*Continued on page 34*)

She Was Mark Twain's Sweetheart

By AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS

© *Tomlinson*

She's 87 now, but she's never forgotten the days when she was "Tom Sawyer's" best girl

A RAGGED little boy looked over a fence into a garden. A little girl was standing there, "a lovely little blue-eyed creature with yellow hair plaited into two long tails, white summer frock and embroidered pantalettes." Tom Sawyer dug his toe in the dust and grinned. Becky Thatcher fingered her muslin frock and smiled.

Every year on Mark Twain's birthday the little girl of the garden serves tea in honor of her playmate—who later became so famous. She is now Mrs. Laura Hawkins Frazier, eighty-seven years old. But as she sits in the front room of Mark Twain's old home at Hannibal, Mo. (dedicated to the public by Mr. and Mrs. George Mahan), she has the spirit of youth about her. She is again the Becky Thatcher who dazzled Tom Sawyer in the garden, or Laura of "The Gilded Age," "a little girl of twelve with dainty hands propped into the ribbon-embroidered pockets of her apron . . . a vision to warm the coldest heart or bless the saddest."

She wasn't always on a pedestal, starched and cautioned against dirt. In limper gingham she played with heartiness and happiness. She even ate "hooked" watermelons provided by Mark Twain and his crowd.

"In the summer," she recalls, "the boys used to hang around when the farmers brought their melons into town.

"One hot day when the watermelon man jogged along the street Mark Twain's gang whisked a fine-looking melon off the wagon. When they laid it down by the dusty roadside and plugged it, they found it was green as a gourd. They raced after the melon man.

"'Hi, this melon's no good,' Mark Twain called in an injured voice.

"The farmer reined in and looked at the plug.

"'Well, here you are,' he grunted, and pulled out a luscious melon which he carefully tested.

"'But look here, I don't remember sellin' you-all any melon—'

"'Aw, you didn't sell it,' the boys explained. 'We hooked it.'

"The melon man laughed and the boys carried their prize off under the shade of a big maple, smashed it open and ate the heart out."

The little room in which Mrs. Frazier serves tea was once used by Mark Twain and his brother Orion as a newspaper office. A cow invaded their regular place of work, overturned the type-cases and ate, the boys said, two composition rollers.

Following close on this disaster came a fire, so the boys, in financial straits, used the living-room of the Clemens home as the office of The Hannibal Journal.

For many years Mrs. Frazier was superintendent of the city's "Home for the Friendless." No one ever left the refuge ungrateful for her sympathy and understanding.

First, she gave the guests good food and a comfortable rest—after that she helped them with their problems.

Now, on the farm of her son five miles from Hannibal, she is exercising the prerogative of a heroine of fiction by "living happily ever after."

MARSHALL HARD
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IT WOULD make a big difference in your profits some week if you could ring up a $9.00 sale instead of every $4.00 sale you make ordinarily.

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Farm & Fireside is a product selling to the National Farm Market. It faces the same buying preferences and distribution problems that confront most manufacturers in this field.

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There is a field no merchant can afford to overlook. For in it, lies his greatest opportunity to extend his business.

A sure way to win this extra business

The same situation exists around your town. And the Farm & Fireside plan offers you a sure way to secure this profitable trade for your store.

It is a *proved* plan. It has been tried in small towns and in large ones, in stores selling every line of goods. And invariably it pays!

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With a circulation of over 1,000,000, this great magazine reaches out *directly* to the well-to-do farm families in every community. It is read in almost one out of every six farm homes in the United States. And the farmers to whom this progressive magazine appeals, you'll usually find, are your best customers.

This book tells how

How easy it is to bring this extra business to your store is told in our new 36-page book, To Help You Win More Farm Trade.

We will gladly send it *free* to any responsible merchant. Here, are the facts about the results hundreds of other merchants, many of them in your own line of business, have secured with the Farm & Fireside plan. The book tells just how they secured them—and how you can equal them.

Make up your mind right now that you will get your share of this extra profit. Mail the coupon at the top of this page, or write us on your business letter-head saying you would like the facts.

Kindly address your letter to The Retail Sales Director at the address below.

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Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

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The National Farm Magazine · Read in more than 1,000,000 farm homes

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Bag Balm
Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier
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Dunlop Tires
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General Electric Company
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Glover's Mange Remedies
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Stevens' Firearms
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Swift Products
United States Fence
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Victor Talking Machines
Whiting-Adams Co. (Brushes)
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

The Professor's House

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must keep quiet about it. We could manage some such little fib, she knows so little about business. I know I can get the Dudleys and the Browns to help. We needn't go to the Marselluses."

"Wait a few days. It's a disgrace to us as a family not to make it up ourselves. On her own account we oughtn't to let Rosamond out. She's altogether too blind to responsibilities of that kind. In a world full of blunderers, why should Augusta have to pay scrupulously for her mistakes? It's very petty of Rosie, really."

Kathleen started to speak, stopped and turned away. "Scott will give a hundred dollars," she said a moment later.

"That's very generous of him. I'll give another, and Rosie shall make up the other three. If she doesn't, I'll speak to Louie. He's an absolutely generous chap. I've never known him to refuse to give either time or money."

Kathleen's eyes suddenly brightened. "Why, Daddy, you have Tom's Mexican blanket! I never knew he gave it to you. I've often wondered what became of it." She picked up from the foot of the box couch a purple blanket, faded in streaks to amethyst, with a pale yellow stripe at either end.

"Oh, yes; I often get chilly when I lie down, especially if I turn the stove out, which your mother says I ought always to do. Nothing could part me from that blanket."

"He wouldn't have given it to anybody but you. It was like his skin. Do you remember how horsy it smelled when he first brought it over and showed it to us?"

"Just like a livery stable. It had been strapped behind the saddle on so many sweating cow ponies. In damp weather that smell is still perceptible."

Kathleen stroked it thoughtfully. "Roddy brought it up from Mexico, you know. He gave it to Tom that winter he had pneumonia. Tom ought to have taken it to France with him. He used to say that Rodney Blake might turn up in the Foreign Legion. If he had taken this, it might have been like the wooden cups that were always revealing Amis and Amiles to each other."

St. Peter smiled and patted her hand on the blanket. "Do you know, Kitty, I sometimes think I ought to go out and look for Blake myself. He's on my conscience. If that country down there weren't so everlastingly big—"

"Oh, Father! That was my romantic dream when I was little, finding Roddy! I used to think about it for hours when I was supposed to be taking my nap. I used to swim rivers and climb mountains and wander about with Navahos, and rescue Roddy at the most critical moments, when he was being stabbed in the back or drugged in a gambling house, and bring him back to Tom. You know, Tom told us about him long before he ever told you."

"You children used to live in his stories. You cared more about them than about all your adventure books."

"I still do," said Kathleen, rising. "Now that Rosamond has Outland, I consider Tom's mesa entirely my own."

St. Peter put down the cigarette he had just lighted with anticipation. "Can't you stay a while, Kitty? I almost never see anyone who remembers that side of Tom. It was nice, all those years when he was in and out of the house like an older brother. Always very different from the other college boys, wasn't he? Always that something in his voice, in his eyes. One seemed to catch glimpses of an unusual background behind his shoulders when he came into the room."

Kathleen smiled wanly. "Yes, and now he's all turned out chemicals and dollars and cents, hasn't he? But not for you and me! Our Tom is much nicer than theirs." She put on her jacket and went out of the study and quickly down the stairs. Her father, on the landing, looked after her until she disappeared. After she was gone he remained there, very still, as if he were listening intently, or trying to fasten upon some fugitive idea.

ST. PETER was breakfasting at six-thirty, alone, reading last night's letters while he waited for the coffee to percolate. It had been long since he had had an eight-o'clock class, but this year the schedule committee had slyly put him down for one. "He can afford to take a taxi over now," the dean remarked.

After breakfast he went upstairs and into his wife's room. "I have a rendezvous with a lady," he said, tossing an envelope upon her counterpane. She read a note from Mrs. Crane, the least attractive of the faculty ladies, requesting an interview with the professor at his earliest convenience. As she wished to see him quite alone, might she come to his study in the old house, where she understood he still worked?

"Poor Godfrey!" murmured his wife.

"One ought not to joke about it." St. Peter went into his own room to get a handkerchief and came back, taking up his suspended sentence. "I'm afraid it means poor Crane is coming up for another operation. Or, worse still, that the surgeons tell her another would be useless. It's like 'The Pit and the Pendulum.' I feel as if the poor fellow were strapped down on a revolving disk that comes around to the knife periodically."

Mrs. St. Peter looked judicially at the letter, then at her husband's back. She didn't believe that surgery would be the subject of discussion when they met. Mrs. Crane had been behaving very strangely of late. Dr. Crane had married a girl whom no other man ever thought of courting, a girl of whom people always said, "Oh, she's so *good!*" chiefly because she was so homely. They had three very plain daughters, and only Crane's salary to live upon. Doctors and surgeons kept them poor enough.

St. Peter kissed his wife and went forth quite unconscious of what was going on in her mind. During the morning he telephoned Mrs. Crane, and arranged a meeting with her at five o'clock. As the bell in the old house didn't work now, he waited downstairs on the front porch to receive his visitor and conduct her up to his study.

It was raining drearily, and Mrs. Crane arrived in a rubber coat and a knitted sport hat belonging to one of her daughters. St. Peter took her wet umbrella and led her up the two flights of stairs.

"I'm not very well appointed to receive ladies, Mrs. Crane. This was the sewing-room, you know. There's Augusta's chair, which she insisted was comfortable."

"Thank you." Mrs. Crane sat down, took off her gloves, and tucked wisps of damp hair up under her crocheted hat. Her bleak, plain face wore an expression of grievance.

"I've come without my husband's knowledge, Dr. St. Peter, to ask you what you think can be done about our rights in the Outland patent. You know my husband's health has crippled us financially, and we never know when his trouble may come on again. Myself, I've never doubted that you would see it is only right to share with us."

ST. PETER looked at her in amazement. "But, my dear Mrs. Crane, how can I share with you what I haven't got? Tom willed his estate and royalties in a perfectly regular way. The fact that he named my daughter as his sole beneficiary doesn't affect me any more than if he had named some relative of his own. I tell you frankly I have never received one dollar from the Outland Vacuum."

"It's all the same if it goes to your family, Dr. St. Peter. My husband must be considered in this matter. He spent days and nights working with Outland. Tom never could have worked his theory out without Robert's help. He said so more than once in my presence and in the presence of others."

"Oh, I believe that, Mrs. Crane. But the difficulty is that Tom didn't make any recognition of that assistance in his will."

Mrs. Crane had set her head and advanced her long chin with meek determination. "Well, this is how it was, Professor. Mr. Marsellus came here a stranger, to put in the Edison power plant, just at the time the city was stirred up about Outland's being killed at the front. Everybody was wanting to do something in recognition of the young man. You brought Mr. Marsellus to our house and introduced him. After that he came alone, again and again, and he got round my husband. Robert thought he was disinterested and was only taking a scientific interest, and he told him a great deal about what he and Outland had been working on. Then Rosamond's lawyers came for the papers. Tom Outland had no laboratory of his own. He was allowed the use of a room in the Physics Building, at my husband's request. He wanted to be there because he constantly needed Robert's help. The first thing we knew, your daughter's engagement to Marsellus was announced, and then we heard that all Outland's papers had been given over to him."

Here St. Peter anticipated her. "But, Mrs. Crane, your husband couldn't, and wouldn't, have kept Tom's papers. They had to be given over to his executor, who was my daughter's attorney."

"Well, I could have kept them, if he couldn't"—Mrs. Crane threw up her head as if to show that the worm had turned at last—"kept them until justice was done us and some recognition had been made of my husband's part in all that research work. If he had taken the papers to court then, with all the evidence we have, we could easily have got an equity. But Mr. Marsellus is very smooth. He flattered Robert and got everything there was."

"But he didn't get anything from your husband. Outland's papers and apparatus were delivered to his executor, as was inevitable."

There Should be a Man Like THIS in YOUR Town

By GEORGE C. HENDERSON

THE young Americans with whom he works in Berkeley, Cal., are unaware of the fact; to most of them he is just "Nosey de Cop." But he's a Czar—Czar of Berkeley's Boyland.

His name is Frank J. Waterbury, and he occupies a position that is without parallel in any other city in the United States. Although he is only a patrolman he has usurped the authority of a judge and this authority is recognized not alone by all the youngsters but by Judge C. C. Robinson of the Juvenile Court and the district attorney as well.

Waterbury puts boys on probation, although this is strictly a prerogative of the Superior Court only. He has 200 youngsters reporting to him regularly, despite the fact that the law says that probationers must report to the probation officers. This policeman summons parents and even school teachers before him, though the California statutes say that is the privilege of a court.

By the organization of what he calls his Juvenile Secret Service this one man alone handles annually from 500 to 600 cases that otherwise would go to the Superior Court. The secret service, composed of trustworthy probationers, keeps him advised as to what the youngsters in Berkeley are doing or are about to do. It furnishes him complete lists of gangs, so that he can call the members up on the carpet either at his home or at the police station.

If a boy commits an offense he is lectured. If he repeats he is placed on probation by Waterbury and instructed to report every month. For a third offense, Waterbury sentences him to lose some pleasure such as going to motion picture shows; and he asks parents to coöperate. Should the boy continue his depredations, Nosey tries to get him a job where he will be away from his old associates. Those who are wholly incorrigible are, as a last resort, taken into the Juvenile Court and sent to the detention home.

Nosey never calls in the parents when he wants a boy to confess. "I always bring the dad or mother in after the kid has spieled," he told me. "The minute a kid sees his dad he closes up. Most parents are four-flushers and a kid don't trust a four-flusher. Doesn't every dad say to his kid some time, 'If you do that I'll thrash you"? And when the kid does it, doesn't the dad generally fail to keep his word? Well, that's four-flushin'. Every time a dad or mother threatens a kid with punishment and then doesn't punish, it's just one more lie the boy nails up against them. And so when things get bad and dad says he'll send him to jail or to the detention home, the kid just figures it's another lie—fourflushin'. And so these boys will tell me things they wouldn't tell their dads. They know I'll go through for them.

"And say! I never scare a kid. That's the first thing to remember in dealin' with kids. Don't scare 'em. Don't bluster and make a lot of false motions like most fathers do. But don't be a mollycoddle, either. *Hand it to them straight.*"

Recently Waterbury went to the hospital for an operation. Next morning the head nurse nearly turned in a riot call. A mob of youngsters had invaded the place. They were bringing flowers, smokes, etc., to "me fren, Nosey de Cop."

"That was a poor subterfuge," said Mrs. Crane, with deep meaning. "You know how unworldly Robert is, and as an old friend you might have warned us."

"Of what, Mrs. Crane?"

"Why, that Marsellus saw there was a fortune in the discovery my husband and his pupil had made, and we could have asked for our equity before we gave your son-in-law a free hand with everything."

St. Peter felt very unhappy. He began walking up and down the little room. "Heaven knows I'd like to see Crane get something out of it, but how? How? I've thought a great deal about this matter, and I've blamed Tom for making that kind of will. I don't think it occurred to the boy that the will would ever be probated. He expected to come back from the war and develop the thing himself. I doubt whether Robert, with all his superior knowledge, would have known the twists and turns by which the patent could be commercialized. It took a great deal of work and a special kind of ability to do that."

"A salesman's ability!" Mrs. Crane was becoming nasty.

"If you like; but certainly Robert would have been no man to convince manufacturers and machinists, any more than I would. A great deal of money was put into it too before any came back: every cent Marsellus had and all that he could borrow. He took heavy chances. Crane and I together could never have raised a hundredth part of the capital that was necessary to get the thing started. Without capital to make it go, Tom's idea was merely a formula written out on paper. It had lain for two years in your husband's laboratory, and would have lain there for years more before he or I would have done anything about it."

MRS. CRANE'S dreary face took on more animation than he had supposed it capable of. "It had lain there because it belonged there and was made there. My husband was done out of it by an adventurer, and his friendship for you tied his hands. I must say you've shown very little for him. You could have warned us never to let those papers go. You see Robert getting weaker all the time and having those terrible operations, and our girls going shabby and teaching in the ward schools, and Rosamond riding about in a limousine and building country houses, and you do nothing about it. You take your honors—you've deserved them, we never forget that—and move into your new house, and you don't remember what it is to be in straitened circumstances."

St. Peter, who was still wandering about as if looking for a door of escape, turned to her abruptly. "Mrs. Crane, if you had any legal rights in the patent, I'd defend them against Rosamond as soon as against anyone else. I think she ought to recognize Dr. Crane's long friendship and helpfulness to Tom in some way. I don't see just how it can be done, but I feel it should be. And, if you wish, I'll tell Rosamond how I feel. Why don't you put this matter before her?"

"I don't care to ask anything of Mrs. Marsellus. I wrote her some time ago, and she replied to me through her lawyer, saying that all claims against the Outland patent would be considered in due order. It's not worthy of a man in Robert's position to accept hush money from the Marselluses. We want justice, and my brother is confident the court will give it to us."

"Well, I suppose Bright knows more about what the courts will do than I know. But if you've decided to go to law about it, why did you come to me?"

"There are some things the law don't cover," said Mrs. Crane mysteriously as she rose and put on her gloves. "I wanted you to know how we feel about it."

St. Peter followed her downstairs and put up her umbrella for her and then went back to his study to think it over. His friendship with Crane had been a strange one. Out in the world they would almost certainly have kept clear of each other, but in the university they had fought together in a common cause. Both with all their might had resisted the new commercialism, the aim to "show results" that was undermining and vulgarizing education. The state legislature and the board of regents seemed determined to make a trade school of the university. Candidates for the degree of bachelor of arts were allowed credits for commercial studies, courses in bookkeeping, experimental farming, domestic science, dressmaking, and what not.

Every year the regents tried to diminish the number of credits required in science and the humanities. The liberal appropriations, the promotions and increases in salary, all went to the professors who worked with the regents to abolish the purely cultural studies altogether. Out of a faculty of sixty there were perhaps twenty men who made any serious stand for scholarship, and Robert Crane was one of the stanchest.

He had lost the deanship of the College of Science because of his uncompromising opposition to the degrading influence of politicians in university affairs. The honor went instead to a much younger man, head of the department of chemistry, who was willing "to give the taxpayers what they wanted."

The struggle to preserve the dignity of the university and their own had brought St. Peter and Dr. Crane much together. They were, moreover, the only two men on the faculty who were doing research work of an uncommercial nature, and they occasionally dropped in on one another to exchange ideas. But that was as far as it went. St. Peter couldn't ask Crane to dinner; the presence of a bottle of claret on the table would have made him uncomfortable.

Dr. Crane had all the prejudices of the Baptist community in which he grew up. He carried them with him when he went to study at a German university, and brought them back. But Crane knew that none of his colleagues followed his work so closely or rejoiced at his little triumphs so heartily as St. Peter.

St. Peter couldn't help admiring the man's courage. Poor, ill, overworked, held by his conscience to a generous discharge of his duties as a teacher, he was all the while carrying on those tedious and delicate experiments that had to do with determining the extent of space. Fortunately Crane seemed to have no social needs or impulses. He never went anywhere except once or twice a year to a dinner at the president's house. Music disturbed him too much; dancing shocked him—he couldn't see why it was permitted among the students.

Once, after Mrs. St. Peter had sat next him at the president's dinner table, she said to her husband: "The man is too dreary. All evening his heavy underwear kept coming below his cuffs, and he kept poking it back with his forefinger. I believe he thinks it's wicked to live with even so plain a woman as Mrs. Crane."

AFTER Tom Outland had been graduated from the university, he and Dr. Crane worked side by side in the Physics Building for several years. The older man had been of great assistance to the younger, without doubt. Though that kind of help, the result of criticism and suggestion, is not easily reckoned in percentage, still St. Peter thought Crane ought to get something out of the patent. He resolved to see Louie about it. But first he had better talk with Crane himself and try to dissuade him from going to law. His brother-in-law, Homer Bright, would be tempted by the publicity which an action involving the Outland patent would certainly bring him. But he would lose the case, and Crane would get nothing. Whereas Louie, if he were properly approached, would be generous.

St. Peter looked at his watch. He would go home now, and after dinner he would walk over to the Physics Building where his colleague worked every night. He never went to see Crane at his house if he could help it. He lived in the most dreary and unnecessary ugliness.

(To be continued next week)

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Christian, the Concierge

Continued from page 16

He felt that there was someone near. He closed the door carefully, and this time he turned the key in the lock.

"Christian killed Seth Dickerson all right," he declared, "but as yet he hasn't lifted the money."

Monsieur Lavalle took out his handkerchief and dabbed his forehead.

"I do not understand, Mr. Billingham," he said, "how you dare take all this for granted."

"Will you explain to me the lights in this room for the last three nights, then?" Mr. Billingham demanded. "Will you tell me why your concierge, when ordered to show me this room, showed me the adjoining one? Will you tell me what all this disorder means but a systematic search? And by whom? Who else has had access to the place? No, sir, Seth Dickerson never shot himself. He lost his life because he drank like a fool and hobnobbed with a ruffian. The sixty thousand francs for which he was murdered are in this room, and I'm laying odds," Mr. Billingham concluded, "that I find them within ten minutes."

"It seems to me that they've searched the place pretty thoroughly already," Monsieur Lavalle remarked grimly. "They have torn the stuffing out of my chairs and ruined my carpet."

"They have searched," Mr. Billingham admitted, "but they didn't know what I know. Seth Dickerson had been a sailor in his younger days, and was just as handy with his needle as any woman. They didn't remember that in the lapel of Seth's coat, when he was discovered, there was a needle. I'm taking a chance, perhaps," Mr. Billingham added, "but here goes!"

He produced a penknife from his pocket, and, moving to the bed, ripped up one of the pink damask curtains which hung from a movable brass rod at its side. He thrust his hand into the space and a beatific smile parted his lips. Suddenly Madelon pointed to the door. They followed the direction of her finger. There had been no sound, but the door handle was slowly moving. The door was pressed inward until the lock was strained. Mr. Billingham withdrew his left hand from the interior of the doubled curtains upon the bed, while his right hand went to his hip pocket. He motioned Madelon over to his side, and pointed at the door.

"Open it," he whispered.

MONSIEUR LAVALLE hesitated. The sight of Mr. Billingham's gleaming revolver, however, reassured him. He turned the key. Almost immediately the door opened. Christian, the concierge, passed across the threshold. He seemed to bring with him something of the ghostly silence of the great closed hotel. He said not a word. He looked from one to the other, and it was as though a sudden lunacy had seized him. His cheeks were chalk-white, his gracious smile, his portly demeanor, his magnificent self-assurance, were all gone. He was like a person stricken with mortal fear. Nevertheless he did not flinch at the sight of Mr. Billingham's revolver.

"I murdered Mr. Dickerson," he confessed. "He told me he had eighty thousand francs. He was a fool to tell me. I murdered him with his own gun. I knew they would bring it in suicide. I have given myself away looking for the money."

"The money was here all right," Mr. Billingham observed.

Christian looked at him steadfastly, yet incuriously, looked at the notes upon the bed, looked at the ripped-up curtain.

"He put them there when I went for the whisky," he muttered, in a dazed tone. "I thought I had searched the room too!"

Monsieur Lavalle was standing at the bottom of the bed. He seemed unable to take his eyes off his employee's.

"You must have been mad, Christian," he exclaimed.

"I was mad," was the dreary admission, "but eighty thousand francs seemed a great deal against the life of a man who drank, drank, drank until one could see him passing. I was mad. Now I am not!"

He spoke so coldly and so entirely without any trace of agitation that no one had any idea, until too late, of his purpose. He crossed the room, and stepped out on the balcony. They saw him silhouetted for a moment against the sky, saw his knee upon the balustrade, saw him go over—a shapeless mass, a gleam of white from his face underneath—and Madelon covered her ears with her hands. The two men stood silent. From somewhere beneath, in that deep gulf of blackness, came the sound, faint but unmistakable, of a dull thud. Mr. Billingham thrust his revolver back in his pocket and moved anxiously to Madelon's side. From below they could hear the sound of shrieking voices and pattering footsteps along the gravel path.

MR. BILLINGHAM, like the vast majority of his compatriots, thoroughly enjoyed the ministrations of an efficient barber. He was just completing his second session of the day in the chair of his favorite operator—a light, before-dinner shave—when he happened to glance toward the door. Mercifully his attendant had completed his offices with the razor and Mr. Billingham's violent start and sudden leaping to his feet were not accompanied by any disastrous results. With a towel still around his neck he made for the door just in time to confront a tall, thin, very obvious fellow countryman who was on the point of entering.

"For the love of Mike!" Mr. Billingham exclaimed. "Eli Herd! Say, what are you doing here anyhow?"

If Mr. Billingham's surprise at recognizing his friend had been great, Mr. Eli Herd's amazement amounted to consternation. He was a man of sallow complexion who wore gold-rimmed spectacles and might presumably have been the subject of some nervous affection. He shook hands time after time with Mr. Billingham through sheer incapacity to do anything else.

"Well, well!" he faltered at last, with belated eloquence. "Some meeting, this!"

"Nothing wrong with linoleum, I hope," Mr. Billingham demanded anxiously.

"Booming!" was the reassuring reply.

"Then, darn it all, why don't you look glad to see an old friend?" Mr. Billingham insisted.

The newcomer made manifest efforts to regain some measure of poise.

"Say, Samuel," he begged, "take that towel away from your neck, get your hat, and come right along with me."

His friend obeyed, and the two men strolled off together.

"Well, what's the good news, anyway?" Mr. Billingham inquired.

Mr. Eli Herd was afflicted with another fit of silence. He shook his head. He had apparently arrived at some mournful resolution.

"Sam," he said, "we will sit down together at one of those little tables outside the café. You will find—another friend—there. You shall know everything!"

"What in Sam Hill is there to know?" demanded Mr. Billingham, who was a little irritable that evening.

"In three minutes," his companion groaned, "you will understand why my meeting you like this has been something of a shock."

In less than three minutes Mr. Billingham understood perfectly. They crossed the Place in front of the Casino and approached a solitary figure seated underneath one of the striped umbrellas reading a newspaper. At their approach she removed the newspaper for a moment from in front of her face and promptly dropped it. If Mr. Eli Herd had been surprised to see Mr. Billingham, the lady was even more so.

"Samuel!" she cried breathlessly.

"Harriet!" Mr. Billingham gasped.

The lady rose to her feet. She was tall, good-looking in a severe way, of Junoesque proportions. She was somewhat severely dressed in the costume of an American lady traveling round the world with a suitcase.

"Say, what are you doing here with Eli?" Mr. Billingham continued.

As usual, it was the lady who possessed the courage. "Eli and I," she announced, "are on our honeymoon."

"What!" Mr. Billingham exclaimed. "What about me?"

"Our divorce," the lady went on, having now fully recovered her composure, "was pronounced last month. You should have had the papers by this time. In your absence there was no defense to the charges which I was compelled to bring against you."

Mr. Billingham looked helplessly around. A waiter, full of unworthy suspicions, assisted him into a chair.

"Let me get the hang of this," he begged. "You've divorced me and married my lawyer here, Eli Herd."

"Samuel, be calm," she enjoined.

"I'm calm enough," Mr. Billingham assured them, his voice gaining strength at every moment. "Why didn't you let me know about it all?"

"We thought it best to keep the matter to ourselves," the late Mrs. Billingham explained. "Eli said that the divorce would cost us less, pronounced in your absence. Our separation, Samuel, as you know, was irretrievable and final. I make no excuses for my action. Eli has looked after my interests in your absence with care and discretion. He is in a position, fortunately, to release me from any financial obligations toward you.

"I've cleaned up a little lately in New York," Mr. Eli Herd confided—"over a million on that Ardington deal you may have read about."

Mr. Billingham looked around for a waiter. Then his face fell.

"Only one way of celebrating an occasion like this," he sighed, "and, alas, that don't go with you folk. Still as hot on prohibition as ever, Harriet?"

Mrs. Eli Herd coughed. "To tell you

Don't Send Him Canes—He Has Over 400 Now!

By DONALD MacGREGOR

A BATTERED automobile with a funny homemade cage on the back wheezed up the driveway to the White House. The driver stopped with a jolt and beckoned a policeman.

"Me an' the wife here," he announced, jerking his thumb toward the khaki-clad woman beside him, "got a gift for the President. Somethin' we brought from home in Louisiana—a couple of bears. Mountain bears. I captured 'em myself."

Half a dozen secretaries, standing at a safe distance from the panting occupants of the flimsy cage, reviewed the White House precedents in the reception of bears and induced the caller to take them to the Washington zoo in Rock Creek Park. They weren't surprised. All sorts of queer gifts reach the White House.

In Ohio I once knew an energetic carpenter who made a card table out of a staggering number of pieces of wood—5,000, or 50,000, or maybe 500,000. Every time he used a board he cut off a splinter for the table. He whittled and glued and sandpapered and stained at night for five or six years and, when the table was finished, sent it to President McKinley.

Except for eagles, the commonest gifts to all the Presidents are dogs and cats. Mr. Harding's famous dog, Laddie Boy, came from a fancy kennel, as did Mr. Coolidge's two dogs, Rob Roy and Paul Pry, and Mrs. Coolidge's two cats, Blackie and Tige. Each change of administration sees a scramble among breeders to supply the mascot.

Within one week recently Mr. Coolidge's gifts included a baseball bat, a ukulele, a bundle of sheet music, a knitted flag in which there were 115,000 stitches, a twist of Tennessee tobacco, a bound collection of Swedish stamps, a gilded bust of the Prince of Wales, sixteen canes, a bottle containing a wood carving, three boxes of fish bait, a squash with his name on it, an ounce of vanilla extract, his picture (done on a piece of tin), a crate of cantaloupes, a watermelon, a basket of peaches, a box of honey, a wild turkey, a roast of venison, a barrel of apples, a bushel of cranberries, a cake of maple sugar, some homemade preserves, a kit of mackerel, a layer cake, a ham, a crate of oranges and a brace of wild ducks.

Old women often send knitted wool socks and quaint, old-fashioned slippers; old men, wood carvings and handmade pipes. Canes are favorite gifts. Mr. Coolidge already has received more than 400, a few gold-mounted and engraved with his name.

The elephant being the Republican symbol, he receives ivory elephants, wooden elephants, rubber elephants, paper-pulp elephants, copper elephants, iron elephants, elephants singly and in rows, just as Mr. Wilson got all kinds of Democratic donkeys.

Presidents always get an astonishing quantity of needlework, cheap paintings and other ornate articles intended for sale, from peasants in foreign countries who want him to dispose of the things to his friends. The White House returns the shipments through the State Department.

Mr. Wilson, when he returned from Europe after the war, brought back fifteen large crates of native needlework, paintings, keys to cities and fancy memorials, very little of which had more than a sentimental value.

The President accepts all the gifts received unless it is obvious that their sending is prompted by commercial or other selfish motives. In most cases the donors have no idea other than to pay tribute to a man they admire or to obtain official approval of their handiwork.

the truth, Samuel," she confessed, "although my principles remain unchanged, Eli's health during the last few months—"

"The doctor has been most insistent," the latter intervened.

"At this time of the day," Mrs. Herd continued graciously, "we have slipped into the habit of taking what I believe is known as a 'champagne cocktail.'"

Mr. Billingham fanned himself with one hand and summoned a waiter with the other. His order was given in such terms that within five minutes the suggested beverage was brought. He promptly raised his glass.

"Well, here's how!" he said, a little weakly—"I mean," he went on, correcting himself, "my best wishes to you both."

"Say, I'm glad you're taking this right, Sam," his friend declared with an air of relief. "It didn't seem to me you'd any kick, but still we didn't reckon upon coming upon you like this before you'd heard the news."

"It might have been more considerate to prepare me," Mr. Billingham remarked; "but we'll forget it."

"I'm sure I shall always wish you every happiness, Samuel," the lady went on, looking thoughtfully at her empty glass. "You and I were wholly unsuited to one another."

MR. BILLINGHAM replenished the lady's glass from the bottle which the waiter, according to instructions, had brought. "My dear," he said, "let bygones be bygones. I bear neither of you any ill will. To-night I am engaged, but during your stay here we must arrange a little dinner. Eli and I too must have a talk about business."

Temporary addresses were exchanged. Mr. Billingham bade his friends farewell and made his way over to the Hôtel de Paris, where Madelon, seated at one of the little tables upon the terrace, was awaiting his arrival. She looked at him curiously as he made his excuses, ordered the cocktails and called for the menu.

"I will forgive you for being late," she said, "but tell me who those strange people were to whom you were talking?"

Mr. Billingham sat down. "One of them," he said, "was my wife."

"Your what?" Madelon exclaimed, with a queer little note in her tone.

"My wife—was a month ago, I mean," Mr. Billingham explained. "She has just divorced me and married my lawyer. They are on their honeymoon."

"And you didn't know?" Madelon gasped.

"Not an idea," was the emphatic rejoinder. "We parted many years ago. We couldn't hit it off together. She is great on good works and all that sort of thing. And now—"

Mr. Billingham broke off. He was looking across the square. In the distance he could just see Mr. Eli Herd replenishing his companion's glass from the bottle. Suddenly Mr. Billingham began to laugh. He laughed till the tears stood in his eyes. He laughed till Madelon began to laugh too out of sheer sympathy.

"What a ridiculous story!" she exclaimed. "And a ridiculous situation!"

He wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Talk about adventures!" he murmured. . . . "Why, where is your uncle?"

Madelon shook her head sadly.

"He is behaving queerly again," she confided.

"Borrowing money?"

"He didn't ask me for any at luncheon time," she admitted. "He was looking dazed, though, and he scarcely spoke a word. I saw him again later in the afternoon coming out of Wedderburn's, the English solicitor's."

"Can't see how he could touch Wedderburn for anything," Mr. Billingham observed thoughtfully.

"He changed his clothes some time ago," Madelon continued, "so when he does come out he will be ready for dinner—and here he is," she added. "Look at him, on the steps."

Mr. Billingham glanced toward the marquis, who was standing with his hands behind his back, gazing out across the gayly lit square—lit not only with those tree-shaded electric lights but also with the glamour of the moon which was just showing from behind the hills. He stood for a moment like a man whose thoughts had wandered away. Then, with the utmost deliberation, he descended the steps and came toward them.

"I bet he's got it stiff," Mr. Billingham sighed. "I don't care. He can have what he wants from me to-night."

"Are you really so happy?" Madelon whispered.

"There's one thing—" he began.

Madelon withdrew her hand—not abruptly, even perhaps with some reluctance. A *sommelier* had invited Mr. Billingham's attention to the wine list, and before he departed the marquis had entered, nodded to them both, and taken his place. He drank the cocktail which was presented to him, holding it for a moment a little away.

"Forgive me," he begged, "if my toast is a silent one. You will understand it better, perhaps, when I tell you that I have paid my last visit—my last visit as a gambler, that is to say—to that pleasing but grotesque-looking edifice opposite."

"I thought so," Mr. Billingham groaned.

THE marquis leaned a little forward, so that the few words he had to say could be heard by both his companions. His elbows rested lightly upon the table. His elegant finger tips were pressed together.

"My farewell," he confided, "is not of the nature you imagine. To-day has been for me the wonderful day of which I have always dreamed. I entered the Rooms at eleven o'clock this morning with the scanty remains of a mille note in my pocket. At luncheon time I deposited at the Crédit Lyonnais the sum of six hundred and fifty thousand francs. In the middle of the afternoon I handed to my solicitor a further sum of four hundred thousand francs. I have in my pocket—forgive the bulge, which I know is most unsightly—a further two hundred and eighty thousand francs."

Mr. Billingham and Madelon exchanged glances, their expressions in-

(*Continued on page 38*)

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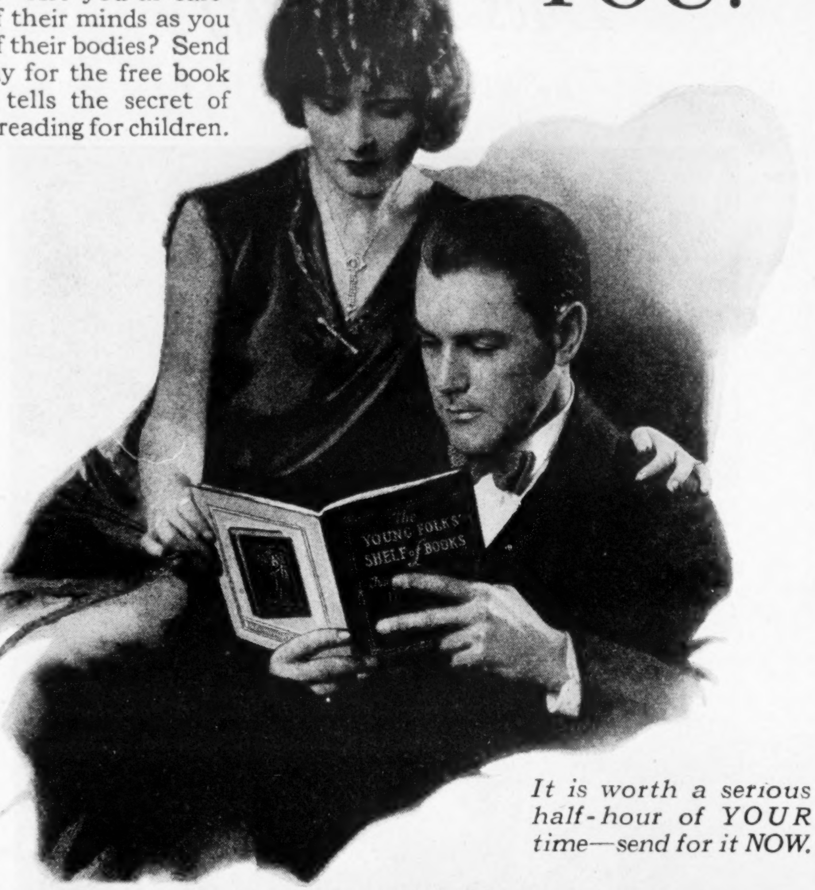

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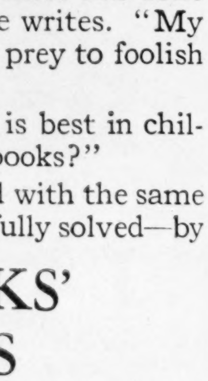

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How a Best Seller Does His Stuff

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

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The Oppenheims facing the camera at their Riviera home

IT IS hard to believe that the vigorous, sun-bronzed, merry sportsman in tweeds who gives you a hearty hand-grip as you come ashore at Monaco is really E. Phillips Oppenheim, the celebrated author of upward of a hundred novels.

A resident of London, with a country home and a shooting box in England, the Riviera for twenty years has been the favorite work and play place of this master writer, and several years ago he purchased the Villa Deveron, at Cagnes-sur-Mer, just beyond Nice, and within easy motoring distance of Monte Carlo, the scene of much of his best fiction. In this delightful spot he spends more than half the year.

When I visited him at Cagnes the past spring he had just completed the series of ten stories about the adventures of Mr. Billingham, the marquis and Madelon for Collier's and was taking a week's well-earned rest. Always an outdoor man, he had been spending most of the time on his yacht at Monaco, coming ashore frequently to dine at the Hôtel de Paris, to try his luck at the gaming tables in the Sporting Club or to dance till four in the morning at the Carlton.

He plays, as he works, intensively. His writing is all done in the morning and after lunch, which he usually takes on the villa's wide veranda with his wife, the most charming of hostesses, who is an American—she was Miss Elsie Hopkins of Boston—and his son-in-law and daughter. "Oppy," as his intimates call him, devotes the afternoon to golf, or to tennis on the courts near by. The evenings are a succession of pleasant dinner parties, at all of which the fascinating Mr. Oppenheim is an ever-welcome guest.

"The only trouble is," said Mr. Oppenheim as we motored back to Monte Carlo over the famous upper Corniche road, "there are far too many dinner parties. They interfere with work."

Yet it is this mingling in the gay social life of the Riviera that contributes to his ability to create such real and human characters as always live in his writings.

Christian, the Concierge

Continued from page 37

stantly betraying one common thought. The marquis smiled tolerantly. From his waistcoat pocket he produced a banker's receipt to which was attached a receipt signed by Peter Wedderburn for the sum he had mentioned. From the breast pocket of his coat he withdrew for an instant an enormous pile of mille notes.

"Systems," he declared, "will never win or even hold their own against the inevitable laws of chance. Inspiration may at times make any man a fortune. The only reason why over there they do not fear inspiration is because there is no man who wins by reason of it who does not lose by afterward following a false one. To-day I have been inspired. I started with two modest *en pleins*. I found my numbers at every table. I increased my stakes to maximums. I still won. In the 'Kitchen,' before lunch, I had broken every record known. I had had forty-two *en pleins* for my three numbers, three quarters of which were in maximums. Not only the *en pleins*, mind you, but when I saw this great wave of fortune I let myself go. I heaped on the *carrés* and the *chevaux*. Nothing stopped me. At the first sign of slackening off, however, I buttoned up my pockets. I had been playing for two and a half hours only. I lunched without a word to Madelon. I visited the bank. I returned to the Cercle Privé with five milles in my pocket and no more. At twenty minutes past four I had won seventeen maximums on *en pleins* alone, with many attendant stakes. I was being followed about so that my progress became almost uncomfortable. For years they will talk of my fortune. The banks were closed, so I saw my friend Mr. Wedderburn, the lawyer, and deposited my money with him. Thereupon I changed my clothes and I returned to the Casino with five milles. I lost four and was preparing to leave. With the last mille I once more struck that amazing streak of luck. *En plein* followed *en plein*. Fourteen, for instance—on which I had the maximum with all the *carrés* and *chevaux*, the *transversal* and the middle column—turned up four times following. You could have heard the roar from the center table in the 'Kitchen' outside in the square. People left off playing at every table to see what was happening. Twenty minutes ago I lost three times following. I smiled. So often I have seen these huge winnings returned to where they came from. I could see it in the faces of the croupiers. I could feel it in the atmosphere. I smiled. I buttoned up my pockets. I lounged outside. I looked around at this beautiful scene. I strolled across here. I dine. Roulette with me is finished."

"This," Mr. Billingham declared solemnly, "is the most amazing evening I have ever known."

The marquis talked on. He discussed his winnings calmly, without the least trace of excitement.

"I have always felt this in my blood," he declared. "It is why I have been so persistent. But I will tell you a strange thing. My great fortune has done this for me. I am no longer a gambler. At the conclusion of our dinner this evening I am telegraphing to Paris to my old friend General Hernais, who has three times lately begged me to share his apartment and his very pleasant life in Paris. I am in a position now to do so. I regret very much, my friend Billingham," he added, "to break up our so pleasant little companionship, but you will, I know, not blame me. For you, my dear Madelon," he concluded, "I shall make whatever arrangements appeal to you most strongly. I need not say that you will share to the fullest extent in my good fortune."

Madelon squeezed his hand. "You are a dear, Uncle," she said, a little vaguely.

"Confessions and new resolutions seem to be in the fashion," Mr. Billingham observed. "I will make one. You do not know, Marquis, although your niece does, that I have been married all these months of our acquaintance."

The marquis was evidently disturbed. Mr. Billingham, however, continued without giving him an opportunity for speech.

"My wife," he went on, "has divorced me. We had not lived together for many years. Our temperaments were entirely different. Our marriage was a mistake, and my freedom is very welcome—especially as my late wife has found all the happiness she desires with another man. Furthermore, my position as an adventurer has been to a certain extent a fraud. All the things which go with adventures are in my blood and part of my life, but I sold out of my business a few months before I came here for a cash sum of over two million dollars, and I still have an interest in the firm."

"More than once I suspected it," the marquis admitted, after a breathless pause. "You had never the appearance of a poor man, my friend Billingham."

MADELON'S eyes were fixed upon her plate. For some reason or another Mr. Billingham's confession had seemed to be lacking in interest to her. Presently the marquis took his departure. Mr. Billingham leaned across the table.

"Madelon," he said a little hoarsely.

She raised her eyes and looked at him.

"It seems our partnership of three must come to an end," he continued. "Would you—would it be possible—to start a partnership of two?"

The surroundings were very wonderful, even inspiring. The moon now was clear of the hills and the faintest of breezes brought the perfume of the flowers from the gardens, and even of the orange blossoms from beyond, across the square. The orchestra was playing in the café. It was all very beautiful, but the most beautiful thing that Mr. Billingham had ever seen in his life was the strange softness in Madelon's eyes and the little quiver of her lips.

"Couldn't we have coffee in your salon and then walk along the terrace and talk about it?" she whispered.

THE END

Are Your City Taxes Too High?

Continued from page 17

It was, in 1923, a three-cornered fight between two former mayors and a newcomer. The newcomer was the local business man. His platform contained one plank that was different from anything favored by the political machines: reduction of the tax rate. On that plank he was elected.

Mayor Jackson went to the thirteen leading corporations of Baltimore and asked their executives *to lend themselves* to the city, to help him find how expenditures could be cut and taxes reduced.

The mayor's now famous commission was formed with Major Ezra B. Whitman, thrice head of the Public Service Commission and a distinguished engineer, as chairman, and W. J. Casey, who had first suggested the lending of corporation experts to the city, as vice chairman.

What did the commission do? The first step was an accounting and engineering survey. Weeks were spent planning a questionnaire with 400 queries so put and so arranged by skilled accountants that, when sent out to each of the forty-five city departments, they were like a dredge to be plunged into "the books of the city." It was an analysis of every penny spent, of every method used.

Meanwhile a committee (paying its own traveling expenses) visited nine cities to see what was being done elsewhere and to bring suggestions home.

A third group studied city records.

With all the facts before it, the Baltimore Commission met to sum-

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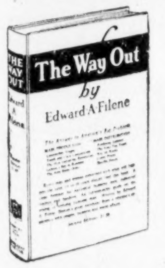

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marize them. The facts were amazing.

There was owing to Baltimore $11,000,000, embracing over 75,000 accounts, some dating back five or six years, others even outlawed. Baltimore had presented her bills promptly enough, but had forgotten all about the tiresome business of dunning bad debtors and collecting. One man alone owed $10,000. The city had collected only 80 per cent of her debts. Shocking? See how some other cities stood in 1923 in tax collection:

City	% Collected	City	% Collected
New York	88	Chicago	80
Philadelphia	95	Detroit	95
Pittsburgh	92	St. Louis	85
Buffalo	98	Los Angeles	98
Newark	84	Kansas City	90
San Francisco	85	Seattle	93
New Orleans	90	Milwaukee	98
Baltimore	80		

The questionnaires showed that each of Baltimore's departments was making its own bills, paying its own bills, operating its own telephone exchange. Employees' vacations and absences were granted at will. No department seemed to know just what it owed; none knew how much it had, exactly, to spend.

The first thing the commission did was to show that a city need not have bad debts. They went after the city's delinquent taxpayers. The only method possible—publicity—was used. Newspapers assisted. City employees were carefully drilled in corporation methods of handling a big drive for collections. Result: by January 1, 1925, $4,621,000 in delinquent taxes, some due for years, had been collected. That alone cut the 1925 tax rate 10 per cent.

Next, two bureaus were created and put in action. So much faith did Baltimoreans have that, to permit this, the city charter was changed—by popular vote. To-day the Bureau of Receipts manages all revenue; the Bureau of Disbursements all money spent by the city. The mayor receives a statement every thirty days.

To cut out waste through duplication, all taxes are now paid at a central office. An innovation is the single tax bill sent Baltimore taxpayers. Every item is listed on it, so that a man pays all taxes now by one bill. It's a convenience familiar to any department-store client. For every taxpayer there has been made a metal plate with name, address and tax assessment on it; tampering is a pretty stiff job. The pay-as-you-go system has been set up. Each department, at the beginning of the year, is apportioned a set sum. Every contract proposed must be set against that sum; if the "account" shows there's not enough money to pay, the expenditure cannot be made. No debts hang over.

No automobile owner in Baltimore who has not paid back taxes receives his 1925 license; he must choose between parking his car for life and paying up.

A central pay roll was introduced. A central telephone exchange will save the city $12,000 a year. Baltimore now does business; not each department.

City employees have been surprisingly content. Baltimore is saving money—and Baltimoreans are jubilant.

Do You Believe in Luck?

Continued from page 26

broke Herreshoff's heart. The American golfer had cut down a lead of 6 holes to stand all square as they faced the first extra hole at Apawamis. It is now ancient history how Hilton's second, badly sliced and headed for woods, rocks and other trouble, struck a boulder and caromed back upon the green close to the pin. Still, all that is part of golf.

In an amateur golf championship the "luck of the draw" is supposed to be a vital factor.

In 1922 at Brookline young Jess Sweetser, then just twenty years old, looked ahead and saw a line of probable opponents that included Willie Hunter, Jess Guilford, Bobby Jones and Chick Evans. Here were the four hardest men on the field. But in place of complaining about a "tough break" Sweetser went to battle with more determination than ever, cutting each one down in turn with the finest golf he had ever played. His golf was impressive, but the most impressive feature of the entire occasion was the serenity with which he faced a heartbreaking draw.

Modern football, in which so much forward passing is used, carries a large roll of happy and unhappy fortune. It is full of luck, one way or another. The better team, even on a given day, doesn't always win. Yet if any suggestion is made that luck played a big part in victory the ensuing roar can be heard twice as far as the shots fired by some Lexington farmers a good many years ago.

Football to-day is much like bridge—the playing of the hand is a big factor but the luck of the cards is something that can't be overlooked.

In 1922 Bill Roper at Princeton had one of the best-looking football teams in many years, yet almost before he could get started Lourie, Garrity, and, finally, Stan Keck were badly injured. Three stars out of commission, two hurt in a minor game! The luck of injuries and accidents is a big factor in football, since no coach and no trainer can guard against it.

The luckiest turn I ever saw in football came in a Princeton-Dartmouth game with the score 0-0. The Tiger fullback, attempting a drop kick, missed the shot. The ball barely skimmed across the forward lines, rolled along the ground and finally, hitting some bump in the field, hopped high in the air and sailed over the bar. In this case an error brought victory.

Luck, good and bad, must be recognized as an integral part of competitive sport. It can be a wrecker or a builder of sport philosophy. And good luck isn't always the best builder. A writer in Punch recites the story of the golfer who faced a gale, breasted the hurricane, and went out in 38. Starting home he had the wind at his back and, attempting greater distance, spoiled the shot. Whereupon he exclaimed:

> *"A head wind is a head wind and a man*
> *kens what to do—*
> *But, lad, take tent of a following wind—*
> *and a following fortune too."*

It's the head wind of fortune that builds the ultimate champion, not the following and supporting gale.

Women, Women, WOMEN!

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

Did you ever notice what a gift they have for spending money? The wife you now possess may seem especially talented, but hold on! Before exchanging, read about the striking experience of Hugh Carlton

in next week's
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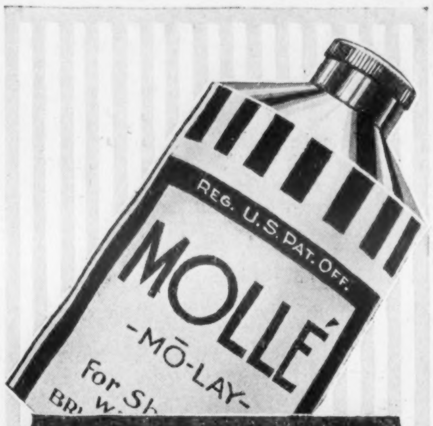

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West Meets East

Continued from page 11

I'm going to Yale," he continued with a quick laugh. "Father doesn't know it yet, but I am."

"You keep in condition, and you'll make the crew when you get to Yale. You need inches. But you've got the build," Jerry told him.

ON FRIDAY morning, the day of the matches, Chick was restless. He sat on the piazza, went up to his room, came down again, turned the pages of a magazine, yawned, gazed out at the white-capped ocean, indigo under a cloudless sky, and then wandered out to the garage. When he returned he found his mother dressed for golf, waiting on the Walkers.

When the Walkers' car drew up for her, he hastened out and laid a hand on the side of the machine.

"Say, Mother, you and Dad and Mr. and Mrs. Walker ought to go down to the Sovereign this afternoon to the swimming matches."

"Run along, dear. We're in a hurry. You go to the Sovereign yourself."

They drove off, Chick watching them with eyes to which the disappointment would rise.

Then the car stopped. "Charles!" his mother called to him. "Come here."

He sauntered up slowly. "What you want?" he asked.

"Charles, are you going to be in any of those matches this afternoon?" Her voice was strangely gentle.

"You come down and see!" he threw to her, turned on his heel, and ran back toward the house.

"Boys are beyond me!" she ejaculated as Henry, the Walkers' chauffeur, swung the big car out into the road. "I suppose we'll have to go."

By noon Chick was in a nervous frenzy of impatience. He argued with Olson about the inner workings of the Darrah motor until Olson threatened to throw him out of the garage. He snapped at his mother when she arrived, hot and tired from her nine holes.

"What's the matter with that boy, anyway?" his mother asked her husband. "I've never seen him act worse."

"He's entered in one of the matches this afternoon," Wayne Darrah smiled. "I saw it in the Harbor News this morning. So get on your best bib and tucker, and prepare to see your son—lose his first race. I wondered what had been eating him for these last two weeks—all this exercise and interest in his muscles. I haven't smelled any cigarettes either."

At two o'clock Chick, without a word to his family, went off to the Sovereign. A flock of motors was already emptying gay crowds at the hotel. Girls and women in bright sports clothes wandered in and out of the lounge. Boys, knickered and hatless, swaggered about. Men sat talking.

When the first entries were called after what seemed to Chick an interminable time, he caught sight of Sammy Timpkins leaning over Gary Brown's shoulder, and behind them peered the laughing eyes of Slim Dunbar. How they would giggle when he came trailing in at the end of the line!

BUT he felt more confident of success when the princess appeared with Jerry Coates, who came immediately up to Chick and patted him on the back.

"Looking good, Chick!" he said cheerfully, and some of his cheerfulness entered into Chick's limp back. "Didn't overeat for lunch, did you?"

His strong fingers closed around Chick's arm muscle. "You're all right. In the pink of condition. Now don't get scared." He smiled radiantly down at his protégé.

The first matches Chick scarcely saw, scarcely heard the clapping that followed the announcement of winners. He only saw Sammy Timpkins' laughing eyes, finally saw his mother's serious face peeping out from between two women, noticed that Marjorie Coates, the princess, had edged in until she was so close he could feel the touch of her dress against his bare shoulder.

When his match was called, he looked up at Jerry. "Time to start?", he asked, and wondered vaguely why his voice made so little noise.

Jerry threw an arm across his shoulders. "Go to it, boy! Remember Yale! Some day you'll be doing it for old Eli!"

A lump came into Chick's throat. He slid into the water to get wet preliminary to his dive off.

After that, from the moment the gun went off until he came in a head's length in front of his nearest opponent, he knew nothing except that he was going to win if his heart burst in the effort.

He pulled himself up beside Jerry Coates, and sat panting while the announcer's voice rang out: "Darrah, Chicago, first; Chappin, Boston, second!" Then the time.

Jerry's arm was about Chick's shoulders as they crouched together to watch the next match. "Good boy! You did it! And in beautiful form!"

Events crowded upon one another after that. Chick's father and mother came up to him, his mother's face shining.

"Oh, Charles!" she said. "I'm so proud of you!"

Chick couldn't look at her.

"Not bad at all," his father said, and Chick *could* look at him.

HALF an hour later, when he walked out of the Sovereign, making a gallant effort to act as if he thought nobody was looking admiringly at him, Jerry Coates was on one side of him—and the princess on the other. He waved a hand to his father and mother and helped the princess into Jerry's roadster.

Sammy, Slim, and fat Gary were watching them.

"Let's drive down to the port and get some ginger ice cream, to celebrate," the princess suggested, and smiled one of her winning smiles at Chick.

"Climb in, Chick," Jerry said. "Want to ask the cake-eaters to go along?" he inquired of Marjorie, with a wink for his young friend.

The princess looked over to where Sammy and his companions were standing, closer now to the roadster.

"No," she said without an instant's hesitation. "They're just waiting around to be asked. You know how they are, Jerry. I told you." Then she turned her attention to Chick. "I just love ginger ice cream, don't you?"

"You bet!" Chick agreed with enthusiasm, though he had never tasted any.

David Warfield (left) in "The Belle of New York." The pretty lady is Edna May

From Footlights to Fireside

Continued from page 13

when David Belasco wrote me during a Weber and Fields run, asking me to see him. I called. Belasco and I came to terms and he commissioned Lee Arthur to write a play to carry the title "The Only Levi." Arthur did it and the play was terrible. So Charles Kline was called in to collaborate.

The result of the collaboration was also terrible. We found, however, a good title for it—"The Auctioneer." Had I played it as the authors had written it I'm sure that it would soon have been necessary for me to get back to revue and probably stay there. But I saw possibilities in the straight comedy and pathos of the part of Simon Levi. I took the part and studied it, editing it to make it what it eventually was. We opened in Hartford in September, 1901. The first performance was a nightmare. We whipped it into shape and, after a great deal of editing, it became part of American theatrical history, although, as the English charwoman said, "I says it as shouldn't."

An example of the drastic changes made in the play was that of Levi's pivotal speech where he has to supply—with as much economy as possible—his background to gain in one stroke the sympathy of the audience. In the original version the authors had in it a long story of how he had found Hilda, the Christian girl heroine, as a baby, at his doorstep with a cross around her neck and taken her in. This struck me as clumsy and in bad taste, so I substituted the speech—one of the briefest character paintings, I think, in any play—wherein Levi states that once he was a poor peddler living in a box of a room in a tenement; that he became ill because he didn't make a decent living and get enough to eat; that an old Christian widow had brought him food and medicine and saved his life, and that he could never forget that debt. The entire speech was hardly more than a night letter and it made the character.

We came to the old Bijou in New York with "The Auctioneer." The Bijou had a capacity of only eight or nine hundred, and we played there thirteen weeks. Then we took "The Auctioneer" on the road for a long run, going as far west as Chicago. We played this piece for two and a half seasons. It is the type of play which under modern conditions would have an indefinite run, like "Abie's Irish Rose."

"The Music Master" came next. Then "A Grand Army Man," a mighty poor play, but one in which my rôle was tremendous in emotional opportunity. I think I liked best of all "The Music Master," which was for several seasons a hardy perennial. "The Return of Peter Grimm" was also a sound success from the start. In this play a young Irish-American actor from Pittsburgh was one of my supporting players. I liked him personally and I liked his work. One day in Chicago (he was not with my company then, but was playing in another attraction) he called on me at my hotel to tell me that he had an offer to go into motion pictures—this was in 1909 or 1910. I advised him to go in, knowing that he had manly grace and a true histrionic gift. He went in, and the world knows Tommy Meighan to-day as one of the great stars of the screen.

With the part of Vanderdecken in "The Flying Dutchman" I was less pleased than with any other part I ever played. I was uncomfortable in it. I knew it didn't satisfy audiences as did "The Music Master," "The Auctioneer" and "Peter Grimm." In those I didn't *play* the part—I *was*, quite literally the rôle I played. The ingenuity and initiative gained in my music-hall and burlesque days helped me with those parts.

It has always amused me to recall that a boyhood vow I made on leaving San Francisco was literally fulfilled. I determined that I would never play in the town again, save as a star. Of course, I visited my people during summer vacations from New York; but when I played in San Francisco it was as a star; and friends of mine contributed to the thrill of happiness when, forty-eight hours before the first performance was due to open, they took my mother to see the line forming to buy tickets outside the theatre where I was to play "The Music Master."

To some a stage career of three major rôles, of three rôles that live, may appear to lack the complicated crowding of the usual tale of stage success. But when I found a genuinely successful part I was as loath to change as the maker of, say, a shaving soap who strikes the popular fancy with a special brand.

Friends tell me that "The Music Master" and my other favorites could be revived successfully. We did revive "The Auctioneer," and it made a decided hit.

I've never been ambitious to play in Europe or to play in the movies, although the pictures remain yet a proposition to be considered. Naturally, like most legitimate actors, I had ambitions to play Shakespeare. Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" was the rôle I selected. I had seen great renditions of this rôle by Booth and Irving, both magnificent actors, and I was eager to give my interpretation.

For me Shylock was a little different from any interpretation I had seen. I realized in him a Venetian money lender, pestered by Antonio, the richest merchant in Venice, and lending him money on a bond for a pound of flesh simply to get rid of the bully, knowing all along that the bargain was extravagant. But, under subsequent persecution, Shylock, according to my reading of the part, went insane, insane enough to insist upon the literal fulfillment of his bond. That was my reading of the play. Shylock, like Hamlet, went mad; but Shylock's madness was not methodical—it was sheer animal frenzy.

For the last twenty years of my stage career, in all the parts that my friends are kind enough to call my great parts, I played naturally, without even the assistance of grease paint. Excepting in Shylock, I have never worn a wig in my major parts. To me it is a clumsy hindrance to freedom of gesture and mobility of countenance.

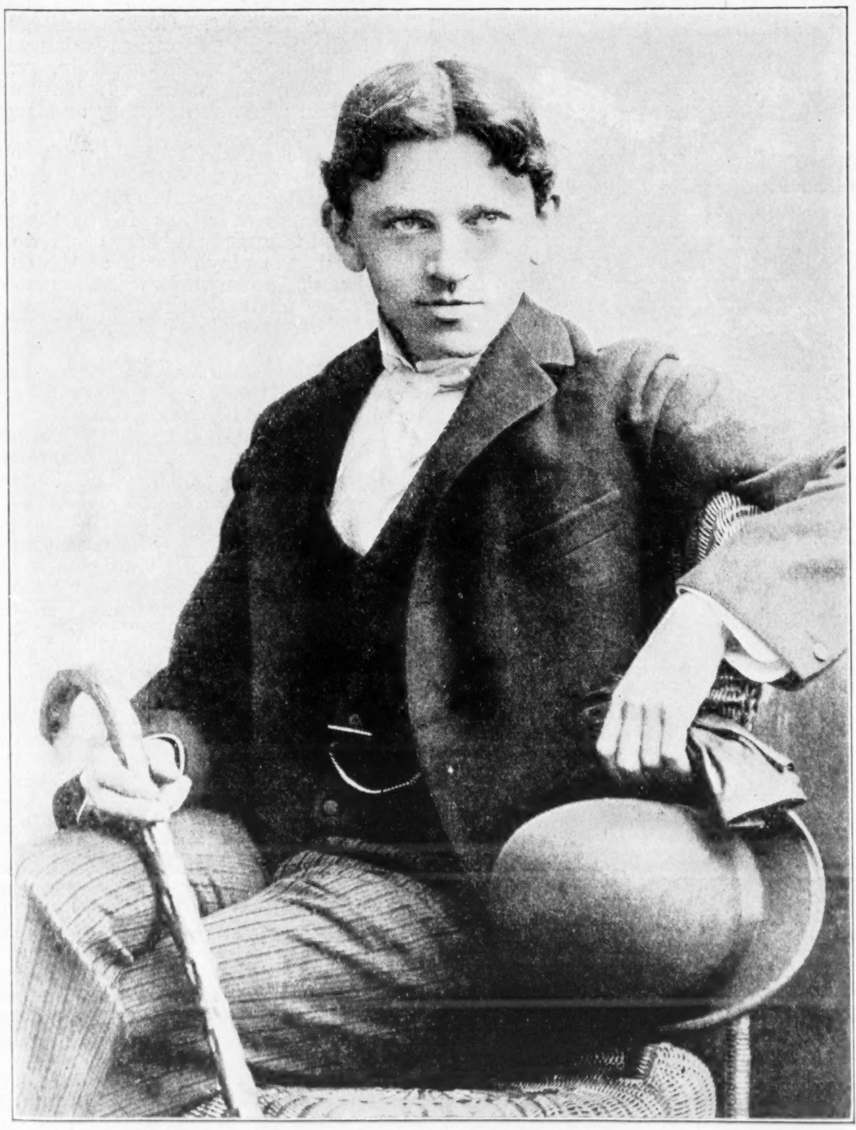
I don't know that I shall ever play again. It is now a year since I faced the footlights. Certainly, the road will never tempt me, grateful as I am to a loyal following.

The truth is that I'm a home-loving man. Also, I have always made present prosperity take care of my future. I married a San Francisco girl in 1899, and I've stayed married. I love my wife and I love my home. There are legends to the effect that I'm a man of wealth, that I own theatres, and so forth. The plain fact is that when Marcus Loew commenced his enterprises I joined hands with him to some extent. He was good enough to pay me the compliment of naming one of his theatres after me in San Francisco. That's the extent of my ownership.

For twenty years I've lived in what I consider an ideal home in New York, with peaceful Central Park almost under my study window. It's going to be hard for any proposition, however attractive, to lure me from that home. To me the quiet routine of home life is better than the so-called luxury and adulation of road touring. My hobby is collecting antiques.

So now, although I've yet to see my sixtieth year, you can write me down as a veteran watching the passing show from my favorite scene—the home scene. Smoking perhaps a little more than is good for me; spending my money on my hobby—antiques; meeting my friends at the Lambs' Club; obeying the laws like a peaceful citizen—even the Volstead law, for drink never had charms for me (I've seen too many promising careers wrecked by it).

After years on the road, roughing it and de luxe, I've learned that home is sweet, and of one thing I'm sure: it's the final scene for me.



At the age of thirty David Warfield was just beginning his career with Weber and Fields and their famous company

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The Incompatible Angels

Continued from page 6

might call a realized necessity. I thought of it just after I wrote you and just as this gray old April first began to turn green and blue. Almost that very day Count Charamé offered me—" She hesitated and seemed occupied with her fruit knife. "Did I write about the count, George?" (Quite innocently.)

George glared. "I think not, my dear. I presume he is the politician who is to influence the judge who is the friend of the lawyer who is so ably handling your case. You have told more than you know yourself about this Rupert and this Davide and you mentioned Philippe—"

"Philippe? Well, then you know all about the count! Philippe *is* the count! Don't you see, George?"

"Yes, I do see, Iolanthe."

"I knew you would. Well, the count has offered me— Wait a minute." She pondered. "George, you remember how utterly and adorably cunning the French countryside is in spring, don't you? Everything is so wet and fragrant of earth, and the sky has just had a new coat of blue paint, and green grass fuzzes the edges of brooks which ramble blithely alongside a crumbling ruin or out across a meadow. You remember all that? You remember how a brook sort of mutters and how grass whispers when you put your face in it? Don't you, George—?"

"Of course—of course." George hadn't been listening too well. He couldn't watch the sunlight play with her hair like that and listen at the same time. "But what has it to do with whether or not you've gotten—"

"Now wait, George. It has lots to do with it. I must make you understand that I simply had to get out into the country. You do, don't you? Well, then, listen—now listen to this for luck—the other day Rupert got some saddle horses and took me riding in the Bois. I think it was a most kind thing for one's lawyer to do, and we were very gay until who should canter up and join us but Davide. Rupert became morose almost at once and there was nothing left for me to do but talk to Davide about how I wished I could have a house in the country instead of my suite here at the Grand Bretagne—"

"HOW very interesting!" George wasn't being pleasant. "Your explanations are so beautifully lucid and to the point, Iolanthe. But what I want to know in one word is—"

"You see, George? You see? That's the way you always do just when I'm telling you as fast as I can. Now are you going to listen? All right, then. Where was I? Oh, yes—well, the next time I noticed Rupert he was saluting with his crop quite the most entrancing man on a black horse I've ever seen—"

"Really!"

"Oh, absolutely, George. Pour me a little coffee, will you? There. Yes, he had raven-black hair with a single streak of white in it, and you know what that does to a woman. He rode like a cuirassier and when Rupert, with the queerest smile at Davide, beckoned him to join us, he was the most gallant—well! But to make a long story short—"

"Yes. Please."

"Well, what do you think? Who should he be but Count Charamé, and what should he be but a real-estate agent—"

"I knew it!"

"Oh, you did not, George. Just think how cute it is for a count to be in the real-estate business. Now, that's typically French. Do eat your toast, George. The count was intensely interested to hear that I wanted a country house."

"Oh, indeed?" George's face was hardening to a mask. The phone rang and he pushed Raoul aside to answer it. "Who? Tell him she's out. Say she's gone to Brazil. Yes, I said Brazil."

"Who was that, George? Well, no matter—as I was saying, Philippe called the very next morning—"

"You called him Philippe the very first morning?"

"Well, no, not really until afternoon. He called for me in a palatial foreign car—of course not foreign here—and took me into the country to look at châteaux. Every New York real-estate agent ought to take lessons from the count. Why, you hardly realized he was a real-estate agent at all—"

"How clever of you." George sat down.

"Why? Anyway, he talked perfectly beautifully and said that nothing but the oldest and most picturesque of the Loire châteaux could be a suitable background for such an exquisite—but you wouldn't be interested in what he said I was. Would you, George?"

GEORGE'S napkin slapped down on the table and he stood up. "Not in the least, my dear; not in the least. Raoul go down and get me the ship schedule, will you?" He began to pace the room again, shaking his head. Nanette shrank back when he passed her.

"Please sit down, George. You make me nervous. That's the way you do—always interrupt me right in the middle of a sentence. What you need is some husky country girl of a wife who never has anything to say and just listens to you babble about gold and beet-sugar deals all day. However—a house in the country is not so easy to get, and Philippe and I, or rather, my agent and I, had to drive out for several days in succession. It was not unpleasant, though. The count seemed to know many of the people we visited and we were graciously received and given English walnuts and wine. We generally, my agent and I, had lunch in some precious white village, as compact against the background of fields as one of your new Silver Kings on the putting green. Philippe knows more kinds of omelettes and cheeses than there are and we never had the same wine twice."

"How nice!"

"Oh, it *was* nice. And when I began to get discouraged about finding a house—George, I want you to hear what he did; I could have wept at such kindness from a real-estate agent—he offered me his own darling of a château at Neuilly la Petite. He said, 'Madame, perhaps you will accept with the compliments of Count Charamé his little place at Neuilly la Petite.' He even became angry when I refused—"

"Bully for you!"

"Well, of course, I couldn't accept such a gift, George, even for the summer. Yes, he became very angry and said: 'Either, madame, I have misjudged your sort or you are the most avaricious of your sort I've ever encountered. Perhaps the Versailles Palace would interest you." Naturally I told him I didn't want the palace and that the château at Neuilly la Petite was perfect, but that it wasn't fair to my husband to accept things from other men, at least until I got my decree—"

George whirled around. "What! You haven't got it, then?" In one leap and a flurry of blue and pink and gray he had her up in his arms, shaking her and then kissing her. "Well, I'm glad you haven't got it, Baby. Because you're not going to get it—ever. See? You're never going to get that far away from me again. Are you?"

"I don't think I'll ever get out of the hospital when you've finished manhandling me, George." But Iolanthe found herself clinging and felt sort of safer and less puzzled about everything than she had for a long time.

"Manon! Mignonette!" George was gesticulating at the terrified Nanette. "Whatever in the devil is your maid's name, Iolanthe? Ninon! Will you go out and bring in that box of flowers I left at the door? Then go downstairs and buy some more. Strew 'em around. Hurry. And you, Iolanthe, get dressed. Come on. We're going out to celebrate. We'll make this town look like Armistice night."

Iolanthe had already slipped out of her dressing robe and stood there like a pink-clad little boy, or pink-clad but not like a boy. "Well, George—George, what shall I wear?"

"Oh, something. Anything blue. Hurry. I'll hook you myself. We'll go get that dress that has Monsieur McSweeney's lifeblood in it, though I hope it isn't red. Where's Raoul? I want a taxi. I'll buy you some wine that will make not only your teeth numb but your tongue also—"

"That would be terrible, George. What I must do is drive up the Champs Elysées in a victoria—"

PARIS saw them here and there, and a little smile played over her bright springtime face, sunny and blue with sympathy and yet perhaps a trifle whimsically sad with too much knowing.

So they drove up the Champs Elysées in a victoria and on into the Avenue de Bois and back again. But they didn't see any of the sights. They had better things to look at. George saw gray eyes that were somewhat triangular when Iolanthe was uncertain, very round when she wondered, long and oval when she was listening or sleepy, Iolanthe's eyes.

And she saw George—sweet, old, stubborn George who never let a fellow get into serious trouble and who made money hand over fist in beet-sugar deals and trimmed all those other women's husbands playing golf at the club. She hadn't known what was the matter with her until George came. "How soon is it to luncheon?" she asked. "I'm hungry."

George gave the victoria driver a huge tip. "Don't let your wife get away, old boy," he said.

"You mustn't tip like that, George," whispered Iolanthe. "It's *so* American. Besides, there's no telling what I'll need our money for. Men spend *more* money right out of their pockets—"

"My dear, I'll do my own tipping," said George. "And I didn't come over here exactly on a shoestring. So don't worry. Where do we go next? I'm so damn happy I don't care." He hailed a passing cab.

This exchange of vehicles was observed from the sidewalk by a tall and beautifully attired gentleman, not quite French, an Englishman with Parisian icing perhaps rather than the genuine boulevardier. "Oh?—yes?—no!—yes, by Jove! It *is* she!" He forgot his dignity and dashed into the street. "Halloa, there! Iolanthe!" he called. "My dear girl—what is this—?"

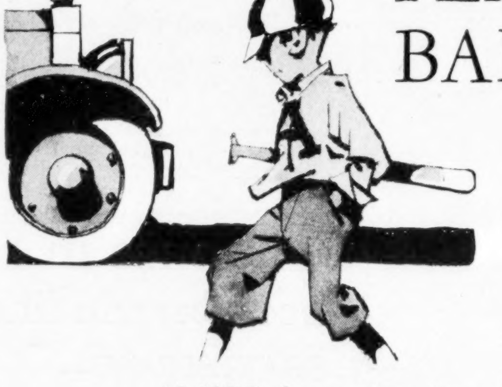
But Rupert was too late. The cab whirled away and left him coughing in the white and gaseous swirl from its exhaust.

They sped on, through the Place de l'Opéra, on into the Rue des Italiens, the driver taking care not to endanger his reputation by missing anything by more than half an inch.

The Café Cardinal's various shades of red surrounded them, a gleaming white table against a gorgeous background, and both their heads behind the same huge *carte du jour*. There was something about them, an emanating

(*Continued on page 44*)

The Kids Are PLAYING BALL



By
GEORGE
PHAIR

ALONG the teeming city street
The massive motors haul
Their loads of brick and coal and meat
And groceries and all.
The limousines and hunks of tin
Go honking out and skidding in,
And in the midst of all the din
The kids are playing ball.

While older, weaker hearts are struck
With terror and dismay
They calmly duck a motor truck
To make a double play.
With agile feet and smiling face
A heedless youngster steals a base
Where taxicabs and roadsters race
Along the crowded way.

I often wonder as I sit
By pastures cool and sweet
And watch the well-paid athletes flit
About on nimble feet
If Ruth could knock them far and high
With steady hand and fearless eye
Amid the motor trucks that fly
Along the roaring street.

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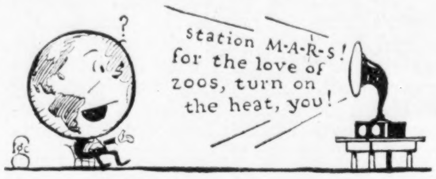
Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Away From Mandalay

ONE of the facts already determined by the international investigation of atmospheric electricity is that thunderstorms may develop sufficient power to radiate impulses completely around the world. Since there are local storms occurring in some part of the world every day, it might be quite possible that the crashes which are spoiling your program just now are coming from Mandalay or even Timbuktu.


?
Station M-A-R-S! for the love of zoos, turn on the heat, you!

Fry or Freeze 'Em

DONALD E. LEARNED of Columbus, Ohio, has discovered an ingenious means of signaling to Mars. He says: "It is well known that in the vacuum tube the polarity of the grid controls the electron stream. It is also pretty generally accepted that the sun is emitting electrons, but why in heaven should it direct its electrons to the planets only?

"Now suppose that at the next conjunction of sun, earth and Mars we should charge this old globe alternately positive and negative. Earth positive, Mars more heat. Earth negative, Mars less heat. Surely the Martians would notice that, and the problem of signaling Mars would be solved forever." Well, Don, it sounds all right, but your scheme is pretty tough on the Martians.

Recording Your Own

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the developments of the future will be a combined phonograph and radio receiver which will have an attachment connected to it for recording selections or speeches received by radio. With such an arrangement every citizen will be able to make his own record of a Presidential address, or other important historical peroration.

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Priceless Words

THE statement has lately come out of Washington that $40,000 of the $75,000 appropriated for the International Radio Convention, which is to be held there this fall, is to be used in printing. Radio has a wonderful vocabulary and some valuable phrases, but I never dreamed there were $40,000 worth of words in it.

Radio an' 'Rithmetic

HARRY GILBERT of Los Angeles slips this one along as a new use for radio. Says he: "I teach. That means papers to correct. Dog's life. Much of checking is routine, easy problems and that sort of thing. I have learned to listen on the side. When I get sleepy or bored with the tiresome array of calories and grams and volts I stop a little and listen to a little opera or a snappy talk. When I get tired of the music I hit the papers again.

"The funny thing is that it works. I do not get sleepy at the job as I used to do, and as long as the papers are the usual kind I get 'em done and done right. No more nodding over the dear children's remarks about Boyles' law."

Something New

A NEW YORK newspaper reports that an enterprising individual has opened up a radio pawnshop where improvident or temporarily embarrassed fans may receive financial solace in return for temporary custody of their most cherished possession. Probably the new merchant will use a three-wire antenna as his sign in place of the customary gilded balls.

Don't Miss This Opportunity

A PRIZE of $10 is yours if you send us an original radio experience or suggestion worth printing in these columns. We like the stories to be of general interest and not too technical. Make them brief and to the point and send them to Jack Binns, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

A Grouch's Complaint

AT NIGHT when, on my radio,
  I get an act I do not like,
Some remnant of a vaudeville show,
  Some super-foolish Mike and Ike,
It's not enough that I can hang
  My headphones up and disappear,
I want to boo the whole darn gang,
  To HISS so Mike and Ike can hear.

I slip the earmuffs on again;
  A turn—and something else I get;
But can't deny (I try in vain)
  That Mike and Ike are talking yet.
Another turn—and sure enough,
  I find their cackle in my ear.
Oh, for a way to treat 'em rough!
  To HISS so Mike and Ike can hear!

Inventors, science! Give me this—
  I don't ask much as favors go;
A dead sure way so I can hiss,
  Full force, five hundred miles or so.
They "got the hook" in vaudeville days;
  The crowd could make its meaning clear;
Now radio's come; there must be ways
  To hiss so Mike and Ike can HEAR!

ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

"—and here's the very gun I bored him with!"

Did You Hear Him?

VETERANS of a hundred adventures from the early gold rushes, the Spanish-American War and the Garcia uprising in Mexico tuned in their radio sets last month to KOA at Denver, to listen to their old bunkie Clem Yore, poet of the Rockies, when he made his first appearance before the microphone. Yore has prospected in the Cripple Creek and the Klondike. He has served in the Texas Rangers and the Canadian Northwest Mounted. He has done all those things which make of a man the sturdy pioneer. From the Mackenzie to the Gulf his old pals listened for his voice while dreaming fondly of the adventures of yesteryear.

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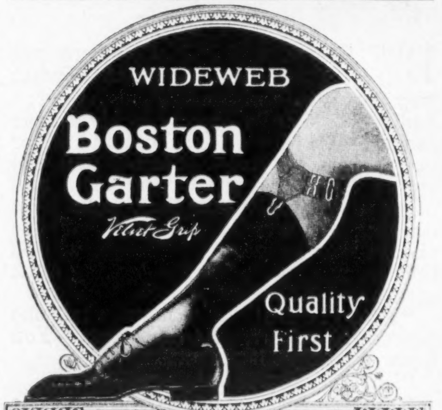

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GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

The Incompatible Angels

Continued from page 42

radiance or something—enough, anyway, to make a French gentleman sitting opposite raise his wine glass and murmur a verse. George stood up with his own glass and said, "Vive la France!" and might have said more if Iolanthe had not pulled him down. Everybody around them seemed to belong to the same luncheon party after that. They all laughed and talked to each other, and Iolanthe blushed.

LAWRENCE PERRY

writes a splendid sport story because he makes sure, first of all, that he has a *story*. You don't have to have seen a college crew in a race to get the thrill of what happened to John Dexter. Look for "Give Way!"

in next week's Collier's

Who knows where they went and what they did? The matinée revue at the Theatre Saint Michel was over and a crowd swarmed out upon the broad pavement, a gay crowd, but not so gay as George and Iolanthe, who were in its midst. They had almost been put out after the fourth number because it had been a tragic song and they had laughed.

Outside they could laugh as much as they pleased, and it must have been that rippling joy of Iolanthe's, like sleighbells, that made Monsieur Davide Cassat turn and search the sea of faces so intently. He saw her finally and started to bore his way through the intervening crowd, struggling at the same time to draw a document from his pocket. "Madame!" he called out. "*Voici!* You must sign a name for the decree! Wait, madame!"

But she didn't hear. She and George were climbing into a taxi.

The hush of dawn came upon the cabaret room of the brilliant midnight café. The white flare of lights seemed suddenly to become yellow and dim; the clatter of silver and china and the chink of glasses were audible and waiters were noisy; the unexpected bursting into song of the evening's last entertainer startled everyone. It was nearly four in the morning.

BUT George and Iolanthe were not tired. They looked around to see what was the matter with everybody. George had found time to change to his dinner jacket. Iolanthe wore a blue and silver gown—such a blue! Dinner and the Opéra Comique were behind them and other things and they had been here dancing for over two hours. Where should they go next? "George, who is that woman—that terrible-looking dark creature—waving at you?"

"Where? Oh! You mean that one across the room? Oh, of course. You know who that is, Iolanthe."

"Do I? I don't, but I will—"

"Yes—that's the poor little Madame Vauclaire I told you about meeting on the boat. Let's go. I've paid the check."

"Yes, let's. Oh, George, hurry. I believe she's coming over. Isn't she perfectly horrible!"

"Ghastly," said George. "Come on, darling, I couldn't possibly waste a minute of this day talking to such a person."

Iolanthe squeezed his arm.

It was the seventeenth taxicab they had hired that day, and if dilapidation, rambling, coughing, age of both driver and vehicle had been matters of progression these veterans of the famous taxicab battle of the Marne would have been a proper climax. But the affair moved at least and, sitting together in the same corner of its broken-down back seat, they weren't even conscious of the manner of its moving. "Do you know," said Iolanthe, a little faintly, "now that we've seen Paris—I don't think we've missed anything, do you, George?—well, you know what I wish? That when I open my eyes next I could look out upon a green field and see a white sheep in it and a big bird 'way up in the sky."

George laughed. "We're a long way from Illinois, sweetheart."

"Yes, but it's not so far to—Neuilly la Petite. He gave me the château, didn't he? I guess I can have in it whomever I please."

George's smile broadened to a grin. Then he laughed. "Hey! Dis donc!" he rapped on the window behind the driver's ancient head. "Hey, regardez! Nous desirons—how do you say it, dear?—allez Neuilly la Petite vite, vite, vite!"

A CAPACIOUS two-wheeled cart bobbed down the driveway from the Château Charamé and headed for the village. The placid old white horse which drew it seemed to lift his huge, fetlocked hoofs reluctantly.

George held the right rein in his outside hand and Iolanthe held the left in hers. With their inside hands they held each other. Iolanthe wore a tiny dab of lace for a hat and a peasant dress with a bodice, and flesh-colored chiffon stockings. George's patent-leather shoes seemed a trifle ridiculous under his coarse farmer's smock. He didn't give a hoot. Anyway, they were going in after their baggage now. After three days of wiring it was scheduled to arrive.

Strangely enough, it did. George was standing on the station platform watching it being unloaded from the train and Iolanthe had gone to a shop to try and buy perfume, and George was hoping she would hurry back. Arrivals were brushing past him and someone seized his arm. "Monsieur! It is you! I have found you. I search the hotels. I trace your baggage. My gratitude is not to be denied."

"Dear God!" said George.

"Yes, and monsieur is so fetching dressed à la paysanne. It is most charming—" She had hold of both his hands, gazing rapturously up into his ferocious eyes.

"Listen, you," said George between his teeth. "I don't want any gratitude. Compris? If my wife saw you hanging on to me—well, she wouldn't believe it was gratitude in a thousand years. Now if I did you a favor, you can repay it by taking the train for Paris, which is due in less than a minute. I'll pay your fare—"

His hand was thrust into his pocket when his apprehensive glance turned straight into steely gray eyes. Iolanthe! An Iolanthe turned to salt and her bottle of Muguet smashed on the platform at her feet!

That's what happens to paradise. No one believes anyone else is quite on the level except herself, and she knows she isn't quite. George started to stammer. "My dear, this is—I want you to meet—"

"I haven't time," cut in Iolanthe. "Here comes my train—for Paris."

She meant it. George knew she meant it. That was Iolanthe. It was all over now. The train thundered in and ground to a halt. It sounded like the inside of his head.

Another crowd. Someone had rushed up to Iolanthe, bowing, gesticulating. "Ah, madame! I am overjoy! I am gone to Biarritz in despair when I hear quite by accident that you have—have done me this honor. I rush back. I am here." When he doffed his hat George saw that single streak of white running through his hair which is supposed to do something or other to women. Iolanthe tried to turn away, her face flaming.

Ah, ha! Well might she blush. So this was what she had planned with Mr. Count. Well, her husband had saved her this time, but he was through with her. He'd punch that count, take her to Paris, and let her go to the devil her own way.

The starter's whistle blew. George hadn't time to punch the count. He seized the struggling wife around the waist, and clambered with her over the guard rail. Everybody was shouting at them. A terrified trainman sputtering staccato French opened a compartment door as the wheels began to turn. Some way or other they got in.

George heard one piercing lament from the platform. "Monsieur—my fare!"

He turned to Iolanthe. "Now, young lady—"

MONTHS make a difference. It was August, and New York was radiating into the night air the heat which had poured down upon it all day. A breath of air stirred finally and blew back the curtain from a window in George's apartment. At least it was George's now, though Iolanthe had found it and done everything to it. All he had done was pay the rent. Anybody could pay rent.

George was standing there looking up at the big stars which seemed hot and close enough to reach up and touch. He turned back into the room and held his letter once again under the reading lamp. "Dear George," he said. "Dear George—I guess not—well—maybe."

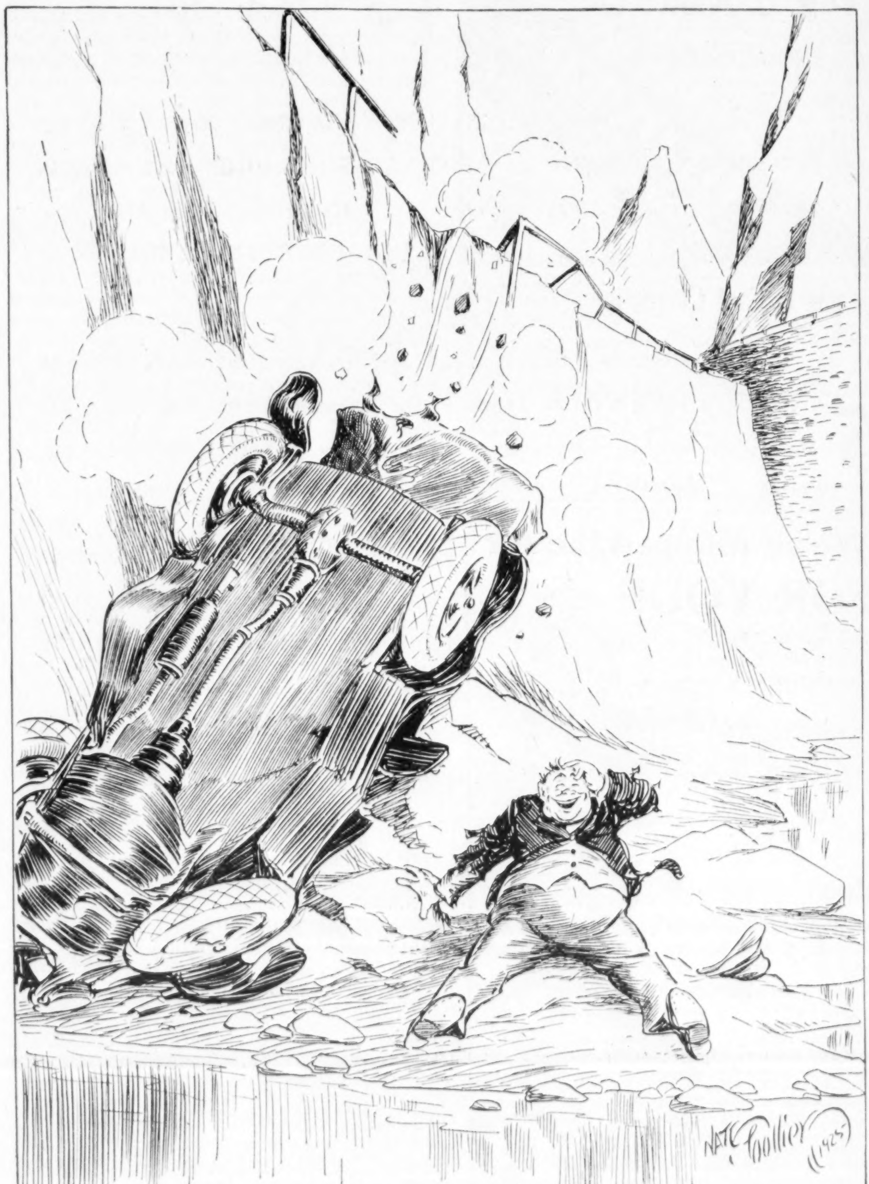
He sat down and read on aloud: "Did you know I've been sick, George? Not homesick, though that's what I am most. Just think, if you hadn't come over, I'd have had the old decree and could come home. Sometimes I think a decree isn't worth it if you have to stay in Paris all this time. But I know you want me to see it through, so I will.

"Do you know, George, I sometimes feel if I ever get home—I mean if I ever have another home and have been away and get back there—that I'll never, never leave it again as long as I live.

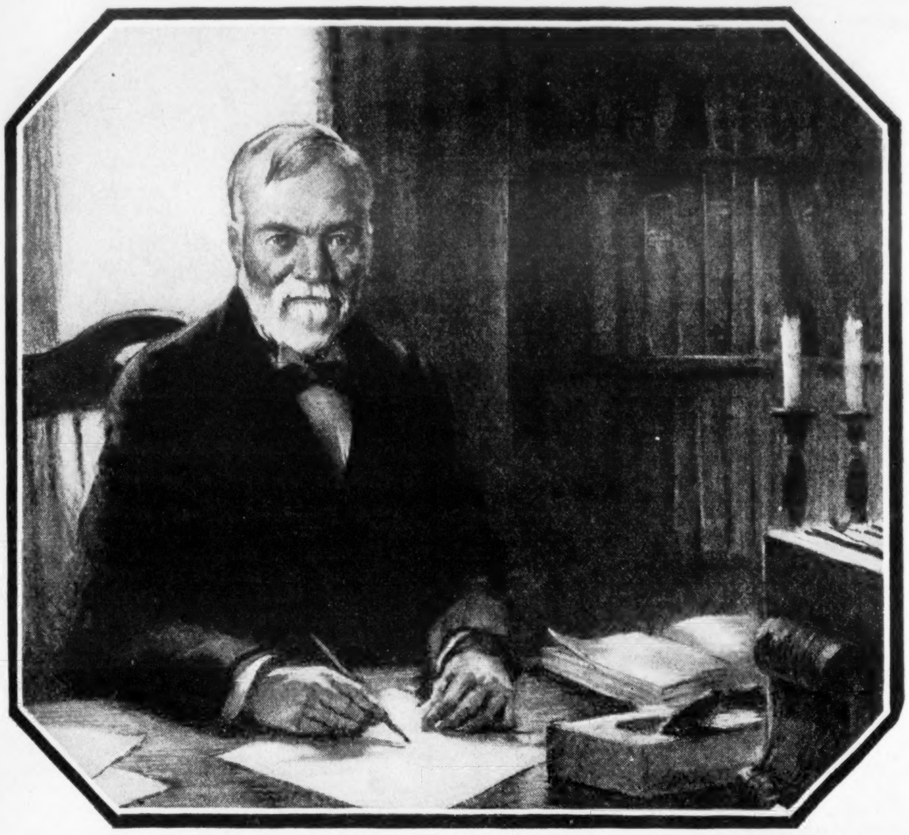
"I don't want you to worry about my being sick. Of course I *am* a little pale, but my doctor says paleness becomes me. My doctor is such an understanding man. He has red hair, but not the kind of red that you're thinking of—"

George put the letter down. He lighted a cigarette and sat there blinking at the reading lamp. Finally he went over and picked up the telephone book and began searching for a number. At first he couldn't find it because everything looked sort of dim and misty. He must be working too hard these days. Ah, there it was.

He was talking briskly enough. "Well, is that the earliest possible sailing direct to France? Thursday? And what ship? Oh, the Rochambeau."



"Well, I got away from that motor cop, anyway!"



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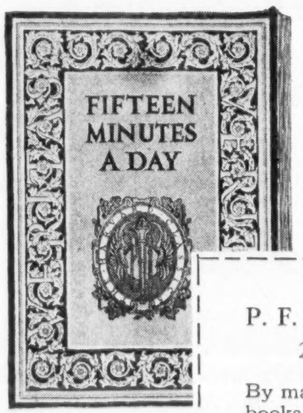

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Amended to Include Detroit

To the Editor of Collier's:

MAY I disagree with "C. P. C.," who, in his letter in your issue of May 16th, thinks that only San Antonio and Indianapolis have "beauty spots" in their downtown districts. It is evident that C. P. C. has never stood at the foot of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Campus Martius, Detroit, and admired the panorama of many avenues centering there. Nor has he ever stood in that more beautiful spot, Grand Circus Park, which lies only a few blocks north, though still in the heart of the city.

I would ask "C. P. C." to enlarge his list to include Detroit.

I believe that most of our small towns could—at the cost of some wise planning, be made real beauty spots if those who plan would discard the T-square in favor of the curve of beauty.

Who will be the next to champion a city? Certainly Salt Lake City should have a place and a champion!

S. G. K., Detroit, Mich.

The Woman Driver—1925 Model

To the Editor of Collier's:

Under the Constitution the citizens of this broad land of ours are entitled to freedom of speech and action as long as it does not interfere with the rights of others. But what about the woman driver? There is nothing in the Constitution that bars her, but just the same she is a menace to society and should be done away with or else greatly improved.

She stops unexpectedly at street crossings. She signals for a left turn and then turns to the right. She strips her gears. Yes! This *used* to be a free country.

JONATHAN PLUTE,
Tucson, Arizona.

Them Eggs

To the Editor of Collier's:

In Collier's of April 11th you ask, "What is the answer" to the inquiry of the waiter: "And does yuh want yoah aigs straight up, suh?"

My gamble is that the guest replied, "No, boy, make 'em in the air."

If you are having breakfast in a country hotel in one of those charming inland towns in southern Utah the waitress, a Mormon girl, "as pretty as a picture," will shoot at you the query, "Howjerwantjerreggs?"

If the weather is warm the proper answer is "Wreck'em, girl, wreck'em."

BALLARD STRONG, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Days of Daring Drinkers

To the Editor of Collier's:

Honest difference of opinion prompts this answer to the May 9th letter, "The Camels Haven't Come Yet": The camels are passing through this and many other cities I know.

Somewhere in every argument or article of the man that claims things are still wide open will be found the admission that the stuff may be doctored. That's a false bottom on which to proceed, but the law was not intended as an antisuicide measure. And it's a question if the fellow that gets a skate on with that kind of stuff is drunk, from the pre-Volstead way of thinking. Hospital reports seem to indicate that his drunkenness is a minor part of his ailment. The only suggestion I have to offer is to consult a physician after each drink. We can then tell if we are getting more "full" than poisoned or more poisoned than full.

SAMMIE,
Williamsport, Pa.

Rules for a Happy Home

To the Editor of Collier's:

I should like a chance to talk to the "Perplexed" mother and housekeeper of Baltimore, Md. I too "am not a natural-born housekeeper." But with six children ranging from three to twelve years in age, I have *had* to learn to manage without servants, and I thoroughly enjoy my job.

First: Cut out the nonessentials. Unquestionably health, happiness, and love are essentials of any home—what else? Live *very* simply for some time.

Second: Let the children help from the first. Nothing helps like *regular* habits—both for the children and the mother.

Even the child of three can hang up his own coat and hat on his own low hook, and take off his rubbers and put them in their place. In our circumstances it is absolutely necessary that the children learn to pick up their playthings and clothes, and that they be trained to be neat and tidy about their play and work.

Sing with them, play with them, work with them, and enjoy them! Do not neglect your own health. For a while, keep in the foreground of your mind *simplicity* and *regularity*.

F. P. A., Durham, N. C.

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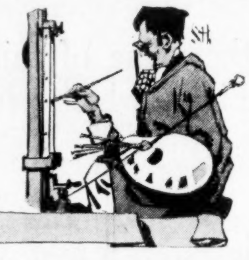

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Our Early Atalantas

To the Editor of Collier's:

Your editorial "The Weaker Sex" stated that considerable controversy was existing in England about the relative vigor of men and women; and mentioned that two American girls would try to cross the English Channel this summer, which event would be more persuasive than arguments in determining this discussion.

It may be of interest to our readers to reread Amerigo Vespucci's Account of his First Voyage (1497) in part as follows: "so that a woman recks nothing of running a league or two, as many times we saw them do; and herein they have a very great advantage over us Christians; they swim (with an expertness) beyond all belief, and the women better than the men; for we have many times found and seen them swimming two leagues out at sea without anything to rest upon."

A marine league is a distance of three geographical miles, according to Webster.

GEORGE V. LE SAGE,
Butte, Montana.

That Mystery—Our Making

To the Editor of Collier's:

Apparently Mr. W. J. Bryan is of the opinion that the doctrine of evolution is in conflict with the Bible. Evolution is not a substitute for nature or God. Nor is it a substitute for creation. Evolution is merely nature's tool; God's method, in other words, and in no way takes the place of either. Evolution is not the act of creation, but the means by which creation is effected.

H. B. LEWIS, Minneapolis, Minn.

The Prophecy of Coming Fate

To the Editor of Collier's:

In his comment on "What the Stars Told Mrs. Harding," it seems to me that your Columbia professor overlooked the effect of her thinking. "He who broods long over some idea, however wild," said Lord Beaconsfield, "will find his dream but the prophecy of coming fate." If there is potency in individual thought, what shall be said of cumulative thought of the nation? The First Lady has a dream of her husband's future. By and by that dream becomes the dream of the people—not all the people, but a vast population.

But back of the dream is the infinite realm of the Invisible, the source of the thought or dream; and when we come to that realm we find mystery. After all our knowledge and boasting we are not far removed from the ancients who stood silent and dumb before the closed gates of Destiny. We have gained little or nothing in the use of other names. Call it Fate, or God, or Providence, or Divine Intelligence, if you will, the mystery is there all the same. "Back of our country," our poet Riley used to tell us, "back of our books, back of our halls of learning, back of all that we think or say or do, is the powerful hand of The Unseen." The Unseen reigns in the kingdom of mystery, and forever and ever in that kingdom there are infinite possibilities, surprising combinations, and endless consequences.

MARCUS DICKEY, Nashville, Ind.

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At the last New York Auto Show 90.4% of the cars were balloon-equipped. Start now to change to the leading balloon tires—Michelin Comfort Balloons.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

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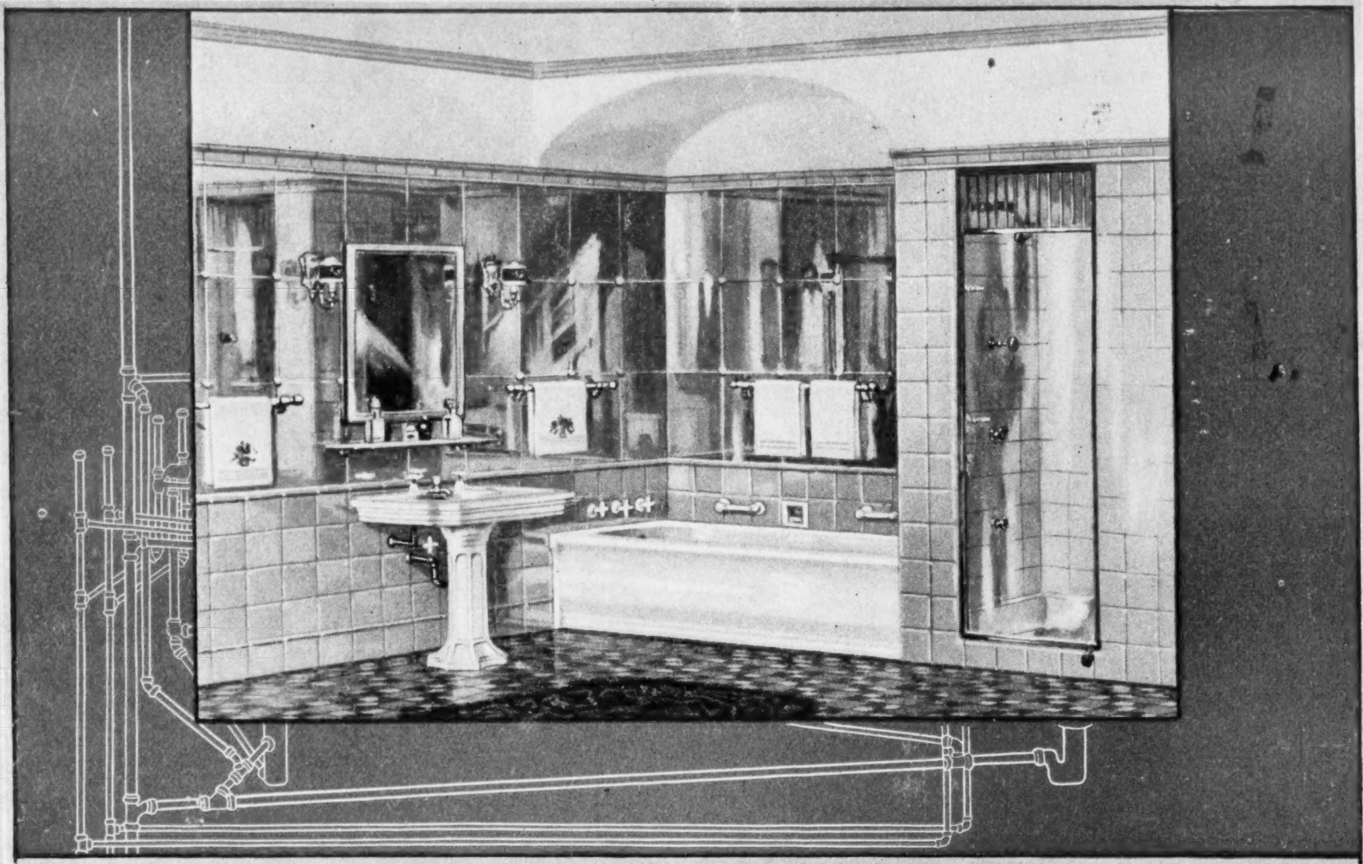

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In the spacious Crane bathroom pictured above, soft green tiles and sectional mirrors line the walls. The inclosed Crane shower is also tiled, with a door of plate glass framed in nickel. The *Elegia* lavatory is of vitreous china in the same cream-white as the *Linova* bath of porcelain.

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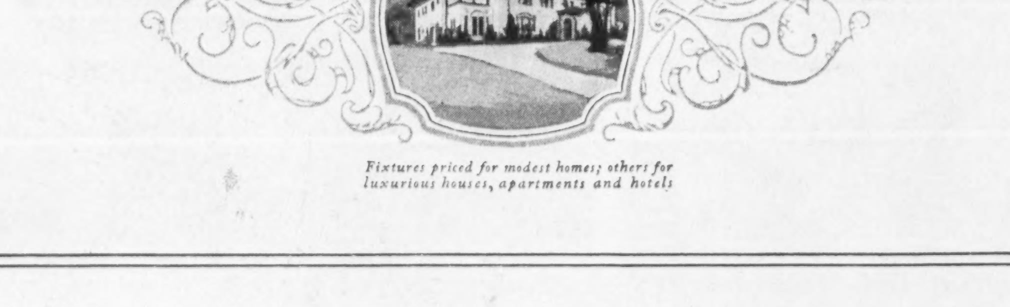

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